JUNE, 1962
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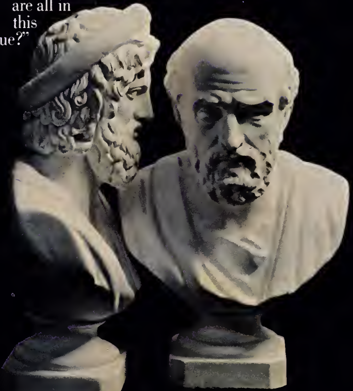
Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

"Do you know
JOE LOUIS:
THE KING
GROWS OLDER
plus
GENTLEMAN'S
ADVISER
ON BIKINIS
plus
HOW TO
BET ON
BASEBALL
are all in
this
issue?"

**"No, but
if you'll
hum a
few bars,
I'll fake
it."**



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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Travel tip, combining economy, luxury,
and elegance, Italian style

The winter vacation which was a rarity before the war, is becoming increasingly common every year. The result is that many people can now get away, to go to Europe in the wintertime, who couldn't possibly have done so before. It is to all such people that we pass on the following. It is based on firsthand experience, not on hearsay, and it is, quite simply, one of the most impressive travel bargains we've ever seen or heard of.

Imagine living it up in a place like the Plaza or the St. Regis in New York, or say the Ritz or the Plaza-Athénée in Paris, for thirty-eight days. Imagine yourself, from breakfast to midnight supper, and at lunch and dinner and afternoon tea, saying yes to any or all of some eighty-odd Lucullan delights, prepared and served to gourmet standards in a setting of elegance. Imagine, at the same time, covering over ten thousand miles and making eighteen stops at twelve ports in seven countries. Then just guess what your total tab works out to at the end of this lotus-eater's dream. It all comes out—lodging, meals and travel all included—to under seventeen dollars a day. That's on the first-class basis. For cabin class, with somewhat less luxurious accommodations, but with barely perceptible differences in any other respect, it comes out to just over eleven dollars a day.

The way things are these days, and particularly around the holidays, doesn't it cost you just about as much as that to stay home?

We don't know how the Italian Line can do it, but they've done it often, though never before at rates as low as these, and they say they're going to do it again. To which the only sensible rejoinder we can think of is: When Do We Sail?

The thing to book for this year is the Christmas Mediterranean Voyage of the *Saturnia*, leaving New York the day after Thanksgiving, on November 23 and returning the morning of December 31, New Year's Eve. The ship itself is one of the loveliest afloat, and the journey it makes is a traveler's dream.

Lest you fear we've both gone and stayed overboard, we may as well confess to a certain deep-seated and twice-reinforced prejudice in favor of the Italians as ships' personnel. We expressed it once before about five years ago on this page, after a cruise on the *Homeric*, a ship with Greek ownership and an Italian crew. We thought then and we know now, that the Italians are the greatest hosts on the seven seas.

First off, they look happy, while they're scurrying about either doing your bidding or anticipating it. The Italian physiognomy has a built-in smile. They are the only people we know whose mouths generally turn up at the corners, instead of down like the surly mugs of most of us. This seems to be an innate rather than an acquired Italian characteristic, and it has nothing to do with their success or failure or station in life. From the captain himself to the lowest-rated seaman they all look happy, whether they are or not. And they all manage to convey the impression that there's nothing in the world they'd rather be doing than catering to your slightest whim.

Second, they have a certain chic, a peculiar flair for elegance. It's what we all used to think of, in the old days, as a virtual monopoly of the French. But in the years since the war this quality seems to have rubbed off on the Italians to an astonishing degree. As France is supposed to have said, though we never thought it sounded like him, "Just let the Italians lose one more war and they'll rule the world."

There's another saying, perhaps equally apocryphal, that you often hear. Take one Italian and you have an artist, take two Italians and you have a duet, three Italians and you have an orchestra, four Italians and you have two political parties.

To that could well be amended, take five Italians and you have a fiesta, for surely no people have a greater capacity for having fun. And what more appropriate attribute could there be to assure the success of a holiday voyage?

You leave New York in the coldest football weather, and within a couple of days you're in the sunny temperate climate of the southern route. During these days of the crossing you have parties and movies and concerts and galas galore, under the genial direction of American cruise director Jack Scordley, capably assisted by his wife, the gracious Bettina. There are, as well, daily free

IN THE JULY ESQUIRE Richard Rovere, Malcolm Muggeridge, Brock Brower, Helen Lawrenson, Martin Mayer, Robert Alan Aurthur, Dan Wakefield and several more examine THE BIG CHANGE in the AMERICAN WOMAN

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Italian lessons that are not confined to the usual *per favore* guide book phrases but actually delve into the fundamental grammar and syntax of the language

Then once across, you have successive stops and in most instances conducted land tours at the Portuguese Ponta Delgada, Lisbon Gibraltar Barcelona Naples Palermo Patras in Greece Venice and Trieste where the ship stays a week in its home port before heading back via Venice, Patras Messina Palermo Naples, Barcelona Gibraltar and Halifax, to New York

During the Venice-Trieste layover you have a choice of four land tours available as optional adjuncts to the voyage, going off in four different directions to Vienna Paris Florence or Rome, or you can stay with the ship and have three successive daily tours out of Trieste with the rest of the time devoted to shopping and getting to know one of the least-known and most underpublicized of all Italian cities

In Trieste you can stay in the Savoia Excelsior Palace Hotel or the Grand Hotel et de la Ville both of which are on the Esplanade within a three-minute walk of the ship, so you can leave things in your cabin on the ship and just take the cabin key and your overnight things with you to the hotel since you can go back on board for anything else you may want, as you think of it

Trieste is essentially a nineteenth-century city, with the look of a provincial Vienna since it was for so long the chief port of the Austro-Hungarian empire There are glorious grace notes however to embellish the main Austrian theme, notably the exquisite Roman amphitheatre in the heart of the old city and the cathedral of St. Just on a hilltop rising above it. And though the aspect of the official buildings and the squares and even most of the statues is basic Hapsburg there is no trace of the traditional Austrian *schlamperei* about the bright and bustling appearance of the city s many postwar attributes These are all an evidence of and a testimonial to the amazing resurgence of Italian industry and creativity that has been one of the major miracles in the wake of World War II

Trieste is hugged, as if by a too tight girdle, by the Jugoslav border on the three sides away from the sea. And anywhere you cross that border you will be struck immediately and overwhelmingly by the contrast between Our system and Theirs Trieste is an oasis of the economy of abundance, ringed around by the austerity and general seediness of a collective economy You will never in your life be prouder of the system of free enterprise than if you go on one of the land tours, from Trieste to Rijeka, the former Fiume. For Trieste is a monumental exhibit of luxury and elegance Italian style as contrasted to Fiume, which now looks grubby and grim and generally run-down, so much so that your first thought, on seeing what one form of communism has done to it, is to wonder why D Annunzio ever went to the bother of trying to save it for Italy

You ll see plenty of the old Italy on this voyage, in all its beauty of hill towns and bays and mountains and monasteries and architectural glories but nowhere will you see a better showcase of the new Italy than in Trieste.

Of course you can see any or all of these things, on your own at any time but you ll be competing with the on-season rush at on season rates unless you do it as a winter-vacation idea, like this Christmas voyage of the *Saturnia*.

—A G

THE

CONTRACTOR

Man with a bright future He came up the hard way through the trades but already men much older than he regard him with respect One of his competitors says Maybe it s his honest face maybe it s those good looking clothes he wears—but he always lands the biggest and best jobs He says It s no use getting the big jobs unless you can succeed in finishing them on time But I won t deny that wearing Kuppenheimer Clothes makes me look as though I can succeed Intelligent man So are you when you invest in a Kuppenheimer wardrobe *Suits from $100 to $210 wherever only good clothes and accessories are sold B Kuppenheimer & Co Inc Chicago 12 Ill • New York • Melbourne*

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in cowboy boots and ten gallon hat Arthur Fiedler strode into Boston Symphony Hall The orchestra's surprise turned quickly to cheers for the Maestro's attire suited the particular recording session perfectly Western music was about to be branded with the flair of Arthur Fiedler and the 95 piece Boston Pops Orchestra

At first glance, Symphony Hall too, appeared almost dressed for a rodeo The seats were gone Wooden partitions separated the orchestra into different sections But the strategic placing of microphones revealed that RCA Victor recording engineers and crew had been at work In fact many hours had been spent with Maestro Fiedler and the orchestra to determine the placing of

RIDE 'EM BOSTON COWBOY

mikes baffles and drapes to capture perfectly the unique sound of the Boston Pops

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It's been so long since I've heard the truth spoken regarding any subject, that I was beginning to think, Smitty old boy, you are the last of the Mohicans. Then I saw Esquire for April What caught my eye was *The Narcissism of San Francisco* As a third generation native myself, I thought I'd look into this Neil Morgan sure spoke the truth I was born on Telegraph Hill in 1904 had relatives all over town Lived south of the slot way down at the end of Fifth and Clementina Street, where a stranger took his life in his hands if he ventured down that far after dark, and the cardinal sin was to tell a cop anything We didn't call our city San Francisco then we called it Frisco I've lived in the Mission district North Beach, Twin Peaks, Fillmore districts when I was a kid Went back there in 1951 What happened? If what is left is San Francisco, brother you can have it. I still love what is left of the old town and always will but now to me she is like looking up an old sweetheart of ours that we had forty years ago and then when we found her say to ourself hell that can't be the same girl

Al Smith
Bakersfield, Calif.

An ill wind blows

All I can say to Monsieur Jean P. Le Blanc is amen, amen, AMEN! His article, *Jazz The Happy Sound Is Dying* (April, 1962) is just the thing we've needed for so long and I'm thankful that at last, along came a man who had the courage to say the things that *needed* to be said!

I, too, remember when playing jazz was a joy As a youngster, I would see "big-time cats," as we used to call them *rush* from their confining hotel and ballroom "gigs" looking

for a jam session, to relax and blow Jam sessions are almost extinct now and those that do happen are almost always *drags*, or deteriorate into boring, monotonous nothings It's commonplace to see guys up on the stand, each taking unbearably long solos saying *nothing*—and all sounding alike! Man! Do we have conformity in modern jazz today!

Oh, yes, jazz is now a neurotic underfed depressed, and depressing *shell* of what was once a healthy, warm energetic art form And anybody that owns an instrument can make records All he has to do is make a Monday night at Birdland and he automatically has a contract

I also find the current vogue of "putting down" those who

become financially successful bewildering and ridiculous.

The world's greatest trumpet player was put down (Dizzy Gillespie), he clowns too much Somebody even had the *gall* to say Dizzy shouldn't be considered one of the great innovators—after all, who has he influenced? Tell me how many trumpet players have Dizzy's genius, his phenomenal technique, his imagination, his mastery over his horn

One good thing I can say for musicians We have *never* bothered or thought about labeling our music We don't have time for such nonsense. All we want is to better ourselves as players composers, exchange ideas, learn and (I hope) enjoy what we're doing

About the so-called third-stream music, you certainly can't call it jazz—and it's not good classical music either I know and respect to the utmost the really fine musicians connected with this third-stream "bag" I can only hope and pray that the prodigal sons will return home

Monsieur Le Blanc, I feel you may have been a bit rough on our experts and critics I feel that they are *all* sincere but may be trying too hard I *do* feel that this two-facedness has got to go I.e. saying one thing about the artist on album covers and then tearing him down in their columns The best remedy for that, I feel, is for the artists to write their own liner notes or to let the A&R man write them

Ernie Wilkins
Arranger-composer saxophonist
New York, N Y

• • •

After nearly twenty-five years of active interest in the jazz world I maintain that Jean P. Le Blanc's *Jazz The Happy Sound Is Dying* is unquestionably one of the most uninformed, childishly petulant, irresponsible, barbarously written articles on the subject ever to appear in the pages of a mass-circulation magazine.

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* * *

The Le Blanc theories about the sickness and ugliness of much so-called jazz today, the dangerous new wave of racial animosity and the pompousness of many musicians and critics are sound, and his reference to the "handy duality" of a jazz critic is justified. But he is on shaky ground in assuming that misgivings expressed about Maynard Ferguson in 1952 render me incapable of approving of anything he may do today.

Similarly the point on which I took issue with Stan Kenton, used by Le Blanc to twist the knife in a long-healed wound, was made in 1956. So was my comparison of Brubeck with the Modern Jazz Quartet; today it would not be applicable since I find much to praise in the present work of both groups. All of us, musicians and critics alike, change and evolve and perhaps even progress through the years. Le Blanc ignores this.

The cynical insinuation regarding my respect for André Previn is ridiculous. Between 1946 and 1960 the only Previn session I ever produced was his very first for Victor when he was 16; during that entire period he did not use a single composition of mine in any of his albums. In any case our brief recent associations are clearly effects, not causes, of my sincere admiration for Previn, which I have been expressing in print for 16 years.

Les McCann and Al Hirt were omitted from my last *Encyclopedia of Jazz* simply because they were almost unknown when it went to press. They will be included in the next edition. Inclusion or omission is governed not by my opinion but by the artist's prominence in jazz, and by other musicians' and critics' assessments of his contribution.

Le Blanc's piece was more amusing than annoying. It is hard to take seriously any jazz "student" who, in the course of one piece, defends George Gershwin and Jelly Roll Morton, is condescending about Cannonball Adderley, and attacks Buddy De Franco, Gerry Mulligan and the Modern Jazz Quartet.

LEONARD FEATHER
N. Hollywood, Calif.

* * *

I have the feeling that, not unlike many other professions, the music business has been plagued with the nullifying of certain standards, which were crystallizing and being nurtured and developed through its growing stages these many years by a series of miscalculations, social changes, accelerated communications and other reasons.

I cannot honestly blame the jazz critic for changing his opinion from time to time since that remains anyone's prerogative. Nor can I censure the critic for deliberately fomenting controversy about one artist or another since this makes people read his column and discuss its contents pro and con. Hence, greater rewards for him commercially and at times, artistically. I presume this is the reason he is in business.

However, obfuscation of simple fundamental facts as a result of dissecting, reevaluating, categorizing with the individual taste of critics and musicians have created a nearly chaotic situation in jazz music.

When I began to study the clarinet, my teacher said in very simple terms, "In order to interpret any music correctly so as to give it life and meaning, one must have beauty of tone and a good technique."

Now another issue is: Should jazz be approached from the intellectual level or from the somatic or "physical" level? The "cool" school says, "Cerebral," definitely. The "funky" or "hard swing" school says, "Physical man." Just "swing," forget intellectual nonsense.

Since through simple observation of history's record of man's greatest achievements, the end result had to be preceded by x amount of energy expelled through the thought processes, it seems that music like life must be the end result of mental and physical activity.

Without one or the other, something is missing. I also believe that early jazz was "happy" because it occurred during pseudo-happy times. In other words during a happy era, manufactured or otherwise. It is rarely possible these days to even conjure "happy times."

Since, today, the jazz musician has increased the demands made on himself whether technical or emotional, he has become more "serious" about his music. He also reflects in his playing the sum total of his life experiences, which obviously have become more complex. Add to this the fact that there is more "business" and "politicking" to the music product than musicality.

There is no guarantee that "talent" will be housed in the same "organism" with intelligence, morality, and social adjustment. We forget too readily that some of our greatest musical talents were neurotic, antisocial intellectual religious chauvinistic, radical. A talented "junky" is so in spite of his affliction, an intelligent, moral being may be talented in addition to these virtues not because of them.

BUDDY DE FRANCO
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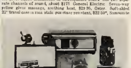

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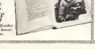

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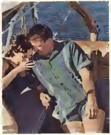

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MALOLO® PORT O' CALL paisley stripe printed luxurious cotton beach shirt $6.95 over medium length cotton Hawaiian trunks $6.95. Color combinations of brown or *green to choose from

MALOLO® MIDSHIPMAN, banded with bold trim. In *white, natural, pewter or navy. Windworthy jacket of 100% cotton gab $7.95. Hawaiian length Lastex cord trunks of acetate, cotton and rubber $6.95.

*featured color

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Behold a modern hotel that doesn't look like an air terminal! Nor sound like one. Nor treat you like one. The Reforma is one of those few legendary hotels treasured by world travelers simply for 1. its superb location (in the fashionable heart of Mexico City), 2. its gracious atmosphere (extravagantly relaxing) 3. its excellent service (silently adept) and 4. its fabulous cuisine (Mexican, American, continental). Altogether, it's an unusual combination of color, comfort, excitement and a kind of cozy splendor. We think you'll like it. Ask your travel agent or write us for information: Intercontinental Hotels, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, New York

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ESQUIRE'S FATHER'S DAY FAVORITES

Added touches: *Clockwise:* diagonally striped tie of pure silk, Wembley, $3.50. Leather and teakwood clothes brush, Dunhill, $6. Grey ribbed ankle socks are all cotton, Royal Guard, $1. Plastic-lined, roll-up travel case has compartments for razor, toothbrush, Rolfs, $6.95. Banker's billfold of English morocco has inserts for name, phone and credit cards, Prince Gardner, $7.50* Striped elastic belt has leather tabs, silver-finish buckle, Paris, $2.50. Striped tie is pure-silk shantung, Berson, $2.50. Pocket secretary made of Strata calf is lined in silk repp, Kreisler, $15* Grey stretch socks of Orlon have self-patterned front, Jarks, $1.50

Play them by ear: Portable unit consists of 2-channel amplifier and stereophones, works from any ceramic cartridge or preamp, $66.50, Koss. AM-FM multiplex receiver is complete stereophonic home-music center in one compact chassis, $229.95, Harman-Kardon. Tape recorder has 4-track stereo playback and 4-track monophonic recording and playback, $179.50, Norelco. Battery-operated all transistor tape recorder has recording level indicator, $129.95, Grundig-Majestic. Automatic manual intermix changer has lowest silhouette, provides high-caliber reproduction in minimum space, $39.50, Garrard. 3 speed portable tape recorder, $169.95, V-M Corp.

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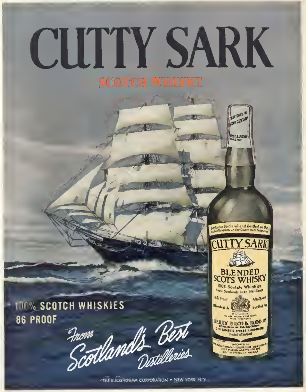
*Includes federal tax



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MAGIC PUSH BUTTON TIE RACK—One touch of the finger opens the tiny lever to hold ties securely. Gift Boxed $3.50

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Because Dad deserves so much more than one day, his gift should be of sterling quality ... as enduring as it is endearing! Here ... is an unusual gift selection finely crafted and beautifully styled in the traditional Hickok manner

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Also available in smooth black or olive cowhide. $4.00

ELASTIC SPORT BELT—Buckle with sterling silver plaque. Black, brown, navy, olive, char gray. S M L. $3.00

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*plus tax

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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

IN *Mexico: A Ride on the Wild Side*, which you'll find on page 106, we left you in the city of Campeche the place where the highway construction that opened up the new sections of the country you'll want to explore connects with a road that has been in business for some time.

We can think of a lot of worse places to be left in. Campeche is known as the "half and half" city of Mexico (a *campechana* is a cocktail half oyster and half shrimp or a girl half Spanish and half Indian, or a glass of beer half light and half dark), the town itself is half new and half old, the old part is a walled city complete with ancient forts and crumbling battlements, and the new city, started about six years ago, is a bright and shining place of modern buildings, parks and playgrounds.

Consistent with Campeche's "half" theme, we're making it the halfway point on your itinerary, because it is here that you'll turn back if you don't want to go all the way through to Yucatán and Mérida. But the return part of your trip to Mexico City will be far easier than the journey out. It will have taken you six days to reach Campeche on the itinerary we outlined, even if you spend only a night in Ciudad del Carmen but you could make the eight hundred seventeen miles back to Mexico City in half that time without pushing too hard.

That's because on your way down you followed the outside edge of a semicircle, and on the way back you're on the inside of the track. What's more you have few mountains on the return leg except for the final stretch between Vera Cruz and the capital. And on more than one-third of the way—between Campeche and Acayucán—you'll be retracing the same route you followed on the way down so you probably won't want to spend much time on sight-seeing stops.

Thus you should be able to make the three hundred forty miles between Campeche and Coatzacoalcos in one day, assuming you hit the ferries right. But get an early start, and copy the ferry timetables in your notebook on the way down. If that seems like too much of a push, you could plan to spend the first night in Villahermosa, thus saving the hundred five miles between Villahermosa and Coatzacoalcos for the following day which should be a lot easier.

Assuming that you do make Coatzacoalcos in one day, though, you'll find that the following day's drive, the hundred ninety five miles from Coatzacoalcos (love writing that word!) to Veracruz will be an easy one, so easy, in fact, that you should arrive in Veracruz in plenty of time to do some looking around.

But you should get an early start the following morning for the two-hundred-eighty-two-mile drive to Mexico City because you'll hit plenty of mountains and lots of the traffic you've gotten unused to in the south. Moreover you'll be driving with the late afternoon sun in your eyes on the last part of your trip

FOR FATHER'S DAY GIVE CARTER'S: FIRST KNIT UNDERWEAR THAT WON'T SHRINK EVEN 1%

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Carter's Pak-nit underwear for men is available at these and other fine stores: AKRON Polsky's • ATLANTA Zachry • BALTIMORE Hutzler's • BOSTON Jordan Marsh Co.—all stores; Kennedy's Inc.—all stores • CHICAGO Baskin—all stores • CLEVELAND The May Co. • DALLAS James K. Wilson • DETROIT J. L. Hudson Co. • LOS ANGELES Bullock's Downtown—Store for Men • MILWAUKEE T. A. Chapman • MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL Dayton's • NEW YORK B. Altman; Franklin Simon; Wallach's (24 stores in Greater N. Y.) • ROCHESTER Sibley's • ST. LOUIS Boyd's—all stores • SAN FRANCISCO Moore's

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On the question of what to take along with you on this trip we refer you now to Carol Miller, a young American writer and photographer who works out of Mexico City and who has driven the new road several times. A stalwart lass, Miss Miller is not the type who screams *eek* at beetles and if she says bring bug powder bring bug powder. Following are some of the notes she wrote us when we were planning the trip for ourself and Duane Michals, the cameraman whose fine photos accompany this month's piece.

"First, travel with a basket of staples and fresh fruit, an ice chest if possible, and a Thermos at all costs. The car might be rented in Mexico City but the staples must be yours and should include commercially packaged Melba toast, cheese, crackers, sliced pink ham (but not Virginia ham, which is too salty and which will cause the passenger to be assailed with thirst), and dried fruits.

"If possible include, as my friends and I did, an electric coffee maker and an electric teapot. There is electricity most of the way, and the more self-sufficient the traveler is, the less dependent on restaurant and meal stops, the better off he will be.

"It is, furthermore, a civilizing sort of discipline to stop for tea in the afternoon or coffee in the mid-morning, and have everything you need right at hand. Take also knives and forks, salt and pepper, a box of Kleenex—preferably colored; this also has a civilizing effect of imparting elegance to what is otherwise just uncomfortable—and any other items which make your own life more pleasant.

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Good grooming aids:
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"Include insect repellent, medicated soap. These are essentials. Take also clothes designed for varying temperatures. A sweater and light coat are advisable, even though the territory covered here is tropical. Women should wear dresses, but have along riding pants or other sturdy full length clothing for poking about in the insect-ridden jungles where the ruins of lost cities are hidden. Take bathing suits, your own towels, a car pillow or two, and, if travelling with pets, include a corked bottle of alcohol and another of benzine, for emergency tick treatment.

"Now that all these hints, indicating adverse factors on the trip, have been taken up, let me say that any hardship endured is heartily endorsed by this reporter. The trip is tough and rough but worth it, as it is wild and beautiful, full of surprises. It gives one the feeling of pioneering in a world that is too full of down-to-the-minute itineraries which leave little to the passenger's wit or imagination.

"Here is a leisurely—in fact delay-beleaguered—itinerary to delight the heart of anyone who still carries with him a memory of Martin and Osa Johnson, Richard Halliburton, and Frank Buck."

After making the trip, we'd add a large amen to Carol Miller's advice, with the final suggestion that you augment your food staples with some regional specialties such as the wonderful local cheese you can pick up at the Oaxaca market.

If you're planning to drive down to Mexico in your own car and to spend some considerable time south of the border, you'll be glad to know that the Mexican government recently doubled the duration of the temporary importation permits for tourists' cars from three to six months.

RETURNING to Mexico City from the hinterlands, you'll feel the full impact of Mexico's startling contrasts. The country you've been through is more off-trail than any other in North America, and the capital is one of the continent's most mundane, cos-

Now Zenith brings the greater dependability of the Handcrafted Chassis to Color TV!

Every Zenith Color TV is exclusively designed, developed and manufactured by Zenith.

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From its Handcrafted Chassis to its authentic fine furniture cabinetry—Zenith's greater personal care means greater *dependability* and finer *performance*.

Pictured here, the Bellevue, Model 6040 with Zenith Space Command remote control tuning. Distinctive Danish Modern Styling in genuine Walnut veneers and solids. Zenith Color TV comes in your choice of 10 magnificent models.

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FASHION ON THE ROCKS After an allegedly hard week at the office, Dad is entitled to large doses of pampering. See that a cool, cool drink is in his hand, no weighty problems on his mind. Surround him with congenial companions who have nothing to do but admire each other's Truval shirts. Good-looking example: these bracing Crystal Checks in combed cotton...very wash-and-wearable. When Dad runs an appreciative eye over these Truvals, he'll never guess you paid only $4.00 for the shirt at the right and $3.00 each for the others. That's a secret between you and your Truval dealer, where fashion and value meet.

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It's a city of elegance, you'll realize after a few hours at the Jockey Club of the Hipodromo de las Americas racetrack, or the Club de Golf Mexico, and when you've dined at such places as Jena and the Rivoli you'll know that Mexico City's top restaurants rank with the great ones of the world. The city's population of more than two million makes it the third largest in Latin America and it follows only New York and Chicago in North America However, if you consider Mexico City as its residents do as the whole federal district, then it is the largest city in Latin America—and second only to New York in North America—with a population of 4 829 402

It's a busy bustling town, but despite its size and sophistication it retains its unique Hispano-Indian charm and aside from some pretty horrendous rush-hour traffic, it's a delightful place to live—as something like 20 000 American residents will tell you

Big news of the year in Mexico City was the opening a couple of months ago of the $14 000,000 Maria Isabel the largest and possibly the most luxurious hotel in Latin America Occupying an entire block on the Paseo de la Reforma the new hotel has 432 two-bedded rooms 36 suites and nine duplex penthouse suites

The building is nineteen stories high plus two stories underground Crowning the structure is a rooftop garden, swimming pool and meeting area capable of seating a thousand guests at banquets and twelve hundred at meetings. The same numbers can be accommodated in the grand ballroom Down in the underground garage meanwhile, two hundred cars can sit quietly

The hotel was planned as a convention center but nonconvention guests benefit from the fact that a special convention registration desk keeps convention traffic from gumming up the works at the regular registration desk. The meeting rooms and banquet halls fill the lower floors, so that all guest rooms are high enough to provide splendid views of the city And the guests themselves can remain reasonably high in the hotel's three bars

Rates run from $10 to $16 daily single, to $80 and up for the penthouse suites This obviously, is not one of the old Mills hotels It is rather the crowning diadem—and on such a place we've got to get fancy—of the group run by Senor César Balsa the Mexican answer to Conrad Hilton and Mr Ritz—whose first name, by the way, also happened to be César

Sr Balsa's other Mexico City hotels include the fashionable El Presidente the Hotel Del Prado, which was Mexico's largest until the Maria Isabel came along and which has recently been renovated the adjacent Prado-Alffer and the new Premier Balsa hotels in Acapulco are El Presidente Elcano Prado Americas Noa Noa and the Tampa motel So you can see that Sr Balsa has more Mexican hotel rooms than anybody He also has five hundred forty rooms on East 55th Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues in New York, they're at the St Regis Hotel which he acquired on a trip north a couple of years ago

Sr Balsa started out in the restaurant dodge and he's still very much in it with the Focolare a fashionable eating spot, and Jacaranda, a top nightclub, both in Mexico City, and two places of the same names and ratings in Acapulco

The American Hilton is also decidedly in business in Mexico with a hotel in Mexico City and two in Acapulco The four hundred room $7 500 000 Continental Hilton on the Reforma, opened in 1956 with

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MAN
WHO IS
GOING
PLACES

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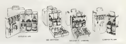

At all fine stores from $12.95 to $55.00

much fanfare. Only one year later it was really clobbered by an earthquake. It took nine months and more than a million dollars to put it back into shape but when the job was finished the hotel was finer than ever

Another bright new hotel is the Alameda which opened last December in the heart of Mexico City's shopping and business district just across the Avenida Juarez from the Alameda Park. There's a rooftop swimming pool and El Camichin restaurant-supper club also on the top floor provides an exciting seventeen story-high view of the city There's evening entertainment also in one of the hotel's other restaurants, La Diligencia. The Alameda features twenty-four hour room service of both food and beverages.

Just down the Avenida Juarez from the Hotel Alameda is an old favorite of this department's the Hotel Bamer Well, not as old really, since it was opened only about eight years ago, but a favorite certainly, for its tastefully decorated rooms, the friendly bar just off the lobby and the good food served in the dining room and the Bomerette the rooftop restaurant

First of the current generation of Mexico City's luxury hotels was the Reforma which was built back in 1936 when the Reforma district where it was located was far from the heart of town which in those days was the Zócalo and the Avenida Madero just to the west The Reforma has been undergoing almost constant renovation and refurbishment ever since it was taken over about ten years ago by Intercontinental Hotels Corporation a subsidiary of Pan American World Airways.

Today, despite the rush of new competition the Reforma remains one of the most elegant and fashionable hotels in the capital

Among the smaller hotels, one of the most attractive is the hundred room Maria Cristina. It's built in Spanish-colonial style and combines a Spanish hacienda feeling with the very personal service usually found in the best European hotels And its kitchen ranks with the tops in town It's situated on Calle Lerma in the fashionable Niza section near the Paseo de la Reforma Rates begin at $6 for singles and $6 for doubles

Our latest run down to Mexico City was made aboard an Eastern Air Lines DC-8 jet, and we can certainly pass on to you an enthusiastic recommendation based on personal experience We took off from New York's Idlewild airport at ten in the morning, enjoyed a prelunch Bloody Mary with lots of Worcestershire sauce then a festive lunch with wine, and were landing in Mexico City at 1 40 p m completing the 2 093-mile flight in four hours and forty minutes and before we'd really had a chance to get the last of the New York kinks out of our psyche and prepare ourselves for the pleasanter pace of the Mexican capital.

Eastern is running daily flights in each direction between New York and Mexico City offering both first-class and tourist service.

Aeronaves de Mexico will be replacing its Britannia turbo props with DC-8 jets right about mid-June It will have daily flights between New York and Mexico City, leaving Idlewild at 6 p m and arriving in Mexico City four and a half hours later.

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Men who use Yardley Cologne tell us that it becomes a pleasant habit All of them say they start each day better groomed

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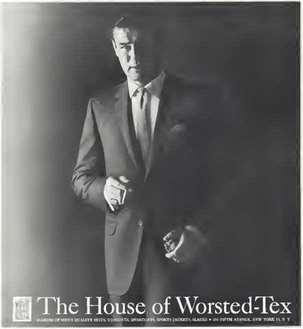
Unlike many limp summer suits Tropi-Tex is a suit with extra 'supportive tailoring' to give lasting shape retention to the extremely light fabrics.

These are some of the reasons why Tropi-Tex has been given top rating in its price field by America's leading independent research organization At fine stores from coast to coast From $55 00.*



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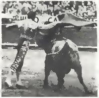

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Do you know why Puritan Ban Lon has become the classic knit shirt for Father's Day? Because Puritan Ban Lon has the "look" ... Because after 40 times in your washer dryer the only change you'll see in this shirt is an improvement in its looks Puritan Ban Lon* is truly full fashioned Every shirt is automatically knit to size Collar, cuffs and placket are joined to the body of the shirt (stitch for stitch) Not just sewn together That's why the fit is forever For Father's Day Puritan's full-fashioned Ban-Lon is available in more than 20 colors Sizes S M, L XL, from $8 95 Junior sizes $6 95 Boys sizes $7 95 The Puritan Sportswear Corporation, Empire State Building New York City (Available in Argentina, Canada and Mexico)

To Have The Look—It Must Have The Label.

PURITAN
Ban-Lon®

[A] BRIANVIEW—Full fashioned Ban Lon short sleeve shirt in a Fisherman knit S M L XL $10 95 [B] BANNVIEW—Full fashioned short sleeve fancy knit shirt with neat style touch on pocket Sizes S, M, L, XL $10 95 [C] DARBURY—Full fashioned button front short sleeve cardigan with two-tone panel front. Sizes S, M, L, XL. $13 95.

Air France also flies nonstop between New York and the Mexican capital, making four hops weekly in each direction as part of flights that either originate in or continue on to Paris. The 707 Intercontinental jets also make the flight in about four hours and a half

Going to Mexico City from Florida you could take one of Guest Airways six weekly Comet 4C flights from Miami which makes the run in about three hours, nonstop. And Pan American offers two weekly DC-8 flights from Miami via Mérida, making the hop in just under four hours plus one via Tampa and Mérida Pan American also flies nonstop from Houston and via Mérida from New Orleans.

The last time this department flew to Mexico from the Midwest we climbed aboard a Comet 4C of Mexicana (CMA) which made the nonstop flight in about three and a half hours. Mexicana also operates Comet flights to Mexico City from the West Coast and DC-8 flights from Dallas via Monterrey And the line made history in the field of airborne dietetics some months ago by the introduction of Metrecal as a luncheon substitute for caloriphobic passengers Despite the impact of the Administration a physical-fitness program though we passed up the measured calorie drink in favor of our more customary Scotch and water and a rousing umpteen-calorie champagne luncheon

American Airlines channels its Mexico-bound passengers from all over the United States to connecting flights at its Dallas or Fort Worth gateways.

Mexico City is a place of new and ever changing attractions but some of its cultural features are overlooked by visitors, maybe because they just don t know about them

There is, for instance, the Museum of San Carlos at Academia 22, possibly the oldest museum in Latin America

Soon to be almost doubled in size by funds raised by the newly created Patronato del Museo de San Carlos, the museum already has a fine collection of paintings by Spanish Italian Dutch, Flemish French and German masters contemporary Mexican artists and Catalan primitives

Included among the exhibits are works by Zurbaran, Cerezo, Morales Ribera, Coello Carreño Valdés Leal, Rembrandt, Van Marcie Tot Sint Jans Potter Gerard David Breughel, Borressa, Tiziano Tintoretto, Vacaro Bronzino Lotto, Caliverti Tiepolo, Giordano Renni Lucas Cranach, Ingres, Carle Vernet, Daumier, Pissarro, Nicolas Froment, Sorolla, Zuloaga, Benlliure, Clave, Carte and Beudite

Briefing ourselves before our swing down through the waist of Mexico we came across an old copy of Terry s *Guide to Mexico* an estimable work first compiled in 1909 and we understand, soon to be revived and revised

We can't help wondering what Terry's revisionists will do with the following paragraph Speaking of the Tehuana women Terry wrote, "These olive-skinned queens of the tropics possess beautiful sloe black eyes superb teeth and luxuriant black hair They are much addicted to wearing gold jewelry

"They bathe often and are clean. Many of the women smoke and some of the children are almost weaned on tobacco fumes. Like certain other native mothers, they nurse their youngsters until they are three or four years old and it is no uncommon sight to see a child descend from its mother s knee, after a lacteal repast, repair to an easy chair, light a cigarette and enjoy an after-dinner smoke." ■

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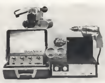
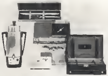


At his leisure: Portable transistorized muscle toner, $199.50, RelaxAcizor. 3" belt sander weighs only seven pounds, $44.95, Wen. Push button reel has everything for the bait caster $24.95, flat ribbon like monofilament line $2.40 a spool, Shakespeare. Drill combines power of ⅜" drill with versatility of ¼" model $27.95, Cummins. All-transistor, 50-watt high fidelity stereo amplifier in easy-to-build kit $79.95 (without case), Knight Allied Radio



For man about the house: Practical percolator makes 6-20 cups perfect for family or party fare $29.95 Cory. Knife and scissor sharpener grinds both sides of blades simultaneously with single stroke, $17.95 Oster. Wake up to music with AM FM clock radio push button controls, drowse alarm, sleep switch, $79.95 RCA Victor. Steak carving set has 9" carving blade, 5¼" tin serving fork $22.50 Gerber. Stud-jewel box has pull-out drawer, $7.98 Mele

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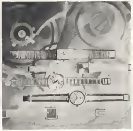

Timed for elegance: Collection of Swiss watches featuring some interesting and intricate gold bracelets. *Top down:* 18k gold rectangular watch has gold band textured to resemble bamboo, Patek Philippe, $1,100. Smaller square-case 17 jewel watch has 18k multi-colored bracelet, Juvenia, $500. Larger round watch of textured 14k gold has ladder-type bracelet, also in gold, Lucien Piccard, $450. 18k gold cushion-shaped watch has bracelet in two types of gold, the center panel is Florentine finish, and the side strips polished gold, Omega, $550. The last one, the small square watch of 18k gold, has rough-textured bracelet and a novel walnut dial, Piaget, $1,490.

Grooming niceties! *Top row:* Three Musketeers set: after-shave, cologne, powder, Lenthéric, $3*. Refreshing 4711 Eau de Cologne, Colonia, $5*. Sandalwood soap, cologne, Alexander Shields, $5*. Royal Gold set of after-shave, talc, shave foam, cologne, Kings Men, $6*. Gift set has after-shave, after-shower powder, shave foam, talc, soap, deod. stick, Yardley, $7.50*. Old Spice set has hair tonic, talc, shampoo, cologne, deod. stick, soap, after-shave, Shulton, $10.50*. Caswell-Massey gift sampler of six scents, gift certificate for three ounces of a preferred scent, $7.50*. Black Watch cologne, $3*. Spiral bottles of after-shave, cologne, Dunhill, $8.50*.

*[illegible]

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Impala Convertible

RECORDINGS

MARTIN MAYER

The road in Rome this summer starts at the Villa Giorgio

Considering the great importance of letting the press know the size of the stakes for which we fight in the worldwide struggle RCA Victor deserves some national recognition for taking a dozen journalists to Rome for a week to witness the dedication of the new RCA Italiana studios eight miles or so out on the road to Hadrian's Villa. Few of us had ever traveled first class on a transatlantic airplane before, and after Alitalia had stuffed us with caviar (*Iranian*, of course) and other goodies, we all had a new and more profound understanding of the values of cultural freedom.

The studios were something to see too. The big one, Studio A, is 80 x 120 feet in floor area and 40 feet high, indubitably the largest recording studio in the world. (It is actually bigger than the concert hall at the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, where London has been recording operas in Rome.) Smaller studios in the same building, one of them enormous except by comparison with the giant, will be devoted to Italian popular music and most of what is done in Studio A will later be heard in America: opera recordings for the home, movie sound tracks for the theatre. What makes an installation of this size feasible in Rome is the exploding movie business; the locals say Rome has now passed Hollywood and become the number-one source of feature films. This, of course, explains *La Dolce Vita*, which portrayed Rome as just another movie capital, and we all know how dreary *that* is.

RCA opera recordings have been harmed in the past by the relative deadness of the Rome Opera House, where they were made, and thus by the need for electronic fiddle-faddle with the tapes. The new studio goes all the way in the other direction, supplying plenty of "room tone." Every surface in the huge room is a reflector, and the "reverberation time"—the interval between the making of a sound and the dying out of its last echoes—is a full two seconds. The engineers may have gone a little far here (Victor's George Marek said in Rome that there was no experience in recording in a studio with so long a reverberation time), but it is always easy to dull down a too-live room and almost impossible to resurrect a dead one.

A room of these dimensions—three pairs of forty-foot cubes—could create dangerous resonances, and all the walls have been treated to ensure breakup of the sound. The treatment is pretty spectacular. Three enormous semi-cylinders, six to eight feet in diameter, run the length of the side and back walls, one over the other, with the largest one up top. "They make the sound go pah-pah-pah," said Victor engineer Alan Stevens, making diagonal motions with his right arm to show the angles of reflection. "I think of them as what the balconies would be in an opera house." At the front of the hall, where a high stage can be installed for opera recordings, somewhat smaller vertical semi-cylinders guarantee dispersed lateral reflection. All these surfaces are made of quarter-inch plywood, but behind the uniformity lies a large variety of bracing structures. The sections will therefore resonate, if at all, at different frequencies, avoiding coloration.

At the press conference, the Italian architect of the building, Alcardo Birago, told a local music critic that he did not have the vaguest notion where the mikes would be hung. It was, he said, a matter of the music to be recorded; you could never predict just from the characteristics of the studio where you would want your mikes. "You can do it in small studios," he concluded, "but in a big hall it's a matter of art rather than technique." *Bravo!* Now if we can stick to that principle, not only in Rome.

Victor's general manager George Marek, whose particular pet this studio has been, dedicated it as the fruit of a "love affair consummated between art and science." One can predict that Marek will spend a good deal of time here—opera is his first love (he is the author of a biography of Puccini), and opera recordings are the most reliable sellers in Victor's classical catalogue. He was delighted to be free of the Rome Opera House, which was in every way unsatisfactory as a recording studio (especially in a Roman summer, because it is not air-conditioned). People who want to go to the RCA studios this summer, when Marek will launch the installation with *Madame Butterfly*, Leontyne Price as the unfortunate Japanese lady, will probably be told by their cabby that what they mean is the Villa Giorgio.

Then the junketing journalists came home, and Victor's most hated rival promptly held a simple little press conference announcing that Vladimir Horowitz, a Victor artist for thirty years, had switched to the Columbia label. The RCA capitalists, like the persecuted peasants of Silone's *Fontamara*, must be muttering "*Che faccia-mo?*"—*What are we to do?* ⁂

THE JULY ESQUIRE

is all about women, with a bow here and there to the men behind them. Martin Mayer takes you through a day in the life of the man American women love best, Mr Kenneth.

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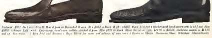

Featured: [illegible] Flex-O-Moc slip-on in Burnished Brown. Also [illegible] in black. Right: [illegible] black [illegible] blucher with hand-sewn vamp. Also [illegible] in brown. Left: [illegible] Lace-vamp, hand-sewn cobbler stitched slip-on. Also [illegible] in black. Most Bostonian styles $19.95 to $35.00. Authentic moccasins $14.95 and up. Also makers of Mansfield and Bostonian Boys. Write for name and address of your nearest Bostonian Dealer. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Massachusetts

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Reticent contributors reconvene or Updating the alumni books

June is as good a time as any for class reunions, and in looking over the contents of this issue, we've realized that a class reunion is exactly what we've got on our hands. We know most of the contributors well, most of them are more or less of an age (bordering on the early thirties), and oddly enough most of them are notable not only for their achievements but for their really remarkable (and unprecedented) dislike of the limelight.

Take **Brock Brower,** whose reminiscences of an Oxford graduation begin on page 70. We happen to know that Mr. Brower took a degree from Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, a standard act to be sneezed at. He has spent most of his life writing at night, while in the U.S. Army Special Warfare Center at Fort Bragg, N.C., and while working as an editor of the University of North Carolina Press. Currently he lives in Princeton, New Jersey, with his wife and son, three, and daughter, one. During the past three years he has written eight pieces for Esquire, all of them (as he admits) immortal, and a ninth will appear next month. Yet what does he have to say about himself? Just this: "Mr. Brower is presently engaged in writing his income tax return for 1961. He has written three previous returns, 1959, 1960, and 1958, none of them published."

Or consider **Stanley Brown,** author of *The Powerless Executive* piece on page 88. Mr. Brown is one of the few free-lance writers around who really knows the field of business too. Here is what Mr. Brown, class comedian, has to say on his own behalf: "I've been a welder, economist, journalist, editor and spent several years with a Madison Avenue ad agency where I single-handedly created the slogan, 'People with fewer teeth have fewer cavities.' I have managed to avoid powerless titles but also power too. I am currently working on (and writing) a 'richly comic' novel about advertising and businessmen. Its working title is *The Man in the Black-and White Wingtip Shoes*."

The Happy Chandler wingtip—sorry, we mean wrap-up—starting on page 110, was written by **Dan Wakefield.** This makes the fourth political piece Mr. Wakefield has done for us (the others were on Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., William Buckley, Jr., and Robert Kennedy), and he has decided that writing on political subjects is not nearly as dangerous as writing about women. His article on sophisticated women, last July, brought him more violent mail than any of the others did, including a letter from a girl in Philadelphia who said that she had always enjoyed and admired his work, but that "when I read your article in Esquire on sophisticated women I lost the desire to write you." The letter was signed only "Caroline." "After great thought," Mr. Wakefield says plaintively, "I can recall two Carolines I have known who might be in Philadelphia. I would appreciate hearing from the other one. Will the real Caroline please identify herself?" Mr. Wakefield has another article on women scheduled for July. Don't anybody look for him when it appears, he says. He plans to be in Finland.

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Should Malcolm do it?

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- Old fashioned rye sandwiches filled with thick slices of Switzerland Swiss and ham.
- Sandwich Kabobs — triangular bread and cheese sandwiches skewered with cherry tomato and pickles.
- Triple-decker sandwich on white bread filled with lettuce and tomato, egg slices and bacon topped with Switzerland Swiss.
- Switzerland Swiss, sliced cucumbers and radishes on roll.
- Hero sandwich filled with chunks of Switzerland Swiss, slices of tomato, green pepper and red onions.
- Grilled Switzerland Swiss and tomato on English muffin.

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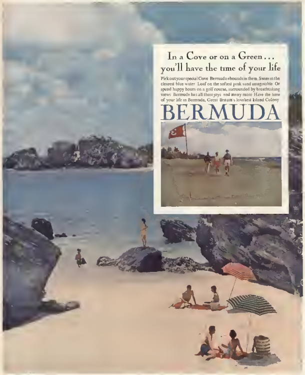
Gay Talese is that guy in the yearbook who's busy photographing the photographer. Mr. Talese has been a reporter on The New York *Times* for six years now. (He started out there as a sportswriter with not much knowledge of sports, a fact which is, he says, an advantage.) During the past two years he's done nine pieces for Esquire. The first of these, *New York* (July, 1960), was one of the most widely acclaimed articles we've ever run. Another article of his, this time on Frank Costello, aroused wide controversy among the Italian-American community, although Mr. Talese, who is himself of Italian parentage, considered the viewpoint objective. He has written for us on other subjects as varied as high fashion (*Vogue* Magazine), cinema (the producer Joe Levine), Manhattan geography (Eighth Avenue), and has also written a book, *New York: A Serendipiter's Journey,* published by Harper & Bros. last summer.

One of the most startling things about Mr. Talese's article on Joe Louis (pages 92-98) was our recognition of the tremendous impact that Louis still has today. Heads turn when he walks along the street, people stop what they're doing to wave and to say "Hi, Joe" as though they had watched him win a championship bout the night before. When Mr. Louis, Mr. Talese, Mr. Louis' manager and one of our editors walked into Toots Shor's one evening, everyone in the restaurant turned to look. Afterward Mr. Louis and his group left, on their way to the Fonda del Sol for dinner. A waiter approached our editor, who had remained at the table, and asked whether Mr. Louis had gone. Our editor said yes. "Then we're sorry," the waiter told him, "but I'm afraid we'll need this table now."

We'd like to clear up a small mystery concerning Alan Marcus' book, *** *of Streets and Stars,* which **Dorothy Parker** reviewed in our April issue. After Miss Parker's column appeared we found ourselves bombarded with phone calls, letters, even personal appearances from readers who couldn't find it. No New York bookstore seemed to know about it, no one could find out who had published it, even our research department couldn't track the publisher down. Fortunately (or naturally) we have intelligent readers. One of them thought to call the British Book Center, a book store in New York that seems to know everything. They knew about ****of Streets and Stars,* all right; they told our researching reader where to get it, he told us, and we have told the rest of the New York bookstores. The publisher is Masanita Press, in California, and the book should be around almost everywhere by now. ⌘



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DINING IN/OUT WITH ESQUIRE

Peter Robotti greets diners at his beautiful Le Château Richelieu

East from Madison Avenue on Fifty second Street in New York City almost inundated by buildings housing the Columbia Broadcasting System, is a fringe-bordered marquee that leads into one of the finest restaurants extant Le Château Richelieu elegant, expensive, and dedicated—by its *propriétaire* Peter Robotti—to the theory that 'good food properly prepared and perfectly served not only delights the senses but soothes the soul" Such a restaurant of course, is not for the majority But it has enough devoted followers to have made a wealthy man out of the boy who came to America from Italy in 1924 served an apprenticeship under a great gastronome, and then went into business for himself The restaurant moved from time to time to make way for the great buildings of Rockefeller Center, which for years devoured all the small buildings around them. Richelieu made its last move in January 1958, into its own building at Forty-eight East Fifty second Street. Most of the customers feel that the new bar and dining rooms are perfectly appointed, but the part of the restaurant that they don't see the back of the house, undoubtedly cost more money than did the front The kitchens were custom made to Robotti's specifications and he didn't quibble about price, he has master chefs and he thinks as much of them and of his service staff as he does of his customers.

If you're going into Le Château Richelieu for the first time you'll find yourself in a narrow, carpeted hall which leads to the checkroom and then into the restaurant itself the bar a most unusual one, made of copper is before you and to your right Turn to your left and you are in a large dining room that

The wine room, downstairs, can be reserved for private parties A green grass carpet covers the floor, a table is placed down the middle of the room, and the wine selection is from the bins all around

---

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The bar at Le Château Richelieu is an unusual one. On are the montages on the far wall. Many men prefer to lunch at the tables to the right in the illustration, rather than in the main room

seems to be three. It's a re-creation of the seventeenth-century consultation room of the Cardinal de Richelieu at the Palais Royale of Paris. On the walls is a red silk damask of an Italian design of two centuries ago, on the floor is a royal red carpet. The lighting is well handled, not too dim, not too bright. The room provides a quietly beautiful background for the gleaming crystal and silver and china and linens.

The menus tell you that the cuisine is French Provincial, *par excellence.* They also tell you that Raymond Richez is *chef executive de cuisine*, and that Georges Gromarias is *chef pâtissier.* After their names comes that of the owner, Peter Robotti, which is his way of telling you what he thinks of them. How many menus list the names of the chefs, no matter how great their reputation?

All service at Richelieu is à la carte. The luncheon menu is an enormous one. You'll find more than thirty hors d'oeuvres, for instance; the mussels au gratin Cardinal at $1.75 is a favorite of many customers. The English sole is superb here: you can have it broiled, fried or meunière, at $3.75, or make a selection from les entrées or les grillades sections, or from les pâtés, le buffet froid, or les salades.

Whatever other selections you make, we'd suggest you don't pass up the dessert. Not many restaurants of Richelieu's size have their own pastry chef, and Georges is a wonderful one. He even makes the small mints that are served last. The menu will probably contain about two dozen desserts, from gâteau Richelieu, at $1, to soufflé Rothschild, served for two at $5. The dessert wagon will help you decide, of course, and if you have to be calorie-conscious it may contain some fresh strawberries Romanoff.

The dinner menu, naturally, is even more extensive. On it is a reminder that should be heeded: "If you desire wine for your dining pleasure, kindly order it immediately so that we can prepare it at the proper temperature." If the diner isn't accustomed to ordering wine, Mr. Robotti or the captain will be glad to help—or he can go down to the wine cellar and pick out his own vintage.

For dinner, the entrees begin at $4 and go to about $7.50, with a great number in the lower ranges. The thing to remember is that here you can get practically anything you want, prepared as you wish. You're not limited by the menu, extensive as that may be.

One of the best-liked entrees is breast of chicken au champagne, and Raymond Richez gave us the recipe for home preparation:

4 breasts of chicken
1 carrot
1 onion
pinch of thyme
2 ounces butter
2 tablespoons flour
4 ounces water
2 ounces brandy
1 pint champagne
½ pint heavy cream
salt, pepper, to taste

Cook the breasts of chicken with the vegetables in butter.

Add the water and flour, stir well.

Add the brandy and flambé.

Add the champagne and the heavy cream. Cover and let cook for thirty-five minutes, after which remove the chicken to another pot so you can strain the sauce over it. Then cook another five minutes.

Serve on a heated plate with white rice and garnished with small slices of truffles.

For a dessert with this entree, Mr. Robotti suggests a fruit tart that you can make at home without difficulty, using assorted fresh or canned fruits to your liking.

Make a deep-dish pie crust (many men and women too prefer to buy the packaged or the frozen crusts). When the crust has been baked, let it cool and then fill it with a rum custard or with almond or vanilla-flavored whipped cream. Over the custard or the cream, arrange an outer ring of peach or pear halves, separating each half with a pitted black cherry for color contrast. Add an inner ring of purple plum or apricot halves. In the center, place a peach, pear, plum or apricot half. To your preference, many variations of fresh or canned fruit may be used, such as a ring of sliced pineapple, sliced bananas, orange sections or fresh strawberries.

PETER ROBOTTI is a very successful businessman, but his formula isn't the usual one. One of television's best-known commentators has said of him that he would rather have five people in his dining room and give them the ultimate in food and service than have it filled with diners who are getting less than his best. This isn't as altruistic as it sounds: an expensive restaurant requires perfection to keep it going, and it is not incidental that Robotti is a perfectionist. He has never forgotten that he was one of the fortunate ones who served at the Biltmore Hotel in New York under a great teacher, Nino Malnati, and many of the ideals of service in practice at Richelieu at the present time he absorbed from Malnati. In his turn he has imparted this teaching to his own staff, and there are restaurants throughout the United States which have young men trained in the Malnati ideals via Robotti. He's probably not an easy man to work with—perfectionists never are—but he has surrounded himself with a staff that is as like him as it is possible to be, and the customers are happier for it.

The restaurant is as capable of handling special or unusual parties as it is of providing daily luncheons and dinners. A couple of years ago it put on a seventeenth-century French dinner served by captains and waiters in the costumes of that day. But it doesn't go in for the bizarre. Its large dining room is arranged so that it gives the appearance of three sections and one of these sections can be reserved for a private dinner party. If the man who is giving the dinner prefers a more casual atmosphere, the wine room downstairs can be transformed into a dining room, and often is. A rug of simulated grass is placed on the

The main dining room is divided, without walls, into three sections

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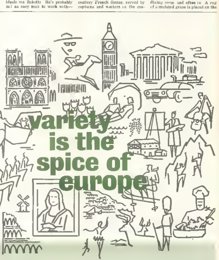

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floor, a table is set up in the center and here surrounded by bins filled with fine wines, dinner is served.

The wines for Richelieu are selected with care, for Robotti came from one of the wine-growing regions of Italy, the little town of Fubine in the Piedmont section of the north. His family had vineyards and naturally he had a wide knowledge of Italian wines before he came to America, where he supplemented it with research on wines of other countries—France especially.

A busy restaurant isn't geared for tours behind the scenes but customers who'd like to see the wine rooms or the kitchens during less hectic times will find the visits interesting.

Like many another successful restaurateur, Mr Robotti has a home in Italy, in Fubine and almost every other year now he vacations there, generally during the grape harvesting. For that time he could be forgiven if he'd forget all about other people and think only of himself and his wife. He does, in a way: the food they eat is probably the food of the region, and they undoubtedly have lunch and dinner whenever they're hungry and not after other people have had theirs. But the years have been far better to Robotti than they have to his hometown and for some time now he has been correcting this. He has restored the lovely old fifteenth-century cathedral of Fubine, built a new school, and participated in other good works that the town is more ready to talk about than is he.

That record of achievement should be enough for any man, but he, together with his wife, Frances Diane Robotti, last year published a book that has received much attention. It's called *Much Depends On Dinner (or the tablecloth game)*. In a way it's an autobiography, but it's much more than that: a book that's invaluable for the man or woman who dines out often. It's delightfully written, casual, rambling, but filled with advice. There's a chapter on This Matter of Tipping that isn't what you think it will be. There are several chapters on wines and liquors (Wines Around the World, The Wines of France, Italy, Mother of Wines, California, America's Wine Basket, Some Wines of New York State, Cognac, Liqueurs, Bourbon and Brandy). There are also chapters giving the backgrounds of the great hotels and chefs and gastronomes, London Revisited and The Changing Face of New York. The book is affectionately dedicated to Nino Malnati by "one of his appreciative pupils."

Much Depends On Dinner can be secured at any bookstore, or through Fountainhead Publishers at 475 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Like Le Chateau Richelieu, it's expensive ($8.50 for the regular edition, $10 for the deluxe), the summation of three decades of la haute cuisine must be measured by other standards than money. ⊣⊢

EAST COAST'S FAVORITE RESTAURANTS—NIGHTCLUBS

Pound Ridge New York

EMILY SHAW'S INN—Pound Ridge, New York [illegible] Merritt Parkway to Rt 137. Lovely view from famous old Colonial Inn. L. 12-2:30—[illegible] D 5-9. Bar [illegible] Fri. & Sat. [illegible] Piano music weekends. Closed Mon.

Poughkeepsie New York

TREASURE CHEST—[illegible] miles south of Poughkeepsie on Route 9 [illegible] Continental food in small antique filled rooms. Lunch [illegible] dinner [illegible] Closed Tuesday. Red Bar [illegible] downstairs. Antique shop [illegible]

City Island New York

THWAITES RESTAURANT—536 City Island Ave. City Island N Y [illegible] One of the East Coast's finer and more sophisticated seafood restaurants in a nautical setting offers a spacious, yet intimate background. All seafoods. [illegible] Bar & Lounge. [illegible] Mon.

New York City

MARIO'S VILLA BORGHESE—[illegible] E. 58th St. PL [illegible] Delightful French and Italian cuisine in a secluded atmosphere of Italy and the Villa Borghese in Rome. Dinners [illegible]—48 selections to choose from—all cooked to order

MARIO'S VILLA D'ESTE—[illegible] E. 56th St. PL [illegible] Charming, relaxed atmosphere to enjoy a wide variety of French & Italian dishes. Lunch from 12 to 3—[illegible] up. Dinners [illegible]—48 selections to choose from—all cooked to order

LIBORIO—150 W. 49th St. [illegible] American Food at its very best. [illegible] Lamb Ragout with wine sauce. Arroz Con Pollo, fried bananas. Lunch, Dinner, supper. Flamenco [illegible] nightly

[illegible]—12 E. 55th St.—Smart and sophisticated [illegible] excellent Continental cuisine. Lunch, Monday-Saturday, 12-3, A La Carte—Entrees from [illegible] Entrees [illegible] Cocktail Lounge

[illegible]—[illegible] E. 53rd St. [illegible] French cuisine in an atmosphere of elegance [illegible] Cocktail Lounge

ITALIAN PAVILION—24 W. 55th St. JU [illegible] Elegant atmosphere for the finest northern Italian cuisine. Lunch 12-3, A La Carte Entrees [illegible] up. Dinner—6-10:30 Entrees [illegible] up. Cocktail Lounge

ALBERT FRENCH RESTAURANT—42 East 11th St. N.Y.C. [illegible] Greenwich Village's oldest landmark. All you can eat: [illegible] Steak, Jumbo Fried Shrimps or Minute Steak, [illegible]—1 PM-2 AM. Sun. till 1 AM. Bar party [illegible]

New York City (cont'd)

[illegible]—151 E. 50th Pl. [illegible] New York's [illegible] and excellent food [illegible] Marianne [illegible] plays for the cocktail hour

DIVAN PARISIEN—[illegible] E. 45th St. [illegible] Generous portions of charm, cuisine and superb French food. Chicken Divan tops the list of gourmet delights. A La Carte. Open 11:30-11 p.m. Lunch, Dinner. Cocktail Lounge

CAFE ARNOLD—[illegible] Central Park S. CI [illegible] Opposite the [illegible] French food of high quality. L. 12-3, a la carte entrees [illegible] D.—[illegible] a la carte. Bar and lounge. Closed Sunday

DU MIDI—311 W. 48, CO [illegible] At this [illegible] bar and restaurant, you'll find excellent French cuisine. Lunch [illegible] Dinner 5-11:30. Sun. [illegible] After theatre supper until 11:30.

TOMALDO RESTAURANT—[illegible] Third Ave. Superb Italian cuisine and atmosphere in new enlarged quarters to better serve you. Daily specialties. Open every day except Sundays. Lunch and Dinner

CEYLON INDIA INN—148 West 49th St. CO [illegible] Oldest Indian Restaurant in the United States. Established 1913. Serving authentic Curries of India. Open daily for Luncheon and Dinner. Choice Wines and Beer

SAITO—[illegible] W. 55th St. [illegible] Authentic Japanese cuisine served in traditional setting. Very colorful. The food is excellent. [illegible] Tempura are specialties. Lunch 12-3, [illegible] Dinner [illegible] Cocktail Bar

AU TUNNEL—[illegible] W. 48th St. CO [illegible] Established atmospheric French Restaurant specializing in Cassoulet. French food. Poulet Sauté. L.—12-3 a la carte entrees, [illegible] up. D.—[illegible] Bar [illegible]

SUN LUCK—[illegible] W. 50th St. PL [illegible] Famous for Oriental delicacies in Cantonese, Peking and Shanghai style cooking. Your choice of [illegible] dishes. Lunch 11:30-4, [illegible] and up. Dinner [illegible] and up. A la carte. Til 2 a.m. Bar and lounge.

COPAIN—[illegible] St. at First Ave.—PL [illegible] Intriguing specialties: Breast of Capon Henry IV, [illegible] Mignonette of Lamb. Authentic Parisian cuisine. Reservations suggested. [illegible] a la carte. Sun. Brunch from [illegible] Cocktail Lounge. All Credit cards

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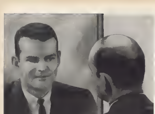

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GOING PLACES WITH ESQUIRE

Acapulco the climate, the sea and the sky are unchanged

VERY darn shortly after we yank the last page of this piece of copy out of the typewriter we grab our sunglasses and swim shorts and head for the opening of Mr Conrad Hilton's new hotel in Acapulco It's named, not surprisingly, the Acapulco Hilton, since the choice was probably limited to the Acapulco Hilton or the Hilton Acapulco

The name, though is just about the only thing connected with the hotel that has gone according to expectations Work began on the hotel in 1955, but it was stopped when the Mexican company associated with Hilton on the project ran out of money leaving a thirteen story skeleton of naked steelwork not accomplishing anything very aesthetic for the Acapulco skyline.

And it stayed that way for five years or so until the backers raised enough money to take up again where they had left off when they had been so rudely interrupted by the bank

Mr Hilton meanwhile had other tropical fish to fry, and in 1959 he took over Las Brisas, an unusual luxury resort hotel featuring sixty-two small pink guest cottages of one to four rooms each scattered over the hillside, and forty-one (count 'em, forty-one) swimming pools Room service is by jeep and if you've never seen a Mexican room boy driving a candy-striped pink jeep with one hand and balancing a trayful of Eggs Benedict with the other, you've missed one of the scenic highlights of Acapulco

There's no question though, that the new Acapulco Hilton is the last cry as the French say, in resort hotels Every one of its two hundred fifty guest rooms has a private balcony overlooking the Bay of Acapulco and the Pacific and they all have bath connecting dressing area individually controlled air conditioning telephone and radio The twelfth and thirteenth floors are given over to luxury suites and there's a special section of twelve rooms on one of the lower floors for tour guides presumably to give the poor devils a few hours surcease from their clients (We used to be a tour conductor.)

One of the most striking architectural features of the new hotel is La Isla restaurant, actually on an island on the hotel grounds surrounded by a 900-foot circular swimming pool. The restaurant is covered by a mushroom-shaped dome and is reached by three bridges crossing the pool. La Isla seats 160 and there's another dining room seating 160 and serving Mexican continental and North American dishes

In and around the poolside cabana area are lockers, Turkish baths and an infirmary The hotel's beach section includes sand, thatched umbrellas and a pier

Convention facilities feature a meeting hall and ballroom accommodating six hundred delegates or five hundred diners

By now you've probably gotten the message that you are not going to go hungry while at the hotel if one of the restaurants happens to be crowded one of the others is sure to have a table for two available.

Rates at the Acapulco Hilton run from $20 single, European plan during the High Season which lasts from December 16 until April 2 and from $14 the rest of the year At Las Brisas Hilton they're $20 up during the High Season and $12 up the rest of the year At the latter, though they include service as a "no tipping" policy is in effect

Guests at the Acapulco Hilton also have the use of facilities at Las Brisas Hilton and its La Concha Beach Club and vice versa, and there's free transportation between the two Hilton hotels by speedboat, pink jeep or limousine Or if you prefer you can rent one of the 68 jeeps of the Las Brisas fleet for your own use for $8 a day Golf is available at the Acapulco Golf Club

A similar interchange arrangement among hotels is also being operated by that other tycoon of Acapulco hoteldom Sr Cesar Balsa, whose Mexico City holdings are described in Richard Joseph's Travel Notes elsewhere in this issue

Sr Balsa's Acapulco properties include El Presidente El-cano, Prado Americas and Noa-Noa hotels the Tampa motel, the Focolare restaurant and the Jacaranda nightclub and he has set things up so that American plan guests at his hotels may dine at any of his other hotels We must assume however that diners and winers at the Focolare and Jacaranda will not be able to sleep it off at any Balsa hotel without paying an additional charge

Single rates at El Presidente and at the Elcano next door begin at $24 a day modified American plan (M A P means breakfast and dinner are included but you promote your own lunch or stay hungry until dinner time)

At the Prado Americas the year is divided into two seasons on the Balsa calendar the High Season from December 15 to April 15 and the Low Season the rest of the year Low-Season rates begin at $6 single European plan $9.20 M A.P and $11.20 full American plan Add a couple of bucks or so a day for the High Season rates and you'll be just about right

The Prado Americas was one of the first of the great Acapulco resort hotels back in the days when its name was the Hotel de las Americas Sr Balsa's brochure says the Prado Americas is known for its "magic-lamp ability to fulfill every whim of the fun-seeking guest." but surely he can't mean everything those words would seem to imply

At the Noa-Noa, though you have your choice of four plans but only one season. Single rates begin at $6 European plan, $7 60 Continental plan (including breakfast) $10 modified American plan, and $12 40 for the works.

Meanwhile, back at the Tampa motel you'll find that life reverts to two seasons but only three plans and in the High Season there are only two plans, and if you're as confused by all this as we are, you'll want to have your friendly genial local travel agent unravel the details for you

Anyway just to finish up single rates at the Tampa during the Off Season begin at $3 20 European plan $4 Continental plan and $7 20 American plan

All of which is not to say that the whole Acapulco hotel story is spelled "Balsa" and "Hilton" Acapulco is second only to Florida in North America in its number of luxury resort hotels

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There's the magnificent Pierre Marques, a self-contained resort near the airport a few miles out of town where President Eisenhower stayed on an informal visit to Mexico a few years ago, the Caleta Acapulco's largest hotel the splendid Club de Pesca and El Mirador one of the earlier luxury hotels but still luxurious the Maris, the Ritz, the Villa Vera and many others ranking with the top resort hotels you'll find anywhere

Acapulco is the sort of place people fall in love with and therefore keep saying that things aren't like they were in the good old days Old Acapulco hands today remember with a fond nostalgia the period shortly after World War II before the rash of big luxury hotels had "spoiled" the place but when we first went down there in 1946 they looked fondly back to the prewar years, before El Mirador and the Hotel de las Americas helped transform a sleepy old Mexican port and fishing village into a fashionable resort.

Still older hands lamented the opening of the highway from Mexico City back in 1928 Before that they said Acapulco was *really* unspoiled And you can be sure that the Indians, looking on from the nearby mountainsides clucked to themselves—or whatever Indians do to express disapproval—back in the sixteenth century when their lovely beaches and fishing coves were taken over by the Spaniards as a port to land the silks and slaves of the East and to ship out to Spain the silver and gold from Mexican mines and the loot from pillaged Indian cities

Two factors are basically responsible for Acapulco's development as a great international resort, the scenic beauty of its beaches bays coves and inlets edged by the nearby mountains and its superb climate Almost every day is sunny and the average daytime temperature varies only five degrees from a winter low of 78 to a summer high of 83

And practically everything you can do in, on, or around water you can do better here Beaching swimming skin diving spear fishing sailing water skiing and deep-sea or offshore fishing—Acapulco is noted for them all

It's easy enough to get to Located two hundred eighty miles southwest of Mexico City it's an hour's flight by the DC-6's of Aeronaves, and there are four or five flights daily—depending on the day—in each direction. Driving from Mexico City you could make it comfortably in about six and a half hours over the mountainous but still basically good highways. #

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FILMS

DWIGHT MACDONALD

Mystification at Marienbad

IN *Last Year at Marienbad* Alain Resnais has taken the stylization of *Hiroshima Mon Amour* a great deal farther All the way It is a charade a masque beautiful to the eye—I can't remember a film of more sustained visual delight—and interesting to the mind or at least to the crossword puzzle-solving part of the mind, but curiously lacking in emotional affect. "For me" M Resnais has said, "the film represents an attempt still crude and primitive, to approach the complexity of thought and of its mechanisms I have found that in each descent into the unconsciousness an emotion is born" For me the emotions were stillborn I couldn't find any human drama to hook them up to. Yet it is a fascinating film I saw it three times in the same week and found it more interesting the third time than the first. It is the *Finnegans Wake* of the movies

The setting is a vast baroque palace now converted into a luxury hotel After a superb sequence of tracking shots roaming the walls corridors and ceilings, the camera begins to pick up the handsomely dressed guests who are as stuffy and emptily graceful as the plaster nymphs and cherubs, finally focusing down on three of them A (Delphine Seyrig) X (Giorgio Albertazzi) and M (Sacha Pitoeff) For the rest of the film, X pursues A insisting they had met last year at Marienbad (or perhaps at Friedrichsbad he admits at one point) that they had been lovers there, and that she had agreed to meet him here a year later and go away with him She denies they have ever met, he persists she weakens he suggests M is not really her husband she temporizes (at times she tells him he is mad) nothing is clear to anyone finally she apparently leaves the hotel with him These ambiguities are made even more so by a constant—and unannounced—shifting between four tenses past, present future and conditional (it might have or it should have happened) Also by the most extraordinary bag of tricks that has ever been unpacked in a single film quick cutting is constantly employed as are long tracking shots, overexposure is used to get a blinding white effect for scenes of violence or emotion A appears without transition in different gowns (by Chanel), the same action is repeated four or five times in succession as her sinking down on a bed or the remarkable sequence in dazzling overexposure when the camera rushes toward her over and over as she advances down a hall smiling ecstatically The use of sound is equally original almost all the words are delivered offscreen not only the commentary but also much of the dialogue In 1928 Eisenstein and Pudovkin published a manifesto on the future sound film which advocated "an orchestral counterpoint of visual and aural images" and "the distinct nonsynchronization" of sound and picture This is the norm in *Marienbad*

Other critics have thought *Marienbad* a masterpiece. (Mr Crowther of *The Times* was dithyrambic—he has become more cautious about *avant-garde* films since his unfortunate dismissal of *L'Avventura*.) I think they exaggerate, but it is certainly a work of art that is, something all of a piece and consistent with its own assumptions My difficulty is that these assumptions seem to me too narrow for a masterpiece as a spectator one feels like an animal that is being experimented on in a laboratory the experimenters know what they are doing but the animal doesn't and so it is hard for him (me)

IN THE JULY ESQUIRE

The subject, gentlemen, is Women

Among the women A rock 'n roll singer, a lady critic, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy

Among the contributors Brock Brower Malcolm Muggeridge Helen Lawrenson, Dan Wakefield Robert Alan Aurthur Norman Mailer

Among other things A parody of ladies magazines, a lesson in lying to women, a new look at movie heroines.

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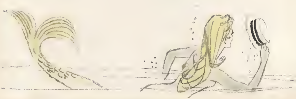

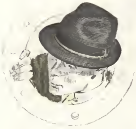

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Below—right

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to become involved, no effect. One's mind and senses are stimulated but the emotional and intellectual meaning eludes one (me). Perhaps M. Resnais was too much influenced by his scriptwriter, Alain Robbe-Grillet, a leader of the new French "objectivist" school of novelists. In a recent *Sight and Sound*, M. Robbe-Grillet describes a meeting of minds between him and the director which is rare in movie-making. He is very good on the special qualities of M. Resnais' work that made him eager to collaborate.

"I already knew his work, admiring in it an extremely firm and studied composition, with something uncompromising about it. I felt that it shared some of my own efforts toward a slightly ritualistic weight, a certain deliberation and a sense of 'theatre' and on occasion those fixed attitudes, that firmness of gesture, word and décor which make one think at the same time both of a piece of sculpture and of an opera. Finally, I found in it an endeavor to construct space and time in purely mental terms—those of dream, perhaps, or of memory, those of affective life—without overmuch concern for the traditional links of cause and effect or for a rigid time scheme for the narrative."

It is odd that M. Robbe-Grillet speaks of "affective life," since this is just what I don't find either in his own novels or in *Marienbad*. Perhaps the "objectivist" approach is *too* "uncompromising"; perhaps the pure depiction of scenes and actions without any hint of the psychological processes in the characters that gives them meaning is simply confusing. Perhaps, in short, the director and scenarist have, in pursuit of an aesthetic theory, gone beyond art as I think Joyce did in *Finnegan* for all the brilliance of individual passages. The "ritualistic weight," "sense of theatre" and "firmness of gesture" were all accomplished by Carné in *Children of Paradise* without reducing the characters to A, X and M (indeed with giving them social and individual personalities of Balzacian scope) while the playing around with dreams, time, and cause-effect were done in Cocteau's *Blood of a Poet* more effectively than here, possibly because it *was* playing around spontaneous and poetic. Cocteau did not pretend to tell a story about people. It is the human aspect of *Marienbad* that is its weakness, as if Cocteau's method should be applied to a soap opera. Confusing—and inappropriate.

Everybody seems to have a different idea of the meaning of *Marienbad*: the hotel is actually a psychiatric sanitarium, the principals are dead, X is a lunatic, he is Life come to free the sleeping beauty from her baroque prison, he is Death come to claim her at last, etc. Its two creators warn us there is no symbolic meaning, that it is just what it appears to be, which doesn't help much. I suggest that it is to some extent a mystification. Bob Hope once gave a celebrated broadcast; he found on arriving at the studio that he had forgotten the opening script, in which he warms up the audience with jokes and patter, so he improvised three minutes of double-talk—the ostensible beginnings of jokes but no resolution—delivering it all in his customary rapid-fire style and taking care to use his typical climactic inflection when he came to the non-points of the un-jokes. Nobody noticed any difference; the audience laughed heartily.

We know that M. Resnais is a great student of Hollywood cinema, and I think it possible that among his aims in *Marienbad* was a kind of parody of the medium. Thus we have frag-

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ments of such conventional genres as high-life drama, romantic love gambling even a nuance of international espionage ("His passport was German ") but nothing ever develops. We have close-ups of significant-looking people, with snatches of portentous dialogue, but they turn out to be merely dress extras and nothing comes of it all—in Hollywood a close-up means business. There are echoes of directors like Von Sternberg (the feather costume worn by A for instance) and at one point the shadowy bulk of Alfred Hitchcock can be spied in a corridor. The reflexes to which we have been conditioned by fifty years of cinema are constantly being stimulated but we are as frustrated as Pavlov's dogs the bell rings but the food is not delivered. There is also the organ music—traditional accompaniment of the silent film because of its shameless emotionality in expert hands—which swells and throbs to great crescendoes that turn out to signify nothing at all. The whole effect is like climbing stairs and constantly stumbling over the final step that isn't there. *Marienbad* has more "to" it than this but I think this is one of its important aspects and I shall not be abashed if M Resnais denies it. He has an unconscious too.

Sweet Bird of Youth

I wish that Tennessee Williams had written either fewer or better plays. Having conscientiously wrestled with *Suddenly Last Summer*, *The Fugitive Kind* and *Summer and Smoke*, I was recently confronted with José Quintero's *The Roman Spring of Mrs Stone* and Richard Brooks' *Sweet Bird of Youth*. Reports on the former were so discouraging I gave it a miss but Mr Brooks has a considerable reputation so—once more into the breach dear friends. Why Mr Brooks has a reputation is one of the many things I don't understand about the movies. His *Elmer Gantry* I thought crude and overblown and so is this latest work; he has an unfailing instinct for the meretricious. In *Gantry* he defused Sinclair Lewis' satire by inventing a "good" side of a character Lewis depicted as a lustful hypocrite and by having it win out in the usual Hollywood upbeat ending. So here he bowdlerizes Mr Williams' play. Chance gave Heavenly not syphilis but a baby. Boss Finley, her father, doesn't rant about white supremacy and his minions don't emasculate Chance they just mark up his face a little and a happy ending materializes in the last three minutes—contradicting the logic of the preceding two hours—with Chance and Heavenly driving off while the wicked father stamps around in impotent rage outside his mansion. I don't object to any play of Mr Williams' being dry-cleaned, it's that the toning down was not from taste but from cowardice in the face of a mass audience (which will not accept or so the box-office pundits think, VD, castration racism or sad endings), I deduce this because the film is even more cheaply sensational than was the play. So much for the screenplay which is by Mr Brooks like Antonioni, he writes what he directs; this is the only similarity. As for his directorial talent, the prosecution submits (1) the scene when Chance is supposed to react to his mother's grave and (2) the flashbacks which rely on double-exposure and —actually in 1962—iris shots to bridge the awful gap between present and past, this problem—the only cinematic one, incidentally that arises in the course of this flat-footed photographing of a stage play—has been solved abroad by simply cutting back to the past without

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further ado, Mr Brooks however, doesn't want to risk losing his audience and certainly no one can complain of not having been warned about time transitions

With one exception, the acting is atrocious Ed Begley as Boss Finley is so monstrously evil that one begins to giggle Shirley Knight as Heavenly is out of Hollywood's ingenue stock bin Mildred Dunnock (Aunt Nonnie) is out of the Mildred Dunnock stock bin, as she was in *Something Wild*—the decline of this once-interesting actress into a standardized spare part is another instance of that tendency of Hollywood to reduce its performers to clichés that I have commented on before. As for Paul Newman as Chance Wayne well something will have to be done about Mr Newman—they might deal with [illegible] Harvey at the same time he's simply not an actor and possibly not even alive, he seems to be carved from wood, his movements stiff and jerky as a marionette, his one expression an agonized grimace as of wood trying to smile. (His efforts to get the Princess to get him a starring part in Hollywood have a peculiar poignancy since one knows he can never make it.) The evocation of [illegible] Geraldine Page as the Princess the aging movie star Her role was the center of the stage play Mr Brooks with his usual obtuseness, has tried to put Chance and the other Southern grotesques into the center, but Miss Page takes over the film as triumphantly as she did the play Whenever she is on one concentrates on her exclusively She has all the attributes of a great actress—style presence, wit timing, emotional mobility—and she is also able to imitate an actual person Her triumph is all the greater because the Princess is an excessively unreal role. Miss Page is able to express the grandiose phoniness of the aging star and at the same time to let us glimpse the human being underneath, as Fredric March did in *A Star Is Born* tough and frightened and vulnerable Something will also have to be done about the waste of Miss Page's vast talent in recent years in Westerns (*Hondo*), trivial stage plays (*Separate Tables*), and Mr Williams' unsoaped operas. We can't expect her to do it—even the best performers seem to have no sense about their "vehicles," lending themselves to the first nonsense that comes down the pike. Perhaps some director in Rome or Paris or New York will realize, as Stroheim did with Zasu Pitts in *Greed*, that here is an actress capable of meeting the highest demands on her art

Something Wild

ONE of the less fortunate effects of the post-1945 upgrading of our culture is that the "art film," to which I have lately paid my respects, is beginning to influence Hollywood One gets the worst of both—the pretensions of the one and the superficiality of the other There was a lot of Art in that overrated melodrama, *The Hustler*, which was fine as long as it stuck to Jackie Gleason and the pool table, but sogged into sentimentality when it got into the love story, and there is even more Art in this new film by Jack Garfein. *Something Wild* was released by United Artists, but it would have fitted perfectly into Cinema 16's current season A girl—stolidly played by Mr Garfein's wife, Carroll Baker who occasionally rises from the passive to the peevish—is raped in a New York park, runs away from her dismal Cinema 16 home and falls in with a not-quite-right-in-the-head garage mechanic who keeps her captive in his (dismal) basement flat for what seems like *Ben-Hur*'s film time until they finally Get

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"a score of romantic witchery" —TIME MAGAZINE

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Through to each other and marry (Cinema 16 at least would have had a downbeat ending) All-too faithfully transcribed from an all-too-earnest first novel—*Mary Ann* by Alex Karmel—this static tale would have defeated a better director than Mr Garfein, who manages to be both tedious and over-dramatic Examples of the latter—the former let's take for granted—are the glittering cross that falls from her neck in the rape scene and her subsequent fainting in the subway (and, really the subway, which I take twice a day, isn't all *that* grim) under a whiskey ad that spells out with relentless irony over her lolling head "SMOOTH, SOCIABLE, SENSIBLE." No less a composer than Aaron Copland did the score, but it turned out to be straight Hollywood*schmalz*: sinisterchords when something Bad is about to happen, soaring violins for Joy (not much of these) and what sounded like an organ vibrating hammily at the happy ending No less a cameraman than the veteran Eugene Shuftan (*Port of Shadows*) was also involved with equally meager results; there were the usual sordid-shadowy scenes in the basement and the usual Art shots of the girl walking walking through the city streets, like a Traffic Bureau documentary The moral, which will be readily grasped by devotees of either TV or Cinema 16, is that much suffering is caused by the inability of people to communicate with each other All too true But two hours of noncommunicating can get rather boring.

Blast of Silence

There are two interesting things to say about this uninteresting film, which was written and directed by a spectacularly untalented young man named Allen Baron who compounds the crime by playing the lead role—it is a nice question as to which of his three functions he fills with least competence One is that it has all the Cinema 16 stigmata made on a shoestring unknown (and bad) actors, hand-camera often used unremittingly sordid and repulsive (the killing of the monstrously fat criminal is as disgusting as anything in *Burial of the Sun*) bleakly "realistic" photography no dramatic tension, and a great deal of Mr Baron walking the streets. The other interesting point is that it was shown commercially—as a second feature to *Splendor in the Grass* Well, maybe I was a little too hard on that one

SHORT TAKES Maurice Zolotow reminds me that *One, Two, Three* is an adaptation of a play *Eins, Zwei, Drei* by the late Ferenc Molnár who should have been credited by me—as he was by Mr Wilder—for the conception and many of the situations. . . While I'm at it let me also give belated credit to Norman Rosten for the excellent screenplay of *A View From the Bridge* . . . Georg Klaren's *Wozzeck* from Büchner's nineteenth-century play was made fifteen years ago and I see no reason to revive it now, a heavyhanded sermon on "the comedy of human justice," rendered in old-fashioned quasi-expressionistic technique, it is one more instance of the inability of the post-Hitler German cinema to regain the heights it had achieved before Hitler . . . Sidney Gilliat's *Only Two Can Play*, based on Kingsley Amis novel, *That Uncertain Feeling*, is another of those British sex comedies which are neither very sexy nor very comic It intensifies the doubts I've had for some time now about Peter Sellers, who is becoming the Marlon Brando of comedians, his calculated inexpressiveness is hardening into a mannerism #

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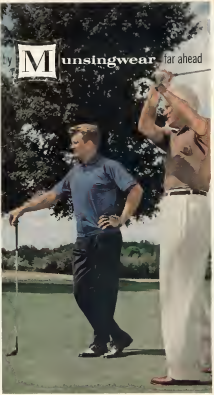

BOOK REVIEWS

DOROTHY PARKER

Six collections of short stories and a lovely novel

I am an intemperate admirer of short stories. I mean, of course, the good ones, for the mind refuses to function to learn how many are, to put it flatteringly, horrible. Maybe it is because the short story, perhaps the most exacting form of fiction, looks so easy that any number can play. Nevertheless, I go on admiring and expecting.

Whenever I am brought up against those who view my enthusiasm not only without sympathy but with positive revulsion I am at first outraged then sulky. However, I collide with such beings infrequently—only, in fact, when I must do an errand to the combined gift-shop-and-lending-library across the avenue. Have you been spared such places? After you have fought your way through the coils of philodendron used as decoration for the gift department, you go back to the arena of literature. There are the tall shelves displaying the volumes that are to be lent out, and in front of them is a desk presided over by a woman of superhuman patience, with hair too grey for her years, whose job it is to lease books that will satisfy the desires of the renters. She is not always successful; that is attested by the stack of discards at the end of her desk.

On my last excursion there stood at the desk a lady—I have yet to see a man in the place—so expensively dressed that it could be thought she might make a small sacrifice and actually buy a book to keep. She had been having troubles; the stack of discards nearly covered the desk. Finally, the superhuman one set before her a tempting book, easy in the hand, soothingly printed. The renter looked it through, then cried out in real hurt, "But these are short stories! I told you I wanted something to read!" Apologetically, the superhuman one delved again into the shelves and lugged out a volume that must have comprised twelve hundred pages. "Well," the renter said, "that's more like it." She left, so it was my turn to come to the desk and put in my modest plea for a plain glass ashtray from the gift department—nothing with kittens or puppies, please. But when the renter staggered away under her prize I took to brooding as to who are those people, anyway, to select their reading matter by the pound? That book she had approved—why, it would break your wrists to keep it open unless you had a place to rest your elbow. Don't those people ever read in bed? And if they never read in bed, who are those people?

Oh, well, it's no use thinking about them; you get nowhere rapidly. There are other things in life. For example, here is a whole bagful of short-story collections, just waiting.

To list them not at all alphabetically, it seems to me the best place to start is with Tillie Olsen's *Tell Me A Riddle* (Lippincott). Her collection represents her entire output of fiction—four stories.

Only four, but enough to make her name a truly important one in writing. The book is not brand-new, it

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has been published for some months, but I have not encountered any word either written or spoken of its distinction

Mrs Olsen writes with simplicity, the attainment of which is so gruellingly far from simple, so stern is her economy of language that she can spend no word that is not the right one. But for all that her tales are far more powerfully moving dig far deeper in the memory than do the reams of exercises in lyrical style that clutter the bookshops The stories differ one from another in subject and so it is difficult to compare them To my mind though, the finest is the one that gives the book its title, a story of old age and approaching death and exasperated love It was dubbed in an O Henry Award collection as the best short story of its year—I know this only from a notice on the dust cover of the book for I did not see the listings—but, while admitting the lunacy of literary competitions, I feel comfortable that this honor was justly awarded It is profoundly to be hoped that Tillie Olsen's adventure in writing does not stop with *Tell Me A Riddle* Still if that is the way she wants things to be, you can only crush back your greed and your need by telling yourself well if an author should write only four stories then these were the four to have written

Another fine collection is Richard Yates' *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness* (Atlantic-Little, Brown) Mr Yates the extravagantly gifted author of *Revolutionary Road* does not stress his subject he never steps aside and points out, "Look, here's another person being lonely, in a different way See how I do it?" The stories themselves tell for him and for you They are a wide variety, some of them bitter some sad, some irresistibly funny, all of them achieved by the bringer of compassion never the teeser of pity. Mr Yates' eye and ear are I believe unsurpassed I know of no writer whose senses are in more admirable condition It is they that make his characters live, make these stories move and beat—they and possibly another asset the sure perfection of his writing

Pigeon Feathers and Other Stories (Knopf) is a collection of the stories or many of them of John Updike Mr Updike has written countless verses and short pieces for *The New Yorker*, in the past four years he had published five books, two of them novels he is the author of the memorable *The Poorhouse Fair* he is just thirty years old I regard this record as plain insulting

Pigeon Feathers seems to me, though disappointing is perhaps too hasty a word, not all that I had expected I could find little to carry me along with the people. Maybe it is that I am overapt to experience the pressure of too much response to Nature Or may be it is simply that I am jealous of this mightily industrious stripling

Donald Windham's stories, *The Warm Country* (Scribner's) has an introduction by E M Forster which Mr Windham is quick to say was not solicited but volunteered surely no author could wish for better fortune The Warm Country of the title is several warm countries sometimes Venice sometimes the Deep South The stories too are warm, warm and thoughtful and discerning I wish they had impressed me more deeply

Diane Athill is a young English writer whose work, I am not at all proud to say, I had not known until this collection of her stories *An Unavoidable Delay and Other Stories* (Doubleday) I shall waste no more time in ignorance of her The book according to its publisher speaking on the dust cover, is composed of thirteen stories about love, which might well shut you off as probably being as monotonous and embarrassing as the subject itself may be. But not from the pen of Miss Athill She writes unabashedly, shrewdly sometimes a little slyly but never with patronage and thus has amassed an arresting anthology She also and I am not forgetting writes brilliantly

And now there comes, as it must to all men, this year's edition of prize stories The O Henry Awards Here as in the case of Tillie Olsen, there can be no cavilling about the first prize, for it is given to Katherine Anne Porter for her tender and sharply seen *Holiday* But the others seem to me to make up a rather sorry collection. Even such good writers as Shirley Ann Grau are not at their best and the reader at least this reader is left with a sense of dullness of not very hard trying You can't have everything But you can, heaven help you, always expect it.

With reluctance I leave the collections of short stories. Nothing could tear me from them save this lovely book, *A Long and Happy Life* by Reynolds Price—and I cannot even begrudge the author his youth Meticulously observed beautifully told it strikes too deep to fuss around with analysis. You can say only of it that it is indeed a lasting novel, a story of the South done with no violence—you can say only, a lovely novel with the firm brilliance of its writing to keep its loveliness from sticking to your fingers

Victoria Lincoln's *Charles* (Little, Brown) is presented by its author as a novel inspired by certain events in the life of Mr Charles Dickens It is no doubt a labor of adoration but I am afraid that you could learn more about the life of Dickens, and have a far better time in the process by rereading *David Copperfield.*

I do not know why this glory should have come to me, but I am lately the recipient of four volumes of The Young Sportsman's Library. The particular quartet covers *The Young Sportsman's Guide to Swimming* as well as to *Motor Boating Archery* and *Fly-Tying* It is my plan to study only fly-tying earnestly for when you have mastered that, what else do you need to know? ∎

"I knew that snake was getting too smart for him!"

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"Domini, ego admitto vos ad gradum . . ." thus begins

The Ultimate Graduation

by BROCK BROWER

"Gentlemen, I admit you to the degree of ." The speaker is the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University; the day is Oxford's golden day of graduation. Herewith, a translation from the English by a new Yank at the oldest school

It may not be at all true for other Americans who have been through a Degree Day at Oxford, but just before taking my own B.A. several years back, I remember suddenly beginning on almost compulsive chain of thought about firsts and lasts. Perhaps it was touched off in my own case because, just before noon on that hot, overdressed day—with the sunny byways of Oxford just starting to shake out their doctoral linen of scarlet and black, scarlet and blood crimson, blood crimson and cream brocade—I saw for the first time an Oxford don, fully gowned, robed and coped, stop in the middle of quiet, cobbled Merton Street, clasp his hands over his head like a boxer (pugilist, he would've said even then), and roar, absolutely roar in triumph. It was my tutor. He was breaking all bounds to express his utter amazement that "we'd" gotten through Schools as well as "we" had. It was the first time he'd seen me since my *viva*, and it was the first time—*apparently*—that I'd seen him in his true colors, realized how affectionately dubious he'd been about me all along. We shook hands and smiled together again, but it unnerved me (who was underestimating whom?) and started that odd chain of thought, which seems to me now to have been the first stirrings of a totally undeveloped sense of historic occasion.

Even so, I still saw it, despite Oxford, as a very personal history. This was the last time, for instance, that I would have to wear my commoner's gown, a ridiculous academic shift, cut off just short enough to be nicknamed a "bum freezer," and suddenly I grew fond of every place I'd torn it. This was the first time I'd put on the full scholar's gown, and sadly, the last time too, for I intended to "go down" from Oxford immediately after the ceremony. This was also, for the same reason, the first and last time probably that I would take sherry in the Queen's Chamber at Merton (one reason Her Royal Highness never stays in Oxford, recalls my sense of the historic now, is that she's required by law to stay *there* if she ever does) and eat at High Table. And it was certainly the first and last time I would ever feel privileged enough to tip anybody a pound—the traditional gratuity for the scout who gowns a scholar in the hood fringed with white rabbit fur (B.A., Oxon.), after the Degree Ceremony—and, much more than as money, I was really loath to part with it.

But if I had to part with a pound, I could at least see that the right scout got it, and I remember running hastily around to Merton Lodge at that point (in my thinking) to see Bill, the lodge porter, who deserved it most, I felt, for *being* it most. Bill is the sort of English servant who always votes Conservative because he, after all, "serves gentlemen," and who despises nothing quite so much as Labour Party women. Particularly Dr. Edith Summerskill, who fell forever beneath Bill's notice when she announced with good English pluck, during austerity, that she couldn't tell any difference between butter and margarine. "Think of the bloody woman. My missus knows better. Don't you worry, sir, I'll find you in the crowd all right." Bill seemed to be repressing an excitement very similar to that which had destroyed my tutor's dignity already, and wondering a little if it weren't only cupidity, I was still troubled by an uneasy sense of transition. This was the last time I would probably see Bill in the Merton Lodge. "By the way, congratulations, sir," he said, too warmly to be doubted, and I felt even more uncertain.

Just then, there drifted through the ancient portal of the Merton Gate a stray word from the street outside. "Morocco." We both caught it, and turned to watch two Americans—a Rhodes and a Marshall (a habit of Oxford to describe an undergraduate generically by his stipend), both underclassmen with the whole "long vac" obviously ahead of them—duck into the Lodge to check their mailboxes. We listened.

"Who else is going to Morocco?" asked the Rhodes.

"Frank," said the Marshall.

"I thought Frank was in Innsbruck."

"He is. He's coming back through Switzerland to try to get a Matterhorn climb, and then he's meeting us after that."

"In Spain?"

"No. In Paris. We're passing up Spain."

"You've gotta go *through* Spain to get to Morocco. It's right on the way, you know."

"Yeah, but I think we're just going to drive right straight through," concluded the Marshall. "We haven't got time to stop and really see it."

The Marshall and the Rhodes walked off toward Hall for a luncheon of "pig in the blanket," a sausage baked in dough. It has already been the last time that I shall eat that fare, I thought, and at that moment I knew exactly what, between all these firsts and lasts, was really passing. I'd caught it in the very callowness of their chance remarks, and it suddenly dawned on me what an incredible *(Continued on page 155)*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURT GLINN

Son Of Old Maid

Son Of Old Maid

Ratfink and other simpleminded amusements for convoluted people. With the following complete instructions, any cerebrotone can play

by BURTON BERNSTEIN

All right, people, settle down, please. That's it, attention up here now. Thank you. Today, we're going to learn four new games—yes, I *thought* you'd like that—four *new games* for people like you. People like you, of course, are inpeople. And I shouldn't have to tell you that an inperson is (a) somebody who is sophisticated, yet thoroughly deplores the term; (b) isn't afraid of regressing a little, provided it's cerebral regression; (c) yawns in the presence of *out*people; and (d) loves to play ingames.

So. Are your *cahiers* at the ready? Good. Let us begin. The first and by far the easiest ingame is called

Ratfink

. . . which many of you probably played on rainy days at summer camp and called Pig.

In truth, Ratfink is one baby step above Go Fish, although it is considerably more violent, along the lines of Slapjack. It is played thusly:

Select up to thirteen especially competitive, childlike individuals from your enormous infriend pool and invite them to sit in a circle on your living-room rug. Then produce a deck of cards and a quantity of ordinary teaspoons. Sets of four-of-a-kind are culled from the deck, commensurate with the number of players. However, there should be *one* less spoon than there are participants. If, say, eight persons are playing, there should be four aces, twos, threes, fours, fives, sixes, sevens, and eights in the playing deck and seven spoons lined up in the center of the human circle. The rest of the cards and spoons should be put out of the reach of the most greedy.

The cards are thoroughly shuffled and are dealt around, four to a player. On a signal from the dealer, everyone picks up his hand and arranges it in possible melds. This act should take a total of two seconds. As you poker players know, the chances are very slim that somebody will pick up a pat four-of-a-kind hand.

The dealer then shouts, "Ready. Pass to your right." At this command, everybody passes one unwanted card to the person on the right, and, of course, receives a card from the person on the left. When this basically feebleminded task is accomplished on command from the dealer it is repeated, and repeated, until somebody ends up with a four-of-a-kind meld. That lucky player then has the desirable choice of surreptitiously, overtly or offhandedly taking one spoon from the center of the circle. It is up to the others to notice this act, even through the confusion of the card exchanging, and immediately dive for the remaining spoons. As in Musical Chairs (an outgame), one person will be left without a spoon. That person is an "R"—and on his way to becoming a "Ratfink."

There is a catch. The catch—which serves to elevate Ratfink an inch above the Go Fish genre—is this: the winner of any particular round is not compelled to show that he truly has a four-of-a-kind meld, unless he is challenged. Nine times out of seventy, the challenger will be the spoonless loser. If the winner has been bluffing (as is often the case, because few can stand the tension of not having the infinite security of a grasped spoon) and loses the challenge, he then receives two punishment letters. If the challenger is proved wrong, *he* receives two punishment letters.

When a player becomes a Ratfink, he must go through the hot oven—a punitive measure which may vary from reading aloud recent Arthur Krock columns in their entirety to being placed in a hot oven until done (baste frequently, serves eight).

It is a good idea to wear gloves and eye protectors when playing Ratfink with women or unsuccessful businessmen; skinned knuckles and facial scars are not uncommon. Liquor should be withheld until the match is completed.

This game is very boring after fifteen minutes of play.

For those of you who have come this far into our little quicksand playground, we will now take up the next game of this current series . . .

Cutthroat Anagrams

Think back some years to the time your unwed aunt arrived for Thanksgiving dinner with a box of lettered tiles, which were in rough proportion to the frequency of the twenty-six letters in the English language, and demanded that everyone play anagrams after the turkey had been devoured. Now, Auntie's game went like this. The several dozen tiles were spread facedown on the table. Auntie then turned one up. It was an "R." Daddy's turn was next; he turned up a "D." Mummy, haggard from the cooking, could only turn up a common old "E." It was now your turn. However, before you flipped a tile, you stared at the "R," the "D," and the "E," and, if you were half what I think you were, you shouted "Red!" Good work! That meant you were an inchild and could arrange the three tiles in the proper order and keep the word in front of you as your own personal property. Nobody could take it away. Whoever garnered ten words first in this manner won the game. No foreign words or proper nouns or plural gerunds were allowed. You could call out a legal word only if it was your turn. That was anagrams. And now, unhappily, I have to tell you it is an *out*game.

Cutthroat Anagrams—although basically the same idea—is an ingame, because in Cutthroat Anagrams it is *everybody's turn all the time*. Let's go back to your crazy aunt's game again and I'll show you what I mean. An "R," a "D," and an "E" were in play, if you'll remember. Nobody can yell "Red" or anything else, because in Cutthroat Anagrams you must have at least a five-letter word. It is your turn. You turn up an "A." Sis—that overanxious bitch—triumphantly shouts "Read!" Sis must now pay everyone a nickel chip because she shouted a word with only four letters in it. This is called "nickels around" and it points up how it is possible to get rich quick in Cutthroat Anagrams without ever actually winning a word.

Alors, maintenant. It has considerately dampened Sis's turn to pick a tile. She comes up with a "B." You decisively scream "Bread!" It is a legal word and it is yours—but not forever. Everybody pays you a nickel for getting the word before anyone else could call it (or "beard" or "bared" or "debar") and you get to arrange the word in front of your place. However, that word is not long for this world.

Tension mounts as Auntie flips over an "S"—always a dangerous letter. "Beards!" Mummy, who wasn't that tired after all, shouts. It is now Mummy's word and you (only you because it was most recently your word) must give Mummy a nickel. Mummy satisfied the rules for stealing another person's word: she changed the root of the word (from "bread" to "beard"—just pluralizing "bread" would have been illegal) and she added at least one letter to the word. Now Mummy is ahead, and that's the way it should be since you let us all down by not beating Mummy to the draw and not having in your mind possible changes of your word for any eventuality. It serves you right.

Now then, an "X," two "Q's," and another "B" are shown in turn. There is an electric lull while the players try to collect their senses. Finally, you see something. "Dabbers," you say tentatively. You, of course, added the new "B," to "beards" to make "dabbers." It satisfies all the rules and it seems to be yours, only bitchy Sis is looking at you askance. "I challenge you," she whines. "There's no such word." Ever dauntless, you leap to your only defense, which is the enormous *Webster's New International Dictionary* (Unabridged), but first you must publicly define your new word.

"It means one who or that which dabs," you spit back at Sis. You then look it up and "dabbers" is there, meaning just what you said, among other things. Sis loses and must pay you a dime, the cost, either way, of a challenge. Sis is an outchild. You are now rich and

Miss Julie Harris
and
Mr. Cyril Ritchard
in a
progression of Ratfink

"We'd better stand up, Farnsworth—I think they're playing their national anthem!"

you are winning. That is how Cutthroat Anagrams goes, until somebody gets ten words and wins. Each loser must pay a nickel for every word less than ten he is left with at the end of the game

Let's have a little attention back there, people, because I've omitted a rather important rule. What happens, you may ask, if there's a tie—that is, two players who shout two legal words or the same legal word at, as far as anyone can tell, the same time? What happens is that those players not involved in the tie act as umpires, they decide whether Player A or Player B might have been a little bit quicker or whether it was an absolute tie. If it's the latter, then just the two tied players are given time to scour the board for new words other than the ones they called in the dead heat. Remember, they can change their own words, other players' words, or make new words out of the upturned tiles in the center of the table. In Cutthroat Anagrams, it's open season on everything all the time. If, after a decent interval (say, two minutes), no new words are forthcoming, the tie-making tile is turned face down again and the game recommences, *all* words then being legal

Fun? You bet. But sometimes those awful emotions get the better of confirmed players. Take the case of a bright, in-ish young man who once culled enough letters from an unholy mess in the center of the table to come up with "lofty." While receiving kudos from his impressed colleagues, he heard a brighter, inner, younger man on his right mutter "fylfot." The first young man paid no attention and continued to set up his "lofty" in front of his place. "Fylfot," said the second young man again, pointing to another "F" he found faceup on the table

"Go to hell," said our first hero. "Whoever heard of 'fylfot'? And besides, how do you spell it and what does it mean?"

"F-y-l-f-o-t," spelled our second and greater hero, "and it means a swastika. Now give me the word and a nickel, please."

"I challenge you, you sneaky sonofabitch!" cried the first man, perspiration beading his forehead. "Fylfot" was, of course, very much in the dictionary, meaning exactly what the second young man had said it meant. The "lofty" man could stand it no longer. He departed from the anagrams table in tears (he had been under a lay analyst's care for some time) and he didn't speak to the "fylfot" man for two weeks. When he did finally telephone him, he shouted, "Toffily! How do you like that?"

"There was no 'I' on the board, and, besides, there's no such word," said the "fylfot" man with cool tolerance.

"How about 'flyfoot'?"

"No," said the other, still a model of patience.

"Then it's good-by," whispered the lesser man hoarsely, losing the last semblance of his impersonality. He accepted a position as a sanitation expert with a Peace Corps unit in Jadotville and was never heard from again

Well, that's Cutthroat Anagrams for you. It's not a game for persons with Mediterranean blood in their veins or with ulcers in their duodena. In fact, it's not a game; it's a deliberate way of life.

So is our next little time-passer. It is called . . .

THE CHAIN (OR LA RONDE)

This tasteless exercise is really a formalized way of playing the world's second-oldest indoor sport—gossiping. It is a vicious, effete game for vicious, effete quidnuncs (an inword, by the way, I'll be using such words from time to time just to keep you on your toes)

The premise of The Chain is one you'll recognize right off as your most popular gossip topic—who is sleeping with whom. The libel laws of the nation are such that it is impossible for this instructor to illustrate in real-life situations the game's principle. However, I'm sure you won't have any trouble substituting Persons A, B, and so on with individuals of your acquaintance. Here's how it works

The problem is to get from Person A to, say, Person G—or better still to Person Z—by an intimate chain reaction, based on what you believe to be the absolute truth. For instance, you are sitting around drinking with some of your infriends, when one of them says, "Let's play The Chain!" There follows about ten minutes of self-conscious concentration while everyone tries to think up the longest, most unlikely chains of venery (another inword, but only in its archaic sense). You come up with the first chain, posing the problem: "Get from (Person A) to (Person G)." More concentration. An old friend of Person A offers the possible route through A's first wife (which would make her Person B) and he elaborates on this. B had lived with an abstract-expressionist painter when she first came to New York (common knowledge), thus providing us with Person C. Somebody else remembers that the painter once had a bizarre East Hampton fling with a notorious lesbian (Person D), who, in turn, was the "roommate" for a while of the famous grande dame and party-giver (Person E), who had once seduced a young actress, who is currently Mrs. Person F. Person F—a "wild card," as it were, because his indiscriminate concupiscence is local legend—certainly must have had an indiscretion or three with our goal, Person G, who never married and nearly qualifies as a "wild card" herself. There! The first round was simple, wasn't it? You could go on and on.

Now, The Chain really becomes vicious when you incorporate co-players as links. Imagine the results if Person E, for example, were in the room with you. Or what if *you* were named? It kind of makes you feel all mushy inside, doesn't it? That's one of the tests of a good ingame—whether it makes you feel all mushy inside.

There are many professional variations of The Chain. The knowledgeable and the practiced can actually create *circles* of intimacy, ending up with the person they began with. Then, it's truly La Ronde. Other pros alternate Negro and white subjects only, and so on. After some degree of forethought, another version may be played by using only dead historical figures. (*e.g.*, Get from Charles II to Benito Mussolini.)

Watch out for bluffs. Some players blandly lie about certain links in the hope that no participant will feel so out as to question them. Don't be afraid to challenge such unethical procedure.

The price of losing a challenge, in the more liberated in-sets, is to seek out and sleep with the link you lost the challenge on, and then write a five-hundred-word essay about it. If the link in question is dead, infirm, or of your sex, you may sleep with the person you lost the challenge to—or the wife/husband/lover of same. Then, go directly to jail

Use "wild cards" with care. They are there for your convenience, not your abuse. And you must keep in mind that you might have had something to do with them at one time or another.

Do not play this game with known frigid women, impotent men, unattractive career girls or monks. One plain, dumpy girl—the neuter sort who usually can be found doing the lighting for summer-stock productions—was said to have cried out in the middle of a particularly telling round, "I never get to sleep with anybody!" Such people are poor sports, can't stand the strain, and aren't in.

The Chain signals the end of civilization as we know it.

You may now smoke, if you wish, because the next divertisement is terribly difficult to grasp and calls for a clear, relaxed mind. Its creator is the distinguished lyricist and international gamesman, Stephen Sondheim, and it is based on an idea by the late Elizabeth S. Kingsley. It is so restrictively in, that, to this player's knowledge, Sondheim is the only person who has ever executed it in its purest form. The game is called . . .

DOUBLE-CROSTIC CHARADES

Certainly, no one has to explain to you people what a Double-Crostic is. You all, quite nat- (*Continued on page 160*)

TOM KEOGH

MIDNIGHT AT LE CLUB

The peer group has found a new place to Twist. It's called Le Club, it's private, it's very, very exclusive, and it's situated on East 55th Street, right off Sutton Place, where Café Society meets the water. Only as old as last December, Le Club, like so much of our world these days, is based on an idea of Igor Cassini. It achieved a rapid *succès d'estime*, thanks to the founders' canny trick of offering initial memberships to The People That Really Matter. The result heralds a fad in New York *boites* and a panic in the Musicians' Union because Le Club is the first American *discothèque* a nightclub with records. Continuous canned cha-cha and Twist keep the important people merry. For sitting it out, there's a grand fireplace where beautiful post-debs may languish and look mysterious. The resident fee is $312.50 ($200 entry fee, $50 for annual dues, $50 federal tax, and $12.50 New York City tax) for gentry who come in black tie or sack suit to whirl and twirl through the wee hours of a New York night in a world they never made

THE FATHER

From the gaunt farmland of Grant Wood's American Gothic: a Gothic horror tale—at least it begins with horror, it ends with nightmare. At the beginning, the machine is already in motion

A Short Story by R. V. CASSILL

This began many years ago. Since its origin was from an accident and since many of the consequences would never be duplicated, it may stand as a unique little history without much relation to the fated march of public events or the destinies of most people.

It began on a March morning when Cory Johnson was shelling corn in the crib on his farm. He had a rattletrap old sheller that he was rather proud of. Some of its parts—the gears and the rust-pitted flywheel bored for a hand crank—had come from a machine in use on this farm for longer than Cory had lived. But he had rebuilt the frame and replaced the shelling spikes inside. He had rigged an electric motor and a system of belts to run the apparatus after the REA brought the wires out on this mail route west of Boda.

The sheller worked well enough. When there was no load of corn hitting the spikes, the rising and falling hum of the motor and the sibilance of the belts on the pulley faces were reasonably quiet. Of course, when corn was actually being shelled, a deafening racket filled this solid-walled room in the corner of the slatted crib.

Cory thought he was alone on the farm at this hour. His wife had taken all three children with her in the Model A. The two older boys were in school and would not come home until late afternoon. His wife hoped to drive into Boda to see her parents if the roads had not thawed too badly. She meant to take Bobbie, the youngest boy, along with her. Probably those two would not be back much before noon.

Cory liked being alone on his place. The job he had laid out for himself this morning was not pressing. At midmorning he would go to the house for coffee and cold pancakes with jelly. While he ate the snack he meant to listen to a science program broadcast daily from the station of the State University. He liked science. In his rural isolation he believed—then, early in the Thirties, almost a full century after it began to dominate the life of the Western World—that science was "the coming thing."

As he fell into the rhythm of it, he was enjoying his work as much as he ever did. The warming day, which would probably take the bottom out of the gravel roads between here and town before it was through, permitted him to take off his sheepskin coat. He was warm enough in a sweater as long as he kept busy, and for a good hour he worked without pause, bringing ten bushels full of corn from a pile in the slatted corncrib and feeding it into the machine.

While the ears ran down the trough to the hopper, Cory sometimes watched the throat of the outlet where the shelled grains poured into gunnysacks. Mostly the grains flowed out in a brisk, placid stream, but now and then above the main flow some single grains would leap like fast, yellow sparks from a grinding wheel. There was of course nothing extraordinary in the maverick behavior of these grains. They were the ones that had caught somehow between the cobs and the whirling spikes just long enough for elastic and centrifugal forces to build up, then hurl them like bullets ricocheting out the metal chute that filled the sacks. Still, their unpredictable flight suggested mysteries beyond the fringe of his experience. He had read in *Popular Science Monthly* where some Jap had invented a centrifugal machine gun. It pleased him mildly to think he was watching the principle of the gun being demonstrated by the apparatus he had put together. In another issue of the same magazine he had seen a photograph of electrons leaping through the dark of an experimental chamber, and though these pictures had showed no more than the scratch of a white line across a black rectangle, it pleased him to believe that electrons *really* looked like these hard-flung, zinging grains of corn.

Once that morning when Cory had gone out into the main storage bins of the crib to fill his bushels, he heard the electric motor change pitch. Its normal whine became a level, unpleasant hum. The slap and hiss of the driving belts had stopped. The motor was no longer turning over, and he had better shut down the current quickly before the armature burned out.

As he skipped for the door, the motor began to run again. A belt whistled on an immobilized pulley.

He saw his four-year-old son Bobbie standing beside the flywheel with his gloved hand raised to the gear reduction. The boy's face was turned back over his sheepskin collar, and he was grinning the not-quite honest grin he often showed when caught doing something destructive and forbidden—he grinned as if trying to minimize his offense.

Cory thought the boy had pushed a cob into the gears, experimentally, and thus had stopped the whole complex of machinery cold.

Then with a hawking scream that scalded his throat and the inside of his nose with bile, Cory called his wife's name. The boy's hand was in the gears. Down the fringed and starred cuff of his glove, blood was oozing briskly onto his sleeve and down the sleeve to the hem of his coat.

Cory had turned the power off and knelt with the boy in his arms by the time his wife ran from the car she had just parked.

As pain returned to the shocked nerves

of the hand, the boy's grin merely enlarged until his mouth stood on a ridged O like the corolla of a white flower. He was now shrieking incessantly in fear and pain. He danced in his father's arms and jerked and jerked to free his hand. Urine bubbled through his overalls and mixed with the blood under his boots.

"Daddy'll get you out," Belle Johnson shouted in the boy's face.

"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy," she moaned to Cory, depending like the child on his act to save them.

"Hold'm," Cory said. He vaulted the machine and knocked the belt from the drive shaft, vaulted back and set his shoulder to a spoke of the flywheel. When the gears moved, the boy shrieked louder and fainted.

"I'll take the sonofabitch apart," Cory said. He looked under the motor table for his toolbox. He remembered having put it in the trunk of the car. He was not sure whether he had left it there or had taken it out later in the barn.

"Daddy, he's swallowing his tongue," Belle said.

Cory put a finger and thumb in the boy's mouth. It was like putting them into an electric socket with the current on. The strength of the curling tongue seemed greater than any he could force into his own hand.

It took him five seconds to secure the tongue and press his wife's nails into it. He believed it had taken two or three minutes.

Sweat was blinding him. He thought the boy might die if he did not hurry, but he caught himself staring with revulsion at the machine, taking time to blame himself not only for the failure to enclose the gears in a safety box, but for making anything so ugly and rough—for presuming to do something that only factory technicians working for pay could do right.

He fished out his jackknife and cut away the blood-sopped glove from the jammed hand. He thought it possible that the jersey might have cushioned the bones at least. What he saw looked like boiled and shredded chicken in which a bad cook had left bits of gristle and bone.

"Daddy, his mouth is turning blue," Belle said.

"All right. Hold onto him. Hold him tight," Cory said.

He took a dark-bladed hatchet from its hanging place on the wall. There was not much room for it between the gears and the bottom of the hopper. With a three inch blow he chipped the hand just above the wrist bone.

"Get a tourniquet on him. I'll get the car," he told his wife.

The doctor in Boda, young Doctor Grant, said that Cory had done a pretty good job of amputation, all things considered.

"Bobbie probably never even felt what you did," Doctor Grant said, with his clean, pink-nailed fingers resting on Cory's sleeve. "There was quite a little shock. Naturally. But if his hand was so badly mangled you couldn't get it free, you can be sure that's where the shock came from. Say, it didn't take you long to get him in here to me," he said with an encouraging gleam of admiration in his eyes.

"No," Cory said. "I just didn't pay any attention to the mudholes. I came through the bad stretch the other side of the bridge doing about sixty-five, I guess."

The doctor laughed quite loudly. "I'll bet you jumped that Model A right over the bad spots."

Now that he knew his boy was going to be all right—which at the moment meant that he was going to live—Cory felt an unaccountable but decent pride in his behavior after the accident. By God, he had held back nothing. He had ripped the guts out of his Model A, coming in from the farm in just seventeen minutes. By God, he had seen the mail carrier—the mail carrier, mind you—out beside his car studying the mire of gravel and standing water in the low spot beyond the creek and probably deciding it had thawed too bad for him to get the mail through. Now Cory could remind himself—what he wouldn't bend the doctor's car with—that Belle had shouted from the back seat to go around the longer way by Hopewell Church when he took it on his own shoulders to give this way a try. He hated to think what might have happened if he had stuck the car in deep there, a mile and a quarter from town. And for a minute or two it had been touch-and-go with the mud geysering over his windshield and the car skidding always to the left against his pull on the steering wheel. He had seen the face of the mail carrier through a muddy window, puckered in disbelief, almost in awe, as he watched the Model A churn past him.

The car was still fishtailing uncontrollably when Cory took her up the bridge approach. The whipping rear-end grazed half the girders of the span before he got her straightened. The rear bumper was gone and somewhere along the line he'd overtaxed the transmission so he couldn't get her shifted down from high when he had to wait for a truck to cross at the Boda stop sign. He killed the motor then and ran three blocks to the doctor's office with the boy in his arms and Belle unable to keep up with him. And made it in time.

In time. In time. In time. The thought quieted the thudding of his heart.

"I don't think there's enough loss of blood to worry us," Doctor Grant said. "The tourniquet worked very nicely." Doctor Grant was only concerned—just a little—about the effects of shock he said. He wanted to drive the boy over to the hospital in the county seat as soon as he had seen two more patients. He wanted to make sure Bobbie had his strength built up "before I finish the job for you," as he put it to Cory, with a wink of complicity. The Johnsons could ride along in the doctor's car. Belle could hold the little fellow in her lap, and everything would be arranged so one of them could stay all night with him in the hospital.

In the meantime, while his parents waited, the boy was sleeping in one of the doctor's examination rooms. He had been given morphine. Everything seemed to be under control. The orderly flow of circumstance had resumed again.

Cory opened a magazine, there in the doctor's waiting room—not so much because he thought he could read anything just now as because he wanted some shield behind which to hide until he came to terms with himself. Most importantly, he had to choke down the boisterous, excessive pride that had come on the rebound of his relief. He kept wanting to grin when he thought of the mail carrier's face. But if he couldn't help grinning, no one ought to see him do it. Then, too, he might want to pray out some of his thanksgiving that the roads hadn't been too bad, that Doctor Grant knew his business, and so on. Cory was still religious in crisis though in normal times he lived by the opinion that "a lot of people went too far" with the religious business.

"Cory?"

He heard Belle's whisper like something whispering to him out of the past—like his mother come to wake him for a fine day in summer after vacation from school had begun and he could enjoy himself helping his Daddy around the farm.

He looked up from the magazine. Belle's face was so pale he was frightened for her. Her blue eyes looked black against her ghostly skin.

"Daddy," she said, "don't feel too bad. You had to do it."

Of course it would have occurred to him sooner or later, without any prompting from Belle, that he and he alone was guilty for the loss of Bobbie's hand.

Since Cory would rather—if wishes had anything to do with the matter—have given his own hand, the way the guilt came to present itself was especially hard for him to master.

The point wasn't his negligence. As his father-in-law said, "There's a great many dangerous things around a farm, Cory. There always will be for kids."

"I know it," Cory said. "There's got to be machinery and animals and the pony that Joe and Gordon ride. You take the windmill tower for an example. I've caught Joe and Gordon up there I don't know how many times. They might any time fell and break their necks. Or the fan's going and they stick their heads up through the platform. Pffftt!"

The older man extended the rhythm of agreement. "That's a fact, and you know Belle, when she was little, one time I nearly toppled a horse tank I was loading right onto her." He shuddered even now.

"Ah, but Dad, you held it," Belle recalled.

"I did," her father said. "And I paddled you for it when I saw you were safe. And I always remembered what a scare I had. But the point is that accidents just happen, Cory. After all, that's what the word accident means."

"Yeah, it does," Cory said. The conversation was one of a great many that took place in the spring and summer after Bobbie lost his hand. They amounted to a kind of informal funeral, commemorating and at the same time draining away the immediate emotions of loss. It appeared, even to Cory, that it did him good to speak of the accident. He found no difficulty in saying man to man, man to wife, father to children—even to Bobbie—that an accident was something that just happened. Cory knew as well as any man that this was so.

Though he said many times that he could shoot himself for not having put a safety box around those gears on the sheller, this negligence was not the point that proved most crucial, either.

"You should have done that," his father-in-law said once when Cory lamented the absence of such a guard. "Well, we go on and try to make up for our past mistakes, and it does seem kind of sad to lock the door after the horse is gone, but that's what we do. I notice you took some rungs out of the ladder up the windmill."

"And Gordon climbed it the other night anyway," Belle said. "Shinnied right up the frame and had to yell for Cory to come and get him off."

They laughed and Cory laughed with them. Yes. Just to go on living he had to accept the likelihood of accidents, particularly where boys were involved, and he could do that.

But it wasn't the accidental part of Bobbie's misfortune that settled permanently into Cory's mind, freezing it to a pattern of distress. What he could never face—could never understand—was that he was guilty in taking that hatchet down from its hanging place on the wall and cutting off his son's hand.

"You had to do it," Belle said. She was willing to repeat this assurance whenever she thought it would help.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

A SELF-PORTRAIT

Line of work: Dramatist, novelist, essayist, critic.

But what would you really rather do: I would still write, though I would start painting—as a hobby—earlier than I did this time. I might concentrate more on one form, in the modern way, instead of being an all-round man of letters in the style of the eighteenth century, to which I probably belong.

Mainspring: To justify my existence even at the risk of showing off. I am vain about what I can do but worked like blazes for years egged on by a feeling of inferiority about myself as a person. But now at sixty-seven, I am out of this.

Most paradoxical quality: My persona as a public figure is often associated with touchiness, aggressiveness, a readiness to quarrel at the drop of a hat. Whereas in fact I dislike quarrels, and have had fewer of them, with publishers, producers, agents, secretaries, domestic staff, than most writers. I doubt if in the last forty years I have lost a friend except by death.

Chinks in the armor: Though I can appear completely relaxed on platforms, radio, TV, actually I am nervous, impatient, often apprehensive. These hidden weaknesses make me a bad traveler.

Boiling point: The Fascist outlook and style—any group that imagines itself to be specially privileged and is ready to bully and swindle ordinary decent people.

Personal panacea. My fundamental belief that while our individual lives are of little importance, whatever we have found to be really good in them will endure, the Universe not being a meaningless machine. I had a tremendously vivid dream—a vision—of life as a white flame, which I described in *Rain Upon Godshill*, it has been referred to and quoted more than once.

Persisting superstitions. The chief of them is a dread of any moment of intense pride and overweening confidence—really *hubris*. Whenever I have had such a moment it has been followed by misfortunes.

The terrible temptation: To allow my indignation as a radical to turn me into a demagogue, a role for which I have many qualifications.

Unfounded fears: That I would write myself out, as men as good as I am have done before they reached my present age.

Secret satisfaction: That without either attempting to please the mass public or keeping in with any fashionable literary clique, just writing whatever I felt like writing, I am still around—nobody's favorite perhaps, but able to do what I want to do and live in the way I like to live.

It never helped. Cory knew he'd had to do it. But necessity was no excuse at all for the guilt that rode him. The more he rehearsed his motives, the less important they seemed in comparison with the immortal act. If it was only bad luck that had put him in a situation where he had no choice, still, that luck was *his*. The guilt seemed to reside in that simple fact.

"It's like if I'd been someone else, not any part of this awful thing would have happened," he said to Belle.

Now that her emotions had resumed their normal level, she was almost as much amused as concerned at this odd way of putting it. She probably thought he was fishing for sympathy, and though she didn't mind sympathizing with him all he wanted, she didn't know how to offer the right response to his fancy. She said, "Sure. Sure. If you were someone else you wouldn't have this farm. You wouldn't have your nice kids. You wouldn't be stuck with me. Well, that's all a pipe dream, old man. You're stuck with all of us, and we'll get along. You know we will. Bobbie's a brave little guy. We might just thank God he was always left-handed."

"I know we'll get along," Cory said.

"You shouldn't punish yourself this way, because there's nothing to punish yourself for."

"I know that too."

"Then don't get depressed like this."

He had not spoken from depression, but from guilt.

He knew well enough what depression was. He was depressed in those years of the Thirties when the drought took most of his corn crop two years in succession, when he let himself be cheated in buying a secondhand car that turned out to have a cracked block, when he had trouble with his gallstones and had to cripple around all one winter, when his oldest boy, Joe, had trouble with his high-school studies and went off to join the Navy, when Belle's father, a man who'd been so good to Cory and his family and so dear to Bobbie, died of cancer, when the war came and Joe was out there at Pearl Harbor, where the Japs dropped on them with their newfangled weapons, and so many didn't have a chance on the anchored ships.

Year by year there were things to depress him. Big things and little things. And through the same years there'd been good times and times of satisfaction when he *wasn't* depressed. Take the summer he'd put the family in the car and drove them out to Yellowstone Park. That trip was a pure satisfaction. He couldn't remember a thing wrong with it.

Easily he *(Continued on page 152)*

Gentleman's Adviser On Bikinis

The Basic Test for a Good Bikini
(It must look good dry, better wet)

What can you do to make her feel loved? How can you solidify your position as Big Moment in the lady's life? May we suggest a revolutionary gambit, guaranteed to enhance your status in her hitherto skeptical eyes? Give her a bikini It is the supreme, intime compliment

An expensive bikini can be a very effective, flamboyant purchase but a home-made one, arduously created by your very own dedicated hands testifies more eloquently the extent of your adoration In either case there is a good deal you need to know before you rush headlong into this project First you should know her size How To Find Out Her Size is another problem and not relevant to this discussion

Let us begin . . .

You need to amass some technical information

This is the basic part You need to have this first

A bikini should never embody more than a yard of fabric and should never weigh more than two ounces Otherwise it's just a bathing suit and she has that already

The design or color of the bikini should never be so excessive as to obscure the girl beneath Special care must be taken here

A bikini with ruffles is not a bikini It's a ruffled thing

A bikini bottom that bags (D B or "diaper bottom") is a violation of the principle Don't violate the principle

The best fabrics for bikinis are jersey (it clings) and percale (it reveals) Wool is awful.

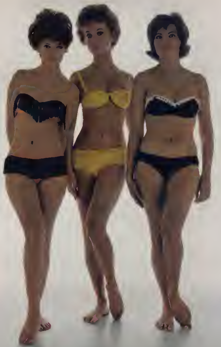
Do not ever buy your lady a modest bikini She will think you don't appreciate her and will feel all nervous The whole gesture will be wasted

This is a bikini for a girl who is really too chicken to wear a bikini

As actress Tina Louise (at left) undeniably demonstrates a girl doesn't have to have the figure of a slightly pubescent thirteen year old wraith to look good in a bikini The ladies' fashion magazines will tell you different but what do they know about your life?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM HELBURN

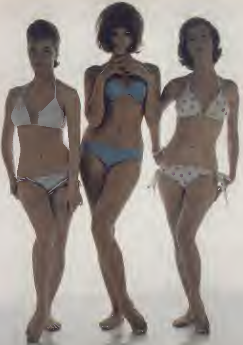
Six Variations on the Basic Bikini



The Italian Twist number in which fringe obeys natural rhythmical laws

French good on the beach very chic Brigitte Bardot visits Far Rockaway

American bikini for the robust girl Acceptable at country clubs Y pools



The Do It You[illegible] job Pants a handkerchief, top cut from pillowcase [illegible] reful

For [illegible] this practical item [illegible] s favorite very [illegible] quick dips

The classic bikini long revered combines revelation with ve[illegible] blithe attitude

Bathing suits [illegible] s Bergdorf G[illegible] icks of Hollywood Barbara N[illegible] of Sweden

THE POWERLESS EXECUTIVE

If your next promotion is to the rank of vice-president, beware! It may mean somebody up there doesn't like you any more by STANLEY H BROWN

THERE was once a time when the vice-president of something was next in line for the presidency Today the vice-president of just about everything but the United States is merely in line. On a recent day, The Chase Manhattan Bank had 145 full-fledged vice-presidents, to say nothing of half-a-dozen executive vice-presidents, a good supply of senior vice-presidents, and scores of assistant vice presidents

On that same day, few self-respecting advertising agencies on Madison Avenue or anywhere else in the country had less than a dozen vice-presidents; some had platoons And one agency boasted eight presidents and eight board chairmen, each with his own board of directors

Banking law and practice require that big banks have lots of vice-presidents to run their many branches, handle special transactions, and sign certain documents. What's more, the men in their customers' companies who have the power to borrow big money usually are vice-presidents and prefer to deal with their own kind That's pretty much the case with ad agencies, too Their clients feel they are getting better service if the men they deal with are at least vice-presidents. These situations make for lots of brass of a special sort, quite different from the kind of top executive the outsider thinks of when he hears "vice-president." For these men, the title may not be all it is cracked up to be, but it does have business functions among others making the client feel good

And making the man with the title feel good, too Even though an ad agency with a couple of thousand employees may have as many VP's as General Motors with hundreds of thousands on the payroll, every ad man with the title likes it And while he may try to play it down at the office, he'll be certain that his wife and kids and the neighbors know what he is

The fact is, though, that his title may give him virtually no power that he didn't have when he was just an account executive or a copy chief It may even have been a shrewdly designed substitute for a cash-money raise. The cash value of this sort of title varies from vice-president to vice-president One recently estimated that he might have taken $10 a week more instead of the title, "but now that I've got it, I kind of like signing my name over those two words"

Take a look at the organization chart of any of the top five hundred corporations with their line-and-staff organizations, their affiliates, subsidiaries, and divisions and try to figure out who does what to whom The Chairman of the Executive Policy Committee sounds like a very big man A look at the organization chart shows that he chairs a group made up of the president two executive vice-presidents, and three standard-type vice-presidents What the chart doesn't show, either to outsiders or to most employees, is that the Executive Policy Committee has met only once in three years, the day the Chairman was installed But the title carries weight with the lower ranks and at the club. And the Chairman's wife, a major stockholder, is content that her company is doing right by her lightweight but impressive-looking husband

It works the other way, too The company that manufactures one of the best-known products in the country is run like private property by a man with a title about as vague as Chairman of the Executive Policy Committee. The concern's presidents look like presidents, and outsiders generally feel that they act like presidents But, as one man put it about a recent well-publicized president of that company, "You finally got the feeling that he was holding back You couldn't pin him down Then you found out he was waiting until you left so he could go next door to the boss and find out what to do"

When virtually complete ownership of an industrial giant fell to a young man who didn't much care but carried the family name, he accepted the title of president and permitted the board of directors to select an older man who did care and knew what he was doing This older man served both as board chairman (just above the president) and executive

"Another outburst like that and I'll clear the court!"

vice-president (just below him). The president served as the corporation's face, voice and image of youthful dynamism and went off to play, while the old man made big things happen.

So what's a president? That's the way one of the world's top players with corporate titles might put it. This man is chairman and president of a company that—through a vast network of subsidiary companies—produces and markets more than a hundred branded products. He is the absolute ruler of the organization. His method of operating is to reshuffle the organization about twice a year, wiping out whole companies and their brass, creating new ones, consolidating, churning and thrashing. Men rise and fall at the drop of a cigar ash. Yesterday's president of the Ginchley & Thomas Co. is tomorrow's assistant director of marketing of the Famous Brand Sales Co. And vice versa. And sometimes they wind up in what is known, anything but laughingly, as the "doghouse." It is a kind of cellblock where bad boys are kept, usually at their former high pay, but in grimly grey offices, often sharing a secretary, and with no air conditioning. One occupent told a package designer who was dealing with him, "Don't tell me the package is good. I don't care if it's good or bad. I don't even give a damn whether it will sell the product or not. All I care about is whether 'he' (pointing skyward and never mentioning 'his' name) will like it. Because I was once president of a company, and if he likes it he might make me a president again."

It would be wrong to conclude that only bankers, ad men and fools have big titles without big power. A man of great ability and drive managed to outlive both the regime that brought him into the concern and its first successor and finally has wound up completely cut off from the power in a company that is the largest in its field. Among his titles, he is chairman of the executive committee. That committee used to meet with him in the old days, but it doesn't any more. He's not the new management's kind of man. They don't ask him to do anything, but they let him draw his six-figure salary, exercise his lucrative stock options, and occupy two secretaries. Though they pay a high price for it, they do get something from him: as a member of the boards of directors of many important corporations—by virtue of his exalted position in his home company—he is in a position to know many things that can affect the company's business as well as the investments of its officers.

A change of regime is an obvious way to get into a spot like that, even for a good man. But there are many other ways. Good looks can get a man into trouble. Many executives tend to cast rather than evaluate the men they hire. The right kind of good looks obviously has real value in selling and in other kinds of meet-the-people jobs. And once a man gets in, people don't trust themselves to throw him out, if he looks right. "Sure, he's an idiot, a complete blithering idiot," a president said of his sales manager a few days before he finally fired him, "but his credentials were perfect, and did you ever see a man who looks more like a hard-driving backslapping sales manager than this guy?"

Sales managers are especially vulnerable to the no-power fate for this reason: measurable results can be readily, if not necessarily fairly, attributed to them. If the results are poor but the men are old-timers and loyal, they can usually expect a nice title, their full pay, but no bonuses. In the auto industry, an ex-sales manager once wound up with the title Vice-President in Charge of Dealer Relations. When asked about the man's new duties, another executive replied, "He travels around the country and has relations with dealers."

Sometimes the relegation to the no-power ranks is foreordained. A Midwestern metallurgical company hired the editor of the industry's top trade paper at twice his former salary and made him a vice-president. The purpose was to pick the man's brains about new business, new processes and talented people dissatisfied with their present employers. But they also knew that his old sources of information would eventually dry up. "We'll get enough good people and business through him," an executive of the company admitted, "to be able to afford to keep him on the payroll for at least twenty years after he has run dry. When he quits producing, we'll probably put him in charge of press relations or long-range planning."

The title "consultant" is also frequently conferred on a man with no real function. The test is whether anyone consults with him or not.

The question arises as to why such situations are allowed to persist, why don't they just fire the man instead of shunting him aside? When pressed, businessmen who admit to the situation in the first place will usually give one or all of four related reasons for its persistence:

1. It conceals mistakes. The decision to fire a man requires somebody to say he shouldn't have been hired or at least promoted. Nobody likes to admit errors of that sort, so they slide the man off to the side somewhere.

2. It's not nice to fire people. Many corporations, having become nice guys in recent years, don't like to be cruel and make people face themselves and the limits of their abilities. They may hope that the man decides finally to go somewhere else, and they may push him a bit by placing him in a powerless vacuum, but they won't give him the naked edge of the ax.

3. It makes other employees feel secure. Since career security has become one of the major objectives in the working lives of a lot of people today, a company can't claim it's "a good place to work" unless it also gives the impression that no one ever gets fired except for stealing large sums.

4. They can afford it. Today's very big money—revenues, tax deductions, profits—permits many companies to carry brass who don't pay their way, if there are other reasons for keeping them on the payroll. After all, what's $100 000 a year to a company that grosses a billion? And anyway, who is going to find out?

That's the company's side of the persistence of the powerless executive. But what about the men's reasons for staying? The men who wind up this way don't talk about it. But it is not difficult to figure out what goes on in their heads, at the conscious or subconscious level. Here are some obvious possibilities:

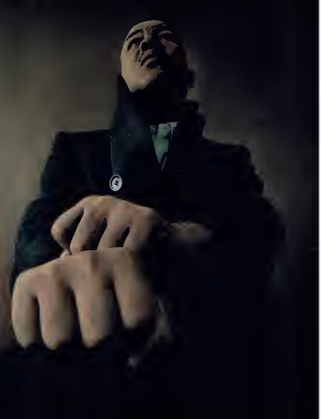
1. Who can say a man is powerless? He puts in a full day's work and carries papers home in his attaché case. Who can say he doesn't make a man-sized contribution to the American free-enterprise system? Besides he probably doesn't recognize his predicament.

2. It's a free ride. The cynic with a clear picture of his impotence can take the position that "What the hell, forty grand is forty grand."

3. It may only be temporary. This can be whistling in the dark, but it also may be true, especially if a man is pushed aside for a forgivable failure, in an attempt to cover someone else's error, or in a change of administration.

4. Big jobs are hard to find, and it would be excessive self-punishment for a man used to living on $50,000 a year to require himself to make do on $25,000—even if the job were more meaningful.

Where it all goes from here is hard to say, but the continuing trend of corporate mergers and consolidations is bound to add still more members to the legion of powerless executives. When DEF Corporation merges with QRS, Inc., what happens to the duplicate set of executives? Chances are the merged concern's organisation chart will include a vice-chairman of the board or a president of the QRS Division of DEF Corporation. In the lower ranks, some will be let out, but not enough to rock any boats. Stability and security are too hard to come by. But they too involve a risk: that a business life has been spent accomplishing very little. ⁂



The greatest boxer who ever lived is a little older now, a little wiser, and very much his own man by GAY TALESE

JOE LOUIS: THE KING AS A MIDDLE-AGED MAN

"Hi, sweetheart!" Joe Louis called to his wife, spotting her waiting for him at the Los Angeles airport

She smiled walked toward him, and was about to stretch up on her toes and kiss him—but suddenly stopped

"Joe," she said, "where's your tie?"

"Aw, sweetie," he said, shrugging, "I stayed out all night in New York and didn't have time . . ."

"All *night!*" she cut in. "When you're out here all you do is sleep, sleep, sleep"

"Sweetie," Joe Louis said, with a tired grin, "I'm an ole man"

"Yes," she agreed, "but when you go to New York you try to be young again"

They walked slowly through the airport lobby toward their car, being followed by a redcap with Joe's luggage. Mrs. Louis, the third wife of the forty-eight-year-old former fighter, always meets him at the airport when he is returning from a business trip to New York, where he is vice-president of a Negro public-relations firm She is an alert, pleasingly plump woman in her forties who is a very successful trial lawyer in California She had never known a prizefighter before she met Joe Previously, she'd been married to a fellow lawyer, a Phi Beta Kappa—a man she once described as being "exposed to books, not to life" After her divorce, she vowed she wanted a man "exposed to life, not to books"

She met Joe in 1957 through an introduction from a West Coast lady friend and, two years later, to the surprise of her courtroom associates in Los Angeles, she married him "How in the hell did *you* meet Joe Louis?" they kept asking, and she usually replied, "How in the hell did Joe Louis meet me?"

Arriving at the car, Joe Louis tipped the redcap and opened the door for his wife Then he drove past palm trees and quiet neighborhoods for a few miles, and finally turned into a long driveway that flanks an impressive, ten-room, Spanish-style house that is worth $75,000 Mrs Louis bought it a few years ago and filled it with Louis XV furniture—and eight television sets Joe Louis was a television addict, she explained to her friends, adding that he even has a set in his bathroom above the tub; the set is placed at such an angle that Joe, when taking a shower across the room, can peek over the shower curtain and see a reflection of the TV screen through a strategically placed mirror

"Television and golf," Mrs Louis said, helping to carry her husband's things into the house, "that's Joe Louis today" She said this unruefully and, later kissing her husband on the cheek, she suddenly seemed a lot less formal than she had at the airport After hanging his coat in the closet, she quickly put on a kettle for tea.

"Cookies honey?" she asked

"Nah," he said, sitting slope-shouldered at the breakfast

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ART KANE

table, his eyelids drooping from lack of sleep. Soon she was upstairs, turning down the covers of their gigantic bed, and five minutes later Joe Louis had plunged upon it and was fast asleep When Mrs Louis returned to the kitchen, she was smiling

"In court, I'm a lawyer," she said, "but when I'm home, I'm *all* woman" Her voice was husky, suggestive "I treat a man *right*, I treat a man like a *king*—if he treats *me* right," she added, pouring herself a glass of milk

"Each morning I bring Joe breakfast in bed," she said "Then I turn on Channel 4 so he can watch the Today show Then I go down and get him the Los Angeles *Times*. Then I leave the house for court

"By 11 a m," she continued, "it's time for him to tee off at the Hillcrest Country Club and if he plays eighteen holes he should be finished by 3 o'clock, and will probably drive over to the Fox Hills Country Club for eighteen more. But if he isn't hitting the ball right, he'll stop after eighteen and go buy a bucket of balls and hit 'em for hours He don't buy *regular* balls—no, not Joe Louis!—he buys the Select balls, the best, which cost $1 25 a bucket. And he'll hit—if he's real mad—two, three, or four buckets full, $5 worth.

"Some nights he comes home, all excited, and says, 'Well, sweetheart, I *finally* got it today' After all these years playing golf I just realized what I been doing wrong'

'But" she said, "a day later he may come home, all mad from throwing clubs, and say, 'I'm never gonna play again" I'll say, 'But, honey, you told me yesterday you *had* it?' He'll say, 'I *had* it but I didn't *keep* it?'

"The next morning it might be raining, and I'll say, 'Sweetheart, you gonna play golf today? It's raining' And he'll say It rains on the course, but it don't rain on the players' And off to the golf course he goes"

Joe Louis present wife, Martha is as different from his first two wives as he is from Martha's Phi Beta Kappa husband

Joe's first wife, Marva, a sleek Chicago stenographer whom he married in 1935 and remarried in 1946, belonged to his lush years to the years when he blew most of his $5 000 000 boxing fortune on trinkets, jewels, furs, trips abroad, gambling on the golf course, poor investments lavish tips and clothes In 1939 a year in which he had already purchased twenty suits, thirty-six shirts and two tuxedos, he also hired tailors to create clothing styles of his own invention, such as two-tone floppy green trousers, suit coats without lapels and camel's-hair jackets with leather piping When he was not training or fighting—he won the title by knocking out James J Braddock in 1937—Joe Louis was doing the town with Marva ("I could make her laugh") or was gambling as much as $1 000 a hole at golf, a game that two sportswriters, Hype Igoe and Walter Stewart introduced to him in 1936 "One guy built a house in California with the money he took Joe for," an old friend of Louis' said.

Joe's second wife, Rose Morgan, the cosmetics and beauty expert to whom he was married from 1955 to 1958 is a stunning curvesome woman dedicated to her prosperous business, and she refused to stay up all night with Joe "I tried to make him settle down," she said "I told him he couldn't sleep all day and stay out all night any more Once he asked me why not and I told him I'd worry and wouldn't be able to sleep So he said he'd wait till I fell asleep before going out Well, I stayed up till 4 a m—and then *he* fell asleep" Rose was also disenchanted with him in 1958 when in an effort to make some money toward the $1,000,000 he owed the Government in back taxes, he began touring as a wrestler 'To me, Joe Louis was like the President of the United States' Rose said "How would you like to see the President of the United States washing dishes? That's how I felt about Joe wrestling'

Joe's third wife, while having none of the obvious sex appeal of his first two, has succeeded where they had failed because she is wiser than they, and because Joe was ripe for taming when he fell in love with Martha. She seems to be many things to him; a combination lawyer, cook, mistress, press agent, tax consultant, valet de chambre, and everything but caddie And she was obviously pleased recently when her friend the singer Mahalia Jackson noticed the closets bulging with Joe's belongings and remarked, "Well, Martha I guess he's finally ready to settle down this is the first time in his life he's got all his clothes under one roof'

It does not seem to matter to Martha that she got Joe Louis in his declining years—at a time when he weighs 240 pounds is going bald, is somewhat less than prosperous and no longer possesses the quick reflexes either to hit or pick up checks. "There's a soul about this man, and a quietness that I love," she said, adding that her love has been returned Joe even goes to church with her on Sundays, she said, and often appears in court to watch her handle cases Though he neither smokes nor drinks, Joe still goes to nightclubs occasionally to hear some of the many musicians and singers he lists among his friends, she says and she is aware of the number of woman who still find Joe Louis sexually appealing, and would consider a night with him time well spent "If those sort of women like living on the side streets of a man's life," Martha said "I wish them well But I am his wife, and when I come on the scene they got to get the hell out'

Martha is aware, too, that Joe Louis still is friendly with his former wives—who, after getting divorced from him want to polar extremes in choosing their future husbands Marva, after leaving Joe, married a doctor in Chicago. Rose followed her divorce from Joe with a marriage to a lawyer When Joe is in Chicago, he often calls Marva (the mother of his two children) and sometimes goes over for dinner When in New York, he does the same thing with Rose "Joe Louis never really cuts off a woman,' Martha observed more amused than piqued 'He just adds another to his list Actually, Joe has been responsible for his three wives getting acquainted with each other, and he is delighted that they get along He introduced his first wife to his present wife at the Patterson-Johansson title fight in New York and on another occasion he arranged to have his present wife's hair done by his second wife—free.

Joe Louis had told me all about this earlier in the day on the plane during our flight to Los Angeles from New York (where I'd spent some time following him around Manhattan and watching him function as a public-relations executive) "I called Rose on the phone," Joe had said 'and told her 'Now Rose Morgan, don't you charge my wife' She said, 'No Joe I won't That Rose Morgan is a wonderful woman,' Joe mused, shaking his head.

"You know, I been married to three of the finest woman in the world My only mistake in life was getting divorced"

"Why did you then?" I asked

'Oh," he said, "in those days I wanted to be free, and sometimes I just wanted to be alone I was crazy I'd go out of the house and stay weeks without coming home Or maybe I'd stay home in bed for days watching television"

Just as he blames himself for the failure of his first two marriages, so does he accept the blame for all of his other difficulties, such as his inability to hold onto his money, and his negligence in paying taxes During his last visit to New York, some old boxing friends were saying, 'Joe, if only you were fighting today, you'd be making twice what you did in the old days with the money fighters now get from closed-circuit TV and all' But Joe Louis shook his head and said "I ain't sorry I fought when I did In my time I made $5 000,000, wound up broke, and owe the Government $1 000 000 in taxes If I was fighting today, I'd earn $10,000,000, would still wind up broke and would owe the Government $2,000 000 in taxes'

Such remarks, simple yet mixed with an almost absurd sense of humor, were delivered often by Joe Louis during the hours I followed him in New York—much to my surprise.

Rightly or wrongly, I had imagined that this middle-aged hero would merely be a flabby version of the rather dim-witted champion that Don Dunphy used to interview over the radio after the knockout of another Great White Hope—and I had assumed that Joe Louis, at forty-eight, would still hold his title as perhaps the most quiet athlete since Dummy Taylor, the Giant pitcher, who was a mute

Of course, I was aware of those few, famous Joe Louis remarks—like the one about Billy Conn: "Maybe he kin run, but he can't hide" and Pvt Joe Louis' answer in World War II when somebody asked how he felt about fighting for nothing 'I ain't fighting for nothing, I'm fighting for my country" But I'd read, too, that Joe Louis was incredibly naive—so naive that in 1960 he agreed to do public-relations work for Fidel Castro I'd also seen recent news photos of Joe posing outside courtrooms with Hulan E Jack the ex-Manhattan Borough President who tried to conceal gratuities concerning the remodeling of his apartment. And once Senator John L McClellan hinted that Louis had received $2 500 for sitting for two hours at the bribery trial of James R. Hoffa: although there were denials all around the undeniable image of Joe Louis then was that while he was a 'credit to his race—the human race," he was now probably a debt to everybody else

And so it was with some unexpected elation that I found Joe Louis to be an astute businessman in New York a shrewd bargainer, and a man with a sense of humor often quite subtle For instance as we were boarding the plane at Idlewild Airport for Los Angeles and I had to exchange my tourist-class ticket for first class so I could sit next to Joe, I casually asked him how the airlines could justify the $45 difference in price 'First-class seats are up in front of the plane,' Louis said, "and they get you to L.A faster"

The day before, I'd seen Joe Louis argue some extra money out of New York television executives who are doing a television show on his life

Joe Louis at twenty in 1934 (left) and 1962 (right) Today he swings only at golf balls but twenty years ago the awesome force in shoulders and arms caused one fighter to plead to the referee, 'Don't let him hit me any more"

In 1936 Louis weighed 190 pounds and kayoed Primo Carnera, sixty five pounds heavier Twenty years later (right) overweight and a million dollars in debt, the ex-champ turned to wrestling His wife said "It was like seeing the President of the United States washing dishes'

"Hey," Joe said, carefully reading every word of the contract before signing it, "this says you'll pay my plane ticket from L.A. to New York and back, and my hotel bill, but what about my living expenses when I'm here?"

"But, Mr. Louis," one executive said, nervously, "we never discussed that."

"Who's gonna pay? How ma gonna eat?" Louis asked, his voice rising with irritation.

"But, but . . ."

Louis stood up, put the pen down, and would not have signed at all had not the president of the television company finally said, "Okay, Joe, I'm sure something can be worked out."

Assured that it would, Louis then signed, shook hands with everyone, and left the office.

"Well," he said, on the sidewalk, "I won that round."

Then he added, "I know what I'm worth, and I don't want less." He said the movie producers of *Requiem for a Heavyweight* wanted him to appear as a referee, but only offered him a fee of $500 plus $50-a-day living expenses. Though the whole part would have kept Louis on the screen only about forty-five seconds, Louis said it was worth a fee of $1,000. The producers said that was too much. But a few days later, Louis said, they called him back. He got his $1,000.

Though his tax difficulties have eradicated all his assets—including two trust funds he'd set up for his children—Joe Louis is still a man of great pride. He refused the money that hundreds of citizens sent him to help with his Government debt, although he still owes the Government thousands, and could have used the cash. Last year Joe Louis earned less than $10,000, most of it from refereeing wrestling matches (he earns between $750 and $1,000 a night), and from endorsements or appearances. The last big money he made was the $100,000-a-year guarantee he got in 1956 for wrestling. He won all his matches—except those in which he was disqualified for using his fists—but his career ended not long afterward when the 300-pound cowboy Rocky Lee accidentally stepped on Louis' chest one night, cracked one of his ribs and damaged some of his heart muscles.

Today Joe Louis is a matchmaker with a group of California boxing promoters he formed (United World Boxing Enterprises) and still has his name used by a Chicago milk company, but the only financial interests he has are with the Manhattan public-relations firm of Louis-Rowe Enterprises, Inc., a swinging outfit on West Fifty-seventh Street that handles Louis Armstrong and the new singer, Dean Barlow, among other Negro entertainers, and would have had a profitable thing going in Cuba had there not been such an uproar over Joe Louis representing Castro and saying, as he did in 1960, "There is no place in the world except Cuba where the Negro can go in the wintertime with absolutely no discrimination."

Without being a racist, Joe Louis today is very much concerned with the Negro's fight for equality and, possibly for the first time in his life, is quite outspoken on the subject. Frankly, Joe Louis saw nothing wrong in endorsing Cuba in 1960 as a vacationland for American Negroes, and is also quick to point out that he canceled his firm's $287,000-a-year contract with Cuba's National Institute of Tourism *before* the United States severed diplomatic relations with the Castro regime. Even now, Louis feels Castro is far, far better for the Cuban people than the United Fruit Company.

When Joe Louis reads newspapers, I noticed that it was not the sports page that got his first attention, but rather such stories as the announcement that Lieut. Commander Samuel Gravely, Jr. had become the first Negro in United States naval history to command a warship. "Things are getting better," Louis said. I noticed, too, that one afternoon, as he was switching the television dial in search of a golf match, he happened upon a panel show on which a delegate from Ghana was speaking. Louis listened until the African finished before switching to the golf tournament.

While the second Max Schmeling fight was billed by American newspapers as a grudge match in which Louis sought revenge against the "Super Race" that regarded Negroes an inferior breed, Joe Louis said this was strictly a publicity stunt to build up the gate. Louis said he never really felt hostility toward Schmeling, although he did not like one of Schmeling's friends who strode about the fight camp wearing a Nazi armband. Louis said that he is far more bitter toward Eastern Air Lines than he ever was at the Schmeling camp, having never forgiven Eastern for refusing him limousine service in 1946 from a New Orleans hotel to the airport after Louis had fought an exhibition. Louis, who would have missed his plane had he not gotten there on his own, wrote a letter of protest to Eastern's Eddie Rickenbacker. "He never answered," Louis said.

As a result, Louis said he has never flown Eastern since, even when it would have been much more convenient; he also said he has told many of his friends to avoid the airline, and believes this has cost Eastern considerable revenue in the past sixteen years.

It is one of the aims of Joe Louis, and his public-relations partner, Billy Rowe, to convince big business executives that the Negro market, if discouraged or ignored, can be hazardous to sales figures, but if properly encouraged, it can be very profitable. The Louis-Rowe agency claims that each year American Negroes pour $22,000,000,000 into big business, spend more than eighteen percent of America's travel dollar, and that Negroes in Harlem alone spend $200,000 a day gambling on sports events and the numbers game.

Negroes would spend much more, Louis and Rowe argue, if big business would increase its advertising budget for the Negro market and would make its advertising campaigns more specialized—i.e., would show more Negro models in Negro newspapers selling certain brands of soap, beer, and so forth. This is the message that Rowe delivers when he, accompanied by Louis, visits Madison Avenue ad agencies, insurance companies, stockbrokerages, and racetracks. Rowe, a fast-talking, endlessly articulate man who dresses like a Broadway dude and resembles Nat King Cole (but is handsomer), dominates most conversations, although Louis gets in a good line now and then.

Billy Rowe, who is forty-seven and was once a Deputy Police Commissioner in New York—he still carries a pistol everywhere he goes—occupies a larger, fancier office than Joe at their agency. While Joe has only one of his plaques hanging on the wall—the "State of Michigan Hall of Fame" plaque—Billy Rowe has covered a wall with eighteen of *his* plaques and scrolls, including commendations for youth work from the Minisink Men's Guidance Council, letters from the Governor, and two gold trophies that do not even belong to him. Modesty is not his primary virtue.

Mr. Rowe, who lives in a fourteen-room house (with four television sets) in the suburbs of New Rochelle, arrives at the office a full hour ahead of Louis, and has the day's—and some of the week's—appointments all lined up by the time Louis strolls in, usually around 11 a.m., with a big wink for the girl at the switchboard.

"Hey, Dad," Rowe greets Louis, "we got an appointment with the Mayor on the 13th. We'd had it before, but he's fighting with the Governor."

Louis nodded, then yawned, than suddenly became wide-eyed when he noticed walking toward him a voluptuous Harlem nightclub singer named Ann Weldon. Without saying a word, Miss Weldon swished right up to Louis and wiggled close to him.

"You get any closer," Louis said, "I gonna have to marry you."

She swooned, and slithered away.

"Hey, Dad," Rowe said, "you gonna eat lunch at Lindy's?"

"Yeah."

"Who's picking up the check?"

"Yonkers Raceway."

"In that case," Rowe said, "I'll join you."

An hour later, headed for Lindy's, Rowe and Louis left the office and jammed into the crowded elevator, where nearly everyone grinned or winced as they recognized Joe Louis.

"Hi, champ," they said. "Hello, Joe."

"Sure wouldn't want to start a fight in this car," the elevator man said.

"No," Joe said, "not enough room for me to run."

"Joe," a man said, shaking Louis' hand, "you sure look in good shape."

"Only in shape for a steak," Louis said.

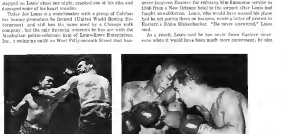
"Joe," another man said, "seems like only yesterday I seen you fight Billy Conn. Time sure flies."

"Yeah," said Louis. "It do, don't it?"

And on and on it went, as Louis walked down Broadway: cab drivers waved at him, bus drivers honked at him, and dozens of men stopped him and recalled how they'd once traveled a hundred thirty miles to get to one of his fights, and how they'd put their heads down to light a cigarette in the first round, then before they could look up Louis had flattened his opponent and they'd missed everything; or how they'd had guests at the house that night to hear the fight, and while they were struggling in the kitchen to get the ice out, somebody came in from the living room and said, "It's all over! Louis knocked 'im out with the first punch."

It was astonishing, most of all to Louis, that they had remembered him so—especially since he has not had a fight since his unwise comeback in 1951, when Rocky Marciano knocked him out. Two years before that Louis had retired undefeated, having defended his title twenty-five times, more than any other champion.

In Lindy's, the waiters, fussing over Louis, led him and Rowe to a table occupied by an official from Yonkers Raceway



Few early challengers lasted through the first round. Abe Simon (left) went six. Louis made it all look so easy. Then in 1951, Rocky Marciano lumbered out of his corner in the eighth, knocked The King through the ropes and out of the ring for good.

"I been married to three of the finest women in the world," says Louis. First Marva (top left), *who shared his plushest days, then Rose* (right), *a beauty expert, and now Martha, a successful trial lawyer. All three get along nicely, as Martha says: "Joe Louis never really cuts out a woman, he just adds another to his list."*

Before the lunch was half over, Louis was making a pitch for the track's account, saying that a good public-relations campaign by Louis-Rowe would get more Negroes to the track than ever before. The official said he would present their proposal to the board of directors and would let Louis and Rowe know the result.

"Joe, we better get moving," Rowe said, looking at his watch. "We gotta see Joe Glaser. That Glaser's got so much money that the bank charges him storage." Rowe laughed at his joke and said, "Joe, tell that to Glaser when you see him."

Five minutes later, Louis and Rowe were escorted by Glaser's assistants into the new, plush quarters of Mr. Glaser, the talent-booking man, who pounded Joe on the back and said, loud enough for his assistants in the other offices to hear, "Joe Louis is one of the finest men in the world!"

And Billy Rowe said, because he could not resist, "Joe Glaser's got so much money that the bank charges him storage."

Everybody laughed, except Joe Louis, who glanced sideways at Rowe.

After leaving Glaser's, Louis and Rowe had appointments at the Investors Planning Corporation of America, where they submitted proposals for selling more mutual funds to Negroes, then visited the Cobleigh and Gordon, Inc. agency, where they discussed a Negro newsletter that Rowe and Louis wish to produce, then dropped into Toots Shor's, and finally went to dinner at La Fonda del Sol, where Rowe had arranged for a couple of Harlem nightclub starlets to join them.

"Oh, Joe," one of the girls said, as a Spanish guitar strummed behind her, "when you used to fight, I was a young girl, and in our house we all gathered around the radio—and I wasn't allowed to talk."

Joe winked.

"Joe," another said, "while I'm sitting so close, how's about autographing this menu—for my son."

Louis grinned, and playfully pulled from a pocket his hotel key, dangled it, then slid it across the table at her.

"You don't want to let your son down, do you?" he asked.

Everybody laughed, but she did not know whether or not Joe was kidding.

"If I do," she said primly, "I'm sure he'll understand—when he gets older." She slid the key back. Joe howled, and signed the menu.

After dinner, Louis and the rest planned to go nightclubbing in Harlem, but I had an appointment to see Louis' second wife, Rose Morgan. Rose now lives in the large, magnificent uptown apartment that overlooks the Polo Grounds and once was occupied by Joe and his first wife, Marva.

Opening the door, Rose Morgan was chic, impeccably groomed, almost exotic in a Japanese loll suit. She led the way across a sprawling, thick rug to a boomerang-shaped white sofa; there, sitting cross-legged and arms akimbo, she said, "Oh, I don't know what it was about Joe. He just got under your skin."

But being married to Joe was not as exciting as being courted by Joe, Rose observed, shaking her head. "When I'd come home from work, 6:30 or 7 p.m., Joe'd be there watching television and eating apples. But," she continued, after a pause, "we're now very good friends. In fact, I just wrote him a letter the other day telling him I found some things of his around and want to know if he wants them."

"Like what?"

"I have the robe he wore when he started boxing," she said, "and his road shoes, and also a film of the first Billy Conn fight. Would you like to watch it?"

Just then, Rose's husband, the lawyer, walked in, followed by some friends from Philadelphia. Rose's husband is a short, portly, manicured man who, after introducing everyone, suggested a round of drinks.

"I'm just showing Joe's fight film," Rose said.

"Hate to put you through all the trouble," I told her.

"Oh, it's *no* trouble," Rose said. "I haven't seen it in years, and I'd love to see it again."

"Is it all right with you if we watch it?" I asked Rose's husband.

"Yes, yes, it's all right with me," he said, quietly. It was obvious that he was just being polite, and would rather not have to sit through it, yet, there was no way of stopping Rose, for she quickly had the projector out of the closet and soon the lights were off and the fight was on.

"Joe Louis was definitely the greatest of all time," one of the men from Philadelphia said, clinking the ice in his glass. "There was a time when nothing was more important to colored people than God and Joe Louis."

The menacing, solemn image of Joe Louis, then twenty years younger than he is today, moved across the screen toward Conn; when he clouted Conn, Billy's bones seemed to shake.

"Joe didn't waste no punches," somebody said from the sofa.

Rose seemed excited at seeing Joe at his top form, and every time a Louis punch would jolt Conn, she'd go, "Mummmm" (sock). "Mummmm" (sock). "Mummmm."

Billy Conn was impressive through the middle rounds, but as the screen flashed Round 13, somebody said, "Here's where Conn's gonna make his mistake; he's gonna try to slug it out with Joe Louis." Rose's husband remained silent, sipping his Scotch.

When the Louis combinations began to land, Rose went, "Mummmm, mummmm," and then the pale body of Conn began to collapse against the canvas.

Billy Conn slowly began to rise. The referee counted over him. Conn had one leg up, then two, then was standing—but the referee forced him back. It was too late.

But Rose's husband in the back of the room disagreed.

"I thought Conn got up in time," he said, "but that referee wouldn't let him go on."

Rose Morgan said nothing—just swallowed the rest of her drink.

The next morning, almost punchy for having been up all night, Joe Louis was picked up at the Park Sheraton Hotel by the wealthy Harlem chauffeur, Roosevelt Zanders (who is so rich *he* has a chauffeur), and soon Louis was being driven to Idlewild for the flight back to Los Angeles. New York still had snow on the ground then, and Louis was glad to be returning to California and its sunny golf courses. He shoots in the 70's, and the biggest thrill he's had in years, he said, was the hole-in-one he'd gotten in October.

"I hit a No. 9 iron 147 yards, saw that ball jump on the green, head for the hole—and disappear. When I went up there, sho' enough, it was in the hole." He thought for a moment, then said, "Good thing I took up golf. Yeah. A lifesaver. Gives me something to do."

On the plane, Louis did not sleep much. But he would catch up on all that back on the West Coast—the quieter side of his life.

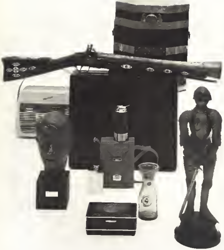
It occurred to me that Joe Louis seems to have his rollicking New York side, and his conservative California side—rather like the hero in the film, *The Captain's Paradise,* who was a dashing blade in one port, and a prissy husband in another. Louis does not approach either extreme, of course, but whereas he seemed ever indefatigible in Manhattan, he now seemed eager for the quiet home life in California.

After the plane landed, he walked down the steps and rubbed his eyes in the sun. He looked around for his wife, knowing he would find her—and knowing, once he had said, "Hi, sweetheart," she would take him home and treat him right, treat him like a King. ##

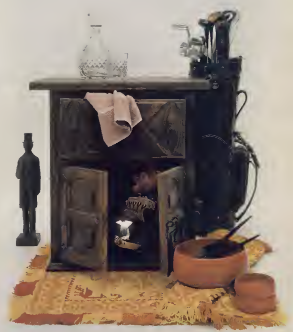
"I've got a Boeuf Richelieu avec Salade Endive and two Lièvre à la Ville Fermoy with Aubergine à la Vinaigrette working"

PATER ROSTER

A
diptych
of
tributes
for
Father's
Day



Command has its privileges, nobility its rewards. Herewith for Fathers: Head of Robert Frost, $27.50, at Brentano's. Musical cigarette box with composer's medallion, $19.95, Bloomingdale's. Serving piece makes pouring wine easier, $3.50, Lord & Taylor. Miniature armor, $100, Robert Abels. Transistor AM-FM short-wave radio with sound tape player, $159.95, at Liberty Music Shops. Attaché and overnighter, $154, by Seeger at Alfred Dunhill. Table lighter gives over a year of lights, $20, Ronson. Two flasks in pigskin case, $80, Bonwit Teller. Flintlock blunderbuss, $125, Robert Abels. Antique octagonal chest, $75, Bloomingdale's. Standing Lincoln, $29.50, Museum Pieces. Hand-carved Spanish chest, $135; hand loomed rug from Spain, $50, Gunther Watson. Napoleon III helmet, $75, Robert Abels. Salad bowl and servers, $12.50; individual bowl, $2, Lord & Taylor. Towel by Cannon. Golf equipment by U. S. Royal is sold through pro shops only: woods, $104; irons, $145; bag, $93.75. English cut-crystal decanter, $114; old-fashioned glass, $15, Tiffany.



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"Where Did You Go?" "Out."

"What Did You Do?" "Changed the Entire Economic Structure of the Western World."

A search for the brilliant Frenchman who fathered the Common Market plan, conducted by himself and DAVID SCHOENBRUN

MANY PEOPLE know who Jean Monnet is. Hundreds of millions of Europeans living and unborn have had their lives and futures changed by him. He is acknowledged to be the "Father of Europe," admired and respected throughout the world. But no one, least of all Jean Monnet himself, knows what he is.

Recently, at his modest but beautiful thatch roofed cottage in Houjarray, a tiny hamlet west of Paris, Jean Monnet opened his morning mail and found in it a form from the British *Who's Who*, asking that he fill it out for their new edition. Monnet took a pen out of his pocket, spread out the form and began to answer the first question. His pen stopped just before it touched the paper. He frowned, looked more closely at the printed sheet, then leaned back in his chair, thinking deeply. The world's most famous organizing brain, the first President of a European community, the head of the French Five Year Plan, the man who wrote Churchill's historic speech proposing joint citizenship of the French and British peoples, the expert called to China by Chiang Kai-shek to reorganize the Chinese railways, the thinker who coined, for Roosevelt, the phrase "America, arsenal of democracy," and drafted the Victory Program with Donald Nelson, could not answer the simple question: Profession?

Monnet finished breakfast still frowning. As he got up to leave for his office in Paris his wife, Silvia, came walking by in the garden. He shouted to her: "Silvia, what am I? What is my profession?"

Silvia paused, beetle gun in hand, looked startled and said: "Why, Jean, I haven't the faintest idea. Don't you know?"

Monnet grunted, climbed into his car and sped to Paris.

In Paris, he called in his assistants and associates of the Action Committee for a United States of Europe, of which he is the President. He told them his dilemma and one by one they proposed answers. This, incidentally, is the secret of Monnet's working method, the secret of the extraordinary success of this remarkable man, who is not at all the great technical brain, the brilliant technocrat that legend would have him be. Monnet is a man of great wisdom rather than of brilliance, of understanding rather than learning, which distinguishes him from so many French personalities who know everything and understand so little. Monnet did not himself write the Five Year Plan. He conceived of it, saw its essentials and then turned over to technicians the task of devising the plan itself. This is the mark of a truly great man and leader of men. Monnet does not have advisers to tell him what to think or to devise policies for him. He thinks for himself, he devises his own policies, aims and objectives and then, and only then, he asks his assistants *how* to accomplish or achieve what he has conceived. Monnet advises other men what to do. He sets the ends and seeks help only in drafting the means. More than one powerful statesman in the world today would be well-advised to follow Monnet's procedures.

As the answers to his question were proposed, Monnet rejected them one by one as inaccurate.

"No, I am not an economist. I never went to college. I was an indifferent student. I never studied economics and I am not sure I understand it."

"No, I am not a financier. I never financed anything. I did once have a stockbrokerage office, made some money and lost it all in the crash."

"No, I am not a statesman. I never held high office in a state."

"No, I am not a civil servant. In a career of fifty years, I held office in government for less than a third of the time, sometimes for France, sometimes in the British service, briefly for the League of Nations, but too briefly, too sporadically to call it a profession."

The assistants gave up the game. Monnet lost interest, tossed aside the questionnaire and went ahead with his day's work without trying to figure out just what kind of work it was that he was doing and had been doing in his astonishing career as adviser to some of the world's greatest powers.

I heard about this story from one of Monnet's assistants and asked him about it some weeks later during lunch at Houjarray, suggesting that perhaps "adviser" would be the best description. He smiled and said that perhaps it would do but adviser, after all, was not a profession. He did not like the passive note implied in the word, for to him it indicated that he did not enter into direct action himself but merely advised other men what to do, which is certainly not the case.

Monnet thought for a long time and finally said: "Look here. There are basically two kinds of people in the world: those who want to be and those who want to do. And, you know," he laughed suddenly as the thought hit him, "in the second category there is almost no competition."

Monnet was now in a reminiscent mood. He let his memory wander back over the years, talking as much to himself as to his luncheon guest.

"A man rarely has more than one idea in his life. He keeps repeating it all the time, in one form or other. I remember when I was a youngster, in my twenties. War had just broken out, the First World War, although we did not know then that it was only the first. My father, founder of our family cognac firm, a wonderful, upright, clear-thinking man, called me in and told me to volunteer for the army at once."

Monnet smiled gently as he thought back almost fifty years to that scene.

"I was a stubborn and proud young man. I explained to my father that the French and British people ought to put all of their efforts together. In my travels, particularly in England, I had been much impressed by the skills and methods of other peoples and had begun to wonder what would happen if the French and British, two magnificent peoples, would ever put all their resources together and work in common."

Monnet stared sharply at me. "You see, this was no great philosophic idea, no technocratic scheme or slide rule solution to complex equations. It was a simple idea, of a simple and not very learned provincial boy from the vineyards of Cognac who had been affected by travel. Common action, we know what that is when we labor in the vineyards. Common action, men working together, realizing that the problems of each are the problems of all and can best be solved together, working toward a common purpose. That's it, that's the big idea. Nothing really new in itself. Lots of men had it: Franklin, Lincoln, Hegel, Marx. What matters, though, is not so much the idea but how it is carried out. Marx had one way, Franklin another. We of the West seek union our way, the Communists very differently. That's the only idea I ever had in my life. That is all I have ever done. But the key is I have done it. I always wanted to do things, never to be anything."

Monnet returned to the days of the First World War.

"Just a boy of twenty-two or so, I went to Paris, asked a friend who knew the Prime Minister to get me an appointment. Viviani it was. I remember his astonishment when the young man came to his office and told the Prime Minister how to win the war. Very simple, I thought it was. Put British and French resources together completely. Germany would not have a chance. Simple as that. He sent me to London to seek a means to coordinate armament production and supplies. I did that throughout the First World War and again in the Second. More or less this is what I have done all my life: worked to get people to work together, not merely cooperate. Cooperation, that's not enough. Sooner or later it breaks down. Men must put their resources together, so intertwined and entangled that they cannot break apart, like your federal union in the United States."

Some weeks later I saw Monnet again, in London. We lunched at the Hyde Park Hotel. *(Continued on page 166)*

Stereo for Latecomers

Laggard layman: here is your chance to catch up on the ever changing world of stereo sound

by MARTIN MAYER

"Processed music, as everybody knows," the composer and critic Virgil Thomson wrote nearly nineteen years ago, "does not sound exactly like fresh music, though with good engineering at the source and with careful handling of a good receiving instrument, its final reception can be pretty convincing. Fidelity is the word used in radio and gramophone circles to express this convincingness. The highest fidelity in the rendering of processed music is not, however, a literal fidelity like print. It is a fidelity to sense, like that of a good translation. The actual sound that a symphony orchestra makes in Carnegie Hall or in NBC's Studio 8H, even if it were transmissible intact to the halt bedroom of John Doe, Esq., would not be as convincing a rendition of symphonic sound as what comes out of the most modest radio instrument. The processing of music involves as much of translation as it does of literal rendering."

The recordings that were available when Thomson wrote these words can be sold today, if at all, only as "classics," artistry imprisoned in regrettably inferior sound. Though FM had been proved out on an experimental basis, the radio in John Doe's halt bedroom was certainly AM, with a frequency range limited at its top to something well below the limits of human hearing, and accurate at its bottom only with sounds reproduced in today's best systems by midrange "squawkers" rather than low frequency "woofers." Even the best radios and phonographs of nineteen years ago—and they were massive instruments, with more tubes than a television set—would sound pretty dreadful today by comparison with a relatively low-priced "high-fidelity" instrument. Yet Thomson's paragraph is still true. Today's silent-surface LP records, tapes and FM broadcasts, pickups, tape heads, tuners and stereo rigs make very beautiful sounds and bring musical artistry undistorted into living rooms (the bedroom is now used for other purposes). But even today the processing of music is a matter of translation as much as of literal rendering, and nobody can buy radio-phonograph instruments sensibly without understanding something of this process.

Your living room is not big enough to hold a symphony orchestra. Quite apart from the question of what the neighbors might think, it is an ideal *ambiance* for a jazz combo, or a seven-foot Steinway. If your phonograph conveyed to your room exactly the sounds that would be made in that room by the instruments themselves, it would just be uncomfortable. Stereo does not alter this basic situation. By spreading the music between two seperated speaker systems, it provides illusions of greater depth and "locates" the instruments in the space between the speakers. It is a great evolution in the art of reproduction—but it doesn't change the nature of the beast.

What you want, still, is a reproducing instrument tailored to the individual acoustic properties of your room, its resonances, its period of reverberation, etc. There are no absolutes in high fidelity, because each judgment must be made in relation to the room where the sound is heard. Usually, one can say that a record is technically excellent or technically dreadful, that a speaker is musical or not. But the judgment will not apply in all rooms. Even if the same reproducing instrument is used, a record that sounds marvelous in one room may sound over-reverberant or dry in another; even when the same record is played, speakers that seem wholly faithful in one room may give "manufactured sound" in another. One of the worst traps in buying is the friend whose stereo rig, on which he "saved a lot of money," sounds so good that you want to duplicate it. He was lucky: this is a business where, by and large, you get what you pay for; his cheap set just happens to sound right in a room of these dimensions, surfaces and furnishings. It probably won't sound that good for you.

The first rule for anyone going to buy sound equipment, then, is to know the room in which it is to be played. Preferably, the salesman should have a chance to look at a diagram which tells him where the major pieces of furniture are, what heavy draperies, rugs or exposed wood or plaster areas are in evidence, and where the machine will stand. Take no advice from any salesman—of consoles or components—who brushes aside such a diagram as unimportant. And don't let him tell you, either, that X at $250 is as good as Y at $500. It just can't be. But you're entitled to know where your money goes.

BACK a dozen years ago, the standard advice to any first purchaser of high-fidelity components was that half the budget should be spent on the loudspeaker and its cabinet. The great argument against consoles, which were then low fidelity or worse, was the fact that they used cheap speakers and open-back boxes. Today it is less expensive to make good speakers than it used to be—ceramic magnets cost much less than all-metal magnets; foam suspensions and quality machine-wound voice coils have eliminated much of the hand labor that used to be required to make a quality speaker. Still, there is an incalculable difference between the speaker that costs a dollar to make (there are lots of those, too) and the speaker that costs thirty dollars to make (few if any cost more; the prices you pay for "speaker systems" involve several speakers, plus cabinets, and all prices, of course, are based on a great deal more than simple cost of manufacture). And it remains true that any sound system—radio, phonograph, tape—is at best as good as its speakers.

The speaker is so important, obviously, because it makes the music. The sounds produced by any single musical instrument are very tricky samples of acoustical energy, and speakers must reproduce the sounds of all the instruments, sometimes all at once. Speakers, moreover, are "transducers"—that is, they change energy from one form (electrical) to another (acoustical), employing physical vibration for the purpose. Transducers are always a little complicated, because problems like inertia and friction must be solved. Loudspeakers must pulse sound waves into the atmosphere at speeds ranging from 60 to 30,000 pulses (30 to 15,000 cycles) per second, at intensities ranging on the order of several thousand to one—and there are always pulses of many different frequencies and intensities going on at once. Edison's original idea that such complex patterns could be handled by the motion of a little diaphragm was one of the most implausible simple truths in the history of invention (the man who helped Edison build it was absolutely sure it couldn't work, but it was the only gadget Edison ever devised that worked perfectly on the first try). It is still somewhat dazzling that a paper cone in a box can make all the music that comes out of a good loudspeaker.

Actually, no speaker is anything like perfect, and no speaker system is without its little resonances and response dips. In good speakers these defects are virtually inaudible, probably because so much else is going on loud and true; to use a cliché which has spread from high fidelity to more general lines of intellectual inquiry, the "signal-to-noise" ratio is likely to be much lower, and distortions can be heard.

For various reasons connected with the physics of sound waves, speakers cannot be simply hung in the air and played. They must be "baffled," a pleasant word to express the fact that the air in motion from the backward pulses of the cone must be kept from coming around to interfere with the forward pulses of the cone. If the acoustical properties of a room affect the sound quality of a speaker playing into it, obviously the acoustical properties of the "baffle" or "enclosure" or "box" will enormously affect the quality of the sound made by the speaker. Years back, one bought either a console—which in those days put its cheap speakers into an open-back box, making all bass sounds an amorphous, pitchless boom—or one bought a speaker and built a box to house it, attempting to "tune the port" and other such esoterica. Today the console-makers house their speakers in enclosures acoustically insulated from the rest of the machine and properly planned (usually) for the characteristics of the speaker. The components-makers still sell speakers separately, urging on you their own cabinet, either assembled or in kit form. But more and more component speakers are sold only as part of a speaker-and-box combination, with all parts designed to complement each other. Generally, unless you have a very rigid and large enclosure (six cubic feet of interior space) available to house your speaker, you would be well advised to buy either the speaker-maker's own enclosure, or a speaker already housed in its own box.

Stereo takes two full-range speaker systems. (You can buy stereo via one full-range speaker and one or more "satellite" speakers, but you do so against the advice of this department.) Once again, then, you are probably well-advised to budget at least half your phonograph money for speakers—as much as the amplifier and player put together, leaving the tuner and the tape recorder as separate items to consider independently.

One warning: the number of speakers in the cabinet is not by any means an indication of sound quality. Though all-range single-speakers are out of fashion, you can still buy several such—at a price higher than that of the least expensive stereo portables, which offer player, amplifier and two or three speakers per channel. Obviously, the one all-range speaker is a far better instrument for reproducing sound than the four or six speakers of the stereo portable. Two good speakers per channel (and you usually need two, because a speaker large enough to woof out the very low notes at the requisite acoustical energy is in most cases too insensitive to tweet out the high frequencies correctly) can cost a manufacturer twenty times as much money as four cheap speakers per channel—and, in most rooms, sound twenty times as good. Of all the advertising claims that ought to be killed in this business, the "number of speakers" claim ranks first.

THE AMPLIFIER, which feeds the speaker its motivating energy, is the most nearly perfect, the simplest, and yet technically the most difficult to understand of all the devices employed in modern sound reproduction. It is the most nearly perfect because it is not a transducer, though it makes heat as a by-product; its functioning is purely electrical. The amplifier takes the very feeble signal put out by a phonograph pickup or a tape machine or a radio tuner and magnifies it many times to the power required to push the speaker. The basic instrument of magnification is the "tube"—or, in the much better British word, the "valve"—where the passage of a fairly considerable current from one plate to another across a gap is controlled by the presence or absence of a very small current on a grid between the plates. Stereo amplifiers are merely pairs of monophonic amplifiers mounted on the same chassis, sharing certain service parts like power transformers and rectifiers.

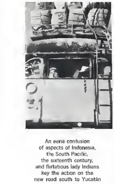
Three factors make an amplifier expensive rather than cheap: the total power available at the output; the degree to which the output is an exact, undistorted magnification of the input; and the flexibility of the controls by which this exactitude can be fiddled with, to correct weaknesses of associated equipment or defects in the program material. Power measurement is expressed in watts; exactitude by the range of frequencies within which the amplifier is accurate to certain tolerances (i.e., 10-100,000 cycles per second, plus or minus two decibels) and the limits of distortion introduced at full rated power (2 percent harmonic distortion, 5 percent intermodulation distortion); flexibility by the knobs on the control panel, which may be on the amplifier itself or on an associated, separate "preamplifier."

To some extent, the amplifier must be matched to the speaker. Console-makers, who plan a "system" all at one time, have an advantage here over components-makers, who must allow flexibility for use with different speakers. Some of the more expensive consoles, indeed, can employ separate amplifiers for the woofer and the tweeter, placing the "crossover network" from high to low frequencies before the amplifier input (where the power to be handled within the "network" is trivial) rather than after the amplifier output (where fairly heavy units, built into the prepackaged speaker system, are required for quality).

The second worst numbers game in audio is the amplifier power claim. It is not a scandal, because (all other things being equal) higher-powered amplifiers are in fact better than low-powered amplifiers. Most of the time, however, the actual output from the amplifier to the speaker runs something less than one watt, and only hefty crescendos from an orchestra will demand as much as four watts. The high-powered amplifier is important only for loud, low-frequency bursts of sound, when a "peak" output of some quantity may be required to drive a woofer cone to its maxi- (*Continued on page 163*)

mexico: a ride on the wild side

by RICHARD JOSEPH



An eerie confusion
of aspects of Indonesia,
the South Pacific,
the sixteenth century,
and flirtatious lady Indians
key the action on the
new road south to Yucatán

We are engaged in a two-part exploration of the North American Frontier, you might recall if your memory carries you over from last month's Esquire we followed the road until it trelled off into the tundra of northern Manitoba.

Now we're headed south to a whole new area of Mexico—new to the American traveler, at least—opened up by highway construction within the past year or so It's just as new to most Mexicans, come to think of it, because this is a land that had been connected with the rest of the world only by coastal steamers and Mexicans planes that dropped down on the sparse dotting of airstrips. Roads probed inland a short distance from the seaports, and some stretches followed the sea to connect a few coastal towns. But until a couple of years ago great sections of jungle or swampland separated the various pieces of road, and the whole huge Yucatán peninsula stood apart from the rest of Mexico

Then, a short while ago, the Mexican government proudly informed its citizens that the road to Yucatán had been completed, the missing sections had been filled in, and they could drive all the way from their capital to Mérida, the White City of Yucatán But only a comparative handful have done so up to now. Cosmopolitan, comfort-loving Mexican friends of ours have told us they guessed they'd wait a while Disregarding their implied advice, we tried the new road and found travel adventure but not danger, excitement but not discomfort

This is, nevertheless, not a trip for which you pick up a road map and a couple of chocolate bars, pack the kids happily in the back seat and your wife next to you, and blithely take off In country where gas stations can be three or four hours' drive apart and you can cover a couple of hundred miles without hitting a town large enough to support a good restaurant or a decent hotel, you work out your logistics as carefully as an armored-division commander planning a desert campaign.

Naturally you'll want to know why it's worth all the trouble First of all this is your chance to explore a countryside as remote in feeling as any island in Indonesia or the South Pacific, yet it's North America, easily drivable from your driveway if you have the time, if you don't you could start your motor trip within eight hours or so after you've boarded your Mexico-bound flight just about anywhere in the United States. Nor will you have to spend the great part of your vacation money just to get there. Round-trip jet-tourist fare to Mexico from New York is $236, from Chicago it's $209; from Los Angeles it's $186

Here is the deepest interior of Africa without Congolese snipers, the Panamanian jungles without poisoned arrows, here you'll find Bali, the Australian Outback, the long line of the Malay Peninsula or the unknown parts of Paraguay without the bother and the expense of getting there. Here the natives couldn't be friendlier, and the road is smooth and new Wander off it, though, a few hundred yards down the dusty trails, and you're in Indian villages where the only white visitors have been explorers, archaeologists, mapmakers or Mexican government officials trying to take a census, conduct an election or collect some taxes.

The straw huts look like the ones you'd see in villages in Tanganyika or the South Seas, and in the privacy of their own village streets the women walk stripped to the waist as unconcernedly as the Bali women do away from their own main roads In this part of Mexico life goes on almost as it did before the Spanish conquest.

You'll cross wide rivers in ferries hauled by cable, visit pyramids as impressive as any in Egypt, prowl around the ruins of thousand-year-old cities whose stories are only just beginning to be revealed You'll see men making bricks by hand from mud carted up from the streams in wheelbarrows, or trimming their fingernails or toenails with machetes, and some of them wear the same sort of deep-brimmed sombreros you see in faded photos of Pancho Villa's armies, because styles change slowly in these way-out parts of southern Mexico

The towns are scattered—you plan to stay overnight in one, lunch in the next one and stay overnight again in the third—and have the traditional attractions of small towns all over Mexico the sixteenth-century Spanish church on one side of the shaded plaza, the men sitting in the shade of the arcaded cafés, and at night the traditional promenades around the plaza; the young men in white shirts and cotton pants walking in a clockwise direction, the girls in light, colorful dresses parading counterclockwise From time to time a young man peels off from his group grabs the arm of the young lady of his choice, and sets off with her in the girl-direction, but the chaperones—a solid wall of them seated on stone benches on the outside of all four sides of the square—form a human stockade blocking any possible escape from the plaza.

It is the villages, though, and the sections of the countryside opened up by the new pieces of road that will give you the exploratory, off-trail feeling that sets this particular trip apart from other excursions through Mexico

At this point you'd better get out a highway map of Mexico, put it at your elbow, and start referring to it so that you'll know what we're talking about. The trip will cover close to two thousand miles and for it you'll need from ten days to a month, depending on how hard you push and how much you want to see If you've been to Yucatán before, though, and want to confine your travels to the sections opened by new highway construction, you can cut the minimum time to about a week Along a good part of the way the sort of time you make will depend on the whimsies of the ferry schedules and how many vehicles are ahead when you pull up to the dock

The route takes you southeastward from Mexico City to Oaxaca, down to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec—which has been accurately if somewhat cornily described as the Beautiful Waist of Mexico—across the isthmus to the Gulf Coast to Coatzacoalcos, inland again to Villahermosa, skirting the coast and across the island of Carmen, northeastward to Campeche and the end of the recent road building, then to Yucatan: Uxmal, Mérida, Chichen Itza and Puerto Juarez on the Caribbean, if you want to go clear to the end of the line

And here's the way we'd suggest that you do it—based on our own recent trip and on the recommendation of knowledgeable friends in Mexico On the first day, drive the thirty miles from Mexico City to San Juan de Teotihuacán. This is to the northeast and the main route of the first part of your trip is to the southeast, but we have good reasons for this seeming illogic It gives you an easy first day, during which you can take delivery of your rental car—or get your own car in shape for the grueling miles ahead—accustom yourself to the feel of the car, and thread your way through the motorized madness of Mexico City traffic unharried by any compulsion to make time On this first day, too, you have time for a visit to the pyramids at San Juan de Teotihuacán, one of Mexico's great archaeological treasures

Even more important, perhaps, is the fact that you can spend the night at the nearby Posada Piramides, a completely charming inn converted by a couple of Americans, Frank and Alice Lowenstein, from a seventeenth-century Spanish hacienda, and enjoy a splendid dinner, a comfortable rest and a good breakfast before taking off on one hell of a day's drive—the toughest of the trip

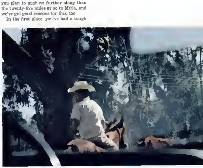
This is the approximately 350-mile run (*walk* might be more descriptive) to Oaxaca Get an early start, because the last part of the drive—into Oaxaca—will bear no resemblance to anything you've ever driven before, unless you make your living pushing the RFD through the Rocky Mountains

The San Juan de Teotihuacan routing makes sense, too, because it starts you off on a back road—well-surfaced but almost traffic-free—into Tlaxcala (pronounced like La Scala in Milan, but with a slight preliminary slap of the tongue) and into a cutoff that will eliminate most of Puebla The main roads on this part of the trip are packed with traffic out of Mexico City.

The reason why we're badgering you to make it all the way into Oaxaca in one day is that there's no place really great to stop over between Puebla and Oaxaca You could spend the night at Puebla if you were in no hurry at all, but it's still a grueling drive down to Oaxaca You'll find it worth all the trouble, though because you'll be regarding some of the most spectacular mountain scenery you'll have seen anywhere Which is another reason for an early start on this day, so you'll be able to enjoy the scenery on the last part of the day's journey while it's still light

For your third day we suggest that you plan to push no further along than the twenty-five miles or so to Mitla, and we've got good reasons for this, too

In the first place, you've had a tough drive the day before Secondly, you'll want to spend at least a half day looking around Oaxaca, one of the most interesting cities in Mexico Thirdly, you've got two terrific archaeological sites—in Monte Alban, a mountainous five-mile side trip from Oaxaca, and at Mitla Both were great centers of the Zapotec civilization, believed to date back as much as two thousand years. Fourthly, there's a fine (*Continued on page 165*)



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DUANE MICHALS

Happy Chandler Rides Again

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN WYNN

Stay under a log, keep your powder dry, and if the creek doesn't rise too high, with the Good Lord and the people willing, Kentucky will send "Happy" back to Frankfort in 1963

by DAN WAKEFIELD

ALBERT BENJAMIN "HAPPY" CHANDLER, the only living politician who makes Frank Skeffington seem a little drab, celebrated his sixty-third birthday last summer with more than twenty-five-hundred friends and supporters at a $10-a-plate dinner in Louisville that was, inevitably and appropriately, more of a political rally than a birthday party The guests had not merely gathered for cake and nostalgia, but more importantly to launch Happy Chandler's head-start campaign to become the only man to serve three times as Governor of Kentucky, with the slogan "A B C in '63" A B Chandler told the assembled multitudes that when he first ran for Governor in 1935 people said he was too young, and now they were saying he was too old. If any there doubted that the veteran of thirteen political campaigns (and winner of twelve) had lost his taste or his talent for the battle, their doubts could hardly have survived his speech. He ended by giving his troops a combination of advice and inspiration for the long campaign ahead "Stay under a log, keep your powder dry, and if the creek doesn't rise too high, with the good Lord and the people willing, we'll go back to Frankfort in '63 "

As Happy later recalled the response of the crowd to that closing message: "They like to have stomped the house down "

In spite of the lying-low advice to his men, the commander himself was soon in the field, stumping the length and breadth of Kentucky in the two months that followed the birthday party, sparking local "Happy" clubs and spreading the word of "A B C in '63 " It was hardly surprising that Chandler rushed in where he told his supporters not to tread, in his long and varied career he has done many things, but he has rarely, if ever, stayed under a log and kept his powder dry. Since he worked his way out of the small town of Corydon, in western Kentucky, he has been at different times a professional baseball player, oilfield worker, newspaper boy, State Senator, Lieutenant Governor, Governor of Kentucky (one of three men to hold that office twice), United States Senator (twice), football coach, lawyer, history teacher, Commissioner of Baseball, and favorite-son candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination.

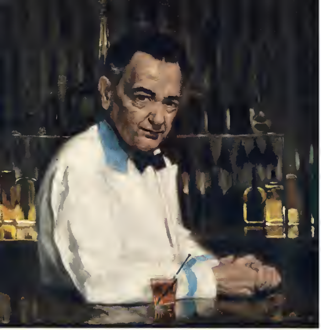
When I learned of Chandler's plans to return to politics I went down to visit him at his home in Versailles (pronounced vur-sales), Kentucky, where he lives with his wife Mildred (better known to the voters of Kentucky by Happy's designation of her as "Mama") in a red-brick one-story house with white pillars on the corner lot of a quiet, tree-lined street. The house, which he finished building two years ago on the land where he has lived for forty years and raised his family (there are two sons and two daughters, all married), is comfortable and spacious but not by any means a mansion or estate

The night I arrived I talked with Chandler for a while in the living room, which was furnished with antiques and featured a large portrait of Albert Benjamin Chandler by Howard Chandler Christy The Chandler who sat in a chair nearby it was older (the portrait was done about twenty years ago), heavier (he is 5 feet 10½ inches and weighs 195) and the black hair had gone grey at the temples and considerably thinned, parted almost in the middle and combed back flat, not covering all the scalp at the front He was wearing a brown three-button sport coat, brown slacks, and a dark blue tie with a clasp that bore the slogan "A B C in '63" At the outset he seemed a bit uncomfortable and more than a bit restrained, but his pleasant, rather florid face is a naturally happy one and he soon began to boom with enthusiasm as we talked The restraint was an understandable reaction to a strange reporter, for Happy's ready smile as well as his accent and style of speech have been the subject of journalistic ridicule (they have called him, among other names, "Old Smiley" and "Old Cornpone").

As if in defense—and perhaps anticipation—Chandler explained with studied reserve that "They say all kind of things about me—they say I'm loud, toothy, redheaded, a Huey Long, a playboy They even say I'm a drunkard, and I've never had a cigarette or a drink of whiskey in my life. The truth is I'm neither a saint nor a sinner, neither a fool nor a knave. Well, that's all right. In the long run, it doesn't matter whether you like me or I like you—it's the record that counts." He paused just an instant, tilted his head back slightly, and said, as if in contented resignation to a higher judgment, "Like it says, 'The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on' "

In spite of the fact that he had hardly raised his voice, or that he sat unmoving in his rocking chair, hands folded on his lap (a model of consciously non-cornpone decorum), the delivery was dramatic—but then, it always is As he later explained—a finger raised in confidential emphasis—"The secret of speaking is controlling your voice, and letting your emotions run Some fellas do just the opposite. Like that fella who gave the keynote at the Democratic National Convention in '56, that Governor from Tennessee [Frank Clement], that's what he did, got his voice way up there at the start and stayed there. He pitched his fast ball every time, you understand." Later that night I heard some tape recordings of Chandler speaking at political rallies (fast balls included) and decided that in addition to the "secret of speaking" his own delivery is blessed by the fact that he speaks naturally in a biblical cadence, whether in public or private, that gives a dramatic rhythm to everything he says. It is not surprising that the crowds often respond, as they might at a revival meeting, by shouting back, "Oh, tell it, Happy, tell it, boy !"

The political Word, delivered in person, has been the key to Happy's many



HARVEY DINNERSTEIN

THE PERFECT BARTENDER'S PERFECT DRINK

Behold the guardian of the rich Marco of the Colony who has tended to the various crusts of New York society since 1922. A preference for intellectual conversation is his as is an eye for social nuance. His poetry ("The man behind the mahogany bar should be looked up to steering human passion") has appeared in *The Server* a bartender's magazine. A poet of potables too, he makes a sharp Sherry and It Spanish sherry with a dash of Angostura served over ice with a twist of lemon. Drink, smile

successful campaigns and as it was in 1935 through 1955, it shall be in 1963, electronics notwithstanding.

"Oh, I was on TV a few times in the last one," he told me with a certain disdain, "but nothing beats getting out in the hustings and talking to the people, there isn't any substitute for that. In the '55 campaign I encountered my opponent Combs in a little town and he said, 'I understand you've already been here.' I just smiled and said, 'Many times my boy, many times.' I spoke every day, made over nine hundred speeches in that one. And acourse I know the people, too, I know their names."

Time Magazine reported in 1939 that Chandler "knows the first name (and even the children's names) of nearly every person in the state," which was more than two and a half million people at the time. If even Happy's happy faculty for names is not that great he indeed knows a lot of them and knows the importance of knowing them. He explained to me—clapping his hands together delightedly—"The sweetest music a man can hear is the sound of his own name."

His mastery of that tried-and-true melody gives Happy a rare independence from the modern techniques of politicking; he is his own mass media. Unimpressed by the power of the press, as well as television, he delights in taunting his faithful opponent, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which is the largest paper in the state, and also is highly regarded throughout the country.

"I've been tried and convicted many times by the *Courier-Journal*," Happy says, "but I've never spent a day in jail. It's all right what they say about me, but I told 'em if they ever said anything against Mama or the children I'd go up there with a pistol. As for me, I tell 'em 'Go ahead and say what you will—I've got a larger circulation than you fellas do.'"

The *Courier-Journal*'s Sunday circulation is more than 317,000; Happy's has not been calculated.

The morning after my arrival in Versailles I sat with Chandler over a leisurely breakfast during which he pleasantly rambled through some of the wide assortment of subjects that have occupied his time and interest over the years, from the progress of baseball in modern Japan to the techniques of presiding over the U.S. Senate. In the midst of the conversation, a straight-backed, grey-haired man in khaki pants, a starched khaki shirt and a brown jacket came in and Happy jumped up to introduce him. He was Whitney Dunlap, the father-in-law of Chandler's eldest son, and a farmer in a nearby section of the county. Happy explained that the area had been settled by people of Scottish descent, very fine people, and he added in further endorsement of Mr. Dunlap: "Uncle Whit here has never moved from this county—lived right here all his life."

Uncle Whit sat down and talked with us for a while, and whether because or in spite of the fact that he had lived all his life in Woodford County, he seemed most interested in asking the much-traveled Happy for opinions on the world situation. Among the situations that Chandler summed up for him were Egypt ("Oh, I've been there, I've seen this fat boy, Farouk, and when he wallowed in luxury the people rose up and threw him out—the pendulum swings"), Cuba ("We didn't want to look like bullies in the eyes of the world, but as long as we were goin' in, we ought to have done it right. As Adolph Rupp [basketball coach of the University of Kentucky] says, 'Winnin's not everything, but it beats comin' in second'") and on President Kennedy ("I have high hopes for this youngster").

After breakfast, Chandler said he wanted to show me around the place—in addition to the main house there is a two-story guesthouse and, in between them, a swimming pool. Happy made no mention of the pool, which caused an unpleasant splash in 1942, when his opponent for the Senate charged that it had been built for him free and with rationed war materials by a Louisville contractor who had built many miles of Kentucky highway. A Truman committee investigation cleared Chandler of any wrongdoing and he handily won his reelection to the Senate, but later the War Production Board slapped a mild penalty on the contractor, and the press, led by the *Courier-Journal*, made much of the incident. To their disappointment, however, Happy turned out to be right when he said, "The people of Kentucky are not going to get mad with me over a little old swimming pool."

We walked past the pool in silence and entered the guesthouse, where Chandler has his office on the first floor. It is a large wood-paneled room with a fireplace, a linoleum floor, bookcases, trophies, photographs (side by side on the wall of the stairs are two autographed pictures, one of Connie Mack, the other of Mahatma Gandhi) and only two principal pieces of furniture—a large desk and a pool table. Chandler maintains his law practice from here—a general practice that includes his acting as local counsel for an insurance company and two railroads. But neither the legal work nor the farming—he owns sixteen acres of tobacco across the road—is a full time occupation. As Chandler explained it, "I don't punch any clock, you understand. But I do all right. When folks ask me how I'm getting along I just say, 'Boys, I got coal in the basement and meat in the smokehouse—I have arranged to get through the winter.'"

We went back to the main house, where Chandler proudly pointed out the firm foundations, the thick cement walls, the poplar-wood beams in the basement. "If we need a bomb shelter, we've got it—all I have to do is throw up some sandbags. See all those preserves on the shelves—Mama put those up herself, enough food to last us several weeks." Leading the way upstairs, past more mementoes—a fraternity paddle, a framed invitation to dinner from the Duchess of Windsor, a picture of Chandler in the Vatican ("That's your humble servant with Pope Pius XII"), Happy ended the tour in his large, sunny bedroom, where he showed me one of his prized possessions. It was a Bible bound in silver metal covers, and he told me to open it. It was inscribed to A. B. Chandler from David Ben-Gurion. I read the inscription and looked up at Chandler. He was standing with his hands behind him, smiling, as he said:

"It's a long way to come for a boy from the country who was droppin' tobacco plants for twenty-five cents an hour."

The boy from the country came far and fast. Delighting voters as he crooned *Mother Machree* and *Sonny Boy*, it took him only eleven years after working his way through high school, college, and law school, to rise "From Poverty and Obscurity to Governor" (as a sign proclaimed in his 1935 inaugural parade). He rode into Frankfort to take the oath of office in a carriage drawn by four white horses—a ceremonial form of entry to the governorship that had been abandoned for forty years until Happy revived it.

In his four-horse inauguration as Governor, Chandler displayed his ability to make a dramatic political entrance—and three years later, faced with his first (and still last) defeat in a Kentucky election, he proved he was equally skilled at making a dramatic political exit. In the closing days of a bitter primary fight with the well-entrenched Senator Alben Barkley (the Senator was accused of using WPA workers for his cause and the Governor accused of using state employees for his cause, so the contest became popularly known as "Barkley's shovel-leaners against Chandler's weed-cutters") the signs were that Happy was far behind, and one evening he walked into a Louisville hotel, drank a glass of water he claimed was poisoned, and was driven out of the campaign in an ambulance. In his remaining speeches Barkley never failed to raise the water glass on the (Continued on page 150)

"It's that cereal company . . . they want you to say you __don't__ use their product"

HOW TO BET ON BASEBALL

(Revised)

Six years ago, John Davenport set the baseball bettor's blood to coursing with astute suggestions for observing the game with an eye to profit. Changing conditions now indicate a revision of the system. Mr. Davenport has the floor

It has been common knowledge for years that more money is bet on baseball than on any other sport. The margin is increasing every year. The fundamental reason for this trend is the game's scrupulous honesty. No other sport, amateur or professional, enjoys baseball's reputation for integrity. The literally millions of dollars bet on big-league ball games each season offer eloquent, if ironic, testimony to this distinction.

In an article which appeared in Esquire six years ago I outlined a system of betting on baseball which, if adhered to over an entire season's play, would prove profitable to the bettor irrespective of what team in either league he chose to back.

My betting system was a simple one. It was based on the premise that the majority of the games every team wins or loses is due to a series of winning or losing streaks. Thus if a bettor were shown a way to collect on his team's winning streaks and refrain from betting on the losing ones — the net result at the end of the season would always be profitable.

The Streak System prescribed only two mandatory rules: never bet on your team unless it has won its preceding game; always bet the same amount of money. Through this method the bettor could never lose more than one bet in any sequence of losses and, when his team had a winning streak, would collect on every game won, save the first. During the 1954 and 1955 major-league seasons the application of this system to every one of the sixteen teams resulted in a profit for the bettor. The amount won varied, but in every instance the net result of the season's play was in the black.

During the last few years, however, the substandard caliber of certain teams in each league has radically changed the streak pattern and therefore today the application of the Streak System to every team is no longer possible. The basic premise is still sound, but the gap between the contenders and the "also-rans" has widened to such a degree that now the Streak System must be applied *in reverse* to the tailenders, if it is to show a profit.

For the benefit of those who still use this system, let me explain exactly how the revision works.

Last year both the National and the American League had teams that were not of true major-league caliber. In the American League this was perhaps understandable because two new teams were added, but in the National there was no such simple explanation.

When a team finishes thirty to forty games behind the pennant winner, it is pretty definitely outclassed. In 1961 both leagues had teams in this category: Philadelphia and Chicago in the National, Kansas City and Washington in the American. These teams were so helplessly subpar that the winning-streak premise which is the backbone of the original Streak System could not be applied to them profitably. So to win money on the games these teams played, the system had to be applied in reverse.

Once one understands the reason for making this change, the mechanics are very simple. Instead of waiting until one of these teams wins a game and then betting on that team to win again, one waits for it to lose a game and then bets that it will lose again. Specifically the bettor has shifted from attempting to capitalize on the team's ability to score consecutive wins to the greater probability of cashing in on its propensity to register consecutive losses.

Last year anyone who used this reverse Streak System in connection with the four teams cited would have done exceptionally well. You will recall that at one time the Phillies lost twenty-three straight — which meant twenty-two consecutive wins for the reverse player. Washington lost twenty-four out of twenty-six — twenty-two wins against two losses in favor of the system. And each of the four teams mentioned had many losing streaks of shorter duration which netted the reverse player a tidy profit.

Of course, betting well takes skill. The reason most people usually lose is because they are amateurs attempting to compete with professionals. In today's world one must devote so much time to his own profession that there is little opportunity to acquire more than a surface knowledge of anything else.

For this reason any procedure that entails meticulous adherance to a given set of rules is fallible. This is especially true when it requires concentrated effort over a period of five-and-a-half months. The average person too often—through carelessness, forgetfulness or inertia—fails to hold strictly to a prescribed pattern. Thus any system of betting that is based on the law of averages over an entire season's play can be defeated by the tendancy of the bettor, himself, to err.

During the last six years I have received hundreds of letters from people throughout the nation and I am convinced the large majority of them have the urge, and the time, to bet on baseball only once or twice a week, usually on weekends. They are interested especially in the games that are either broadcast or telecast on Saturdays and Sundays. All of them want to know whether there is some system they can follow which will prove profitable even though they make only an occasional bet. The man who bets on baseball spasmodically is called, in gambling parlance, a spot bettor—and he can win money too.

Any spot bettor able to read the box score of a ball game and the batting and pitching statistics published weekly during the season should have no difficulty adhering to a set of rules which, during the past eight years, has permitted this writer to pick the winner of 531 major-league ball games out of 603 selected—all suitable for spot betting. There are precisely eight rules to keep in mind.

Rule No. 1. Never make a bet prior to the first of June.

Play during the first six weeks of a season rarely reflects the true ability of the contending teams. Some managers are still experimenting, have not definitely decided on their first-string lineup. Tailenders, with delusions of grandeur, often play over their heads. Many frontline pitchers get off to a bad start, haven't rounded into their true form. The weather in many big-league cities is atrocious. Muscles of older players need the lubrication that only perspiration, a by-product of hot weather, can supply. Team rosters must be cut to twenty-five players thirty days after the season has begun; thus, by June first, the first-stringers have actually been on their own for only two weeks.

The period from the start of the season until June 1 should be used for study . . . not for betting.

Rule No. 2. Never bet on a team unless it is at least an eight-to-five favorite.

The official odds are a reflection of the research done by the professional gambling fraternity, usually the most accurate available estimate of a team's chances to win. When one plays the odds, he is backing the opinion of these expert researchers. Over the years it has proven more profitable to assume they are right, even though this involves a larger investment, than to assume they are wrong. The odds you take should never be less than eight-to-five, and preferably more.

Rule No. 3. Never bet on a team unless it has won its preceding game.

This is a provision that the spot bettor should take from the Streak System. The mental attitude of a team is better after having won its preceding game, and it is wise to have this psychological factor working for you.

Rule No. 4. Only bet on a team when the starting pitcher pitched well the last time out.

Most starting pitchers work every fourth day. Your gamble is always safer if you pick a pitcher who did well in his last game. (If he hasn't pitched in a week or more, however, don't bet.)

Rule No. 5. Be sure the key relief pitcher of the team you bet on did not work the preceding day.

The key relief pitcher on a team is termed the "short man." His job is to pitch two or three innings, and he is usually called upon in the late innings of a close game to protect a scant lead.

Most good "short men" can pitch very often. Nevertheless, they are not always at their best when they work two days in succession. Don't pick a team whose relief man is overworked.

Rule No. 6. Consider carefully the ball park in which the game is to be played.

Most teams play better at home than away. But a few are good on the road too. Others perform particularly well in certain parks, not so well in others. You must learn the peculiarities of the teams you sponsor in this respect.

There are two ball parks where, regardless of the team playing, the spot bettor should never bet. These are Fenway Park in Boston, where the short left-field fence often makes a travesty of the game, and Candlestick Park in San Francisco, where the wind plays impossible tricks with the ball. Last year both Los Angeles parks were also in this freak category; fortunately this season both teams will play at Mr. O'Malley's new park at Chavez Ravine which, from its advance notices, leaves nothing to be desired.

Rule No. 7. Check the past performance record of the pitcher who is slated to oppose the team that you are backing.

Some pitchers pitch well against certain teams, poorly against others. Some teams hit better against right-handers, others against left-handers. Your study of the team or teams you plan to sponsor during the season will teach you these idiosyncrasies.

Sometimes an average frontline pitcher can nearly always beat one particular team in the league. Frank Lary of Detroit, for example, is now the only active pitcher to have beaten the Yankees as many as twenty-seven times.

A correct estimate of your team's effectiveness against right- and left-handed pitching is even more basic than the acquisition of knowledge regarding specific pitchers. Every team is just a little stronger offensively when batting against either right- or left-handed pitching. Obviously the chance of your team's winning is greater when pitted against the kind of pitching it prefers.

It isn't too difficult to classify the teams you plan to sponsor in this respect by the first of June. A team's power usually dictates your decision. For example, the Yankees are stronger against right handers, Detroit and the Giants against left-handers, etc.

Rule No. 8. Make sure your team's first-string lineup is intact.

Injuries to frontline players are inevitable at some time during the season. That is why good teams usually have a strong bench. Never back a team unless it is able to put its full strength in the field. This is important because it also implies that the team's bench is at full strength and is available for defensive purposes or pinch-hitting as the game progresses.

These are the eight rules that will spell success or failure for you if you are a spot bettor. The number of bets you make during the season is relatively unimportant. Therefore, if the team you plan to back fails to meet any one of the requirements specified, don't bet.

The method you select to pick the team or teams you will back during the season is also vitally important. There are now twenty major-league teams. The pennant winners usually win about two-thirds of the games they play, the tail-enders, one-third. Horseplayers will tell you that a stake horse will always run more true to form than a selling plater. By the same token, a good ball club performs more consistently than a poor one. For this reason it is safest to sponsor the first-division clubs in each league, teams that usually win at least half of the games they play.

Now that we have two ten-club leagues, the spot bettor has ten teams that qualify for his consideration. If he wishes to insure having a successful season he must acquire an intimate knowledge of the teams he plans to sponsor and he must decide which teams they are to be by the first of June. It is my opinion that the average, avocational bettor has neither the time nor the capacity to gather the information he needs if he selects more than two teams. Aside from all other considerations, if he selects more, he subjects himself to too much homework and the whole thing ceases to be fun.

The teams you sponsor do not necessarily have to win their respective pennants; they may not even be contenders. They can both be in the same league if you so choose. As long as they are both first-division clubs they qualify. However, once you have made your selection you must restrict your betting to the teams you have chosen. If, as the season progresses, one of them goes sour you may drop it and substitute another club, but *do not undertake to sponsor more than two at any time.*

There are certain characteristics you should look for when you make your selections. A first-division team usually plays .500 ball, winning half or more of its games. Yet many of these lack certain vital essentials. When selecting your teams, there are four qualifications to look for (plus making sure the teams are of first-division caliber): *(Continued on page 153)*

Tom Ungerer

A HIERARCHY OF SUMMER STRAWS

The admirably dressed man
never goes hatless.
There is a correct hat
no matter what the weather,
what the occasion.
Summer headwear offers
scope and variety enough
to afford a full
wardrobe for the punctilious male.
But beyond correctness,
straw hats are especially appealing
There is actually more variety
in straws than in felts,
colors are lighter on the whole
the various textures
of different fibers give each straw
a distinctive character
bands are much more colorful
There is, in short
greater fashion choice
a wider opportunity
to exercise one's individual taste.
And all of today's straw hats
are lightweight,
effortless to wear
The major fashion trend
the past few years, in all hats,
has been, of course
the trimming down
of the silhouette—
brims are narrower, crowns lower,
in keeping with
the slimmer proportions
in all men's clothing today
More specifically
recent seasons' fresh contributions
have been the rise
of the bizarre straw—imaginative,
even zany concoctions
for golf course and beach,
the comeback of those
two pioneering straw styles,
the boater and optimo,
and the introduction
this year,
of geometrically shaped crowns

CENTER CREASE

Of Milan, or any other
soft fiber, these hats are
usually preblocked
sometimes with pinch fronts.
Colors range from medium
to dark in greys, blues, black
bands are usually striped
This popular model
can be worn by—and looks fine on—
almost any man
It coordinates well
with most summer suits—
from wash-wear blends to silks—
and dressier sport coats.
Blue-grey Milan model, above,
is by Dobbs

OVAL TELESCOPE CROWN

This hat comes
in a wide range of shades
(tans, blues, greys, olives),
and is most favored
in the more textured fibers
like coconut and raffia
Its more casual look
calls for sportier bands
(madras, batik and polka dots),
choice of band, in fact,
may tone the hat up or down
for wear with a suit
or a sport coat.
Below, an olive Rami Milan
with a printed puggree.
By Stetson

GEOMETRIC CROWNS

The geometric shaped hat
was introduced
just this past spring
which means this summer will
be the first time
it has been available in straw
Radical innovations
in hat design
these are business models
in softly defined
and unique silhouettes
The crown is slightly
convex on top and tapered
at the sides
and the snap brim is
upswept in back
The hat shown is triangular-shaped
uncreased and preshaped.
It—and its Euclidean relations—
should find great favor
with fashion-conscious men
of every age
In coconut palm
(the new shapes are
also obtainable in Milan),
it is banded
in colorful India madras
By Dobbs.

HOMBURG

The center-creased
straw homburg
with curled brim
is usually of Panama
(but may be found in baku
or Milan) and most frequently
natural shaded
(although darker shades
are available)
The usual band is solid black
Narrow faced men
should be careful to choose
a tapered crown
and one of the models
available today
in a narrow- to moderate-width brim
Most often worn
by the mature executive,
the homburg is a more formal hat,
and is perfectly correct
with a summer dinner jacket
The version above is by Knox.

OPTIMO

The classic optimo-shaped
off-white Panama hat
features a crown which is ridged
and slightly tapered
and a narrow ribbon band.
A business hat,
the optimo may also be worn
with sport clothes
of a dressier character
It too is
generally the choice
of the more mature man,
and its balanced proportions
should go well
with any facial type
Shown below
is the trim, contemporary
version of Mallory.

BOATER

This hat—
known variously
as a sennit, skimmer, sailor—
is made from sennit straw
(which, incidentally, is also used
for other hat shapes)
It is always in the natural shade
most often sporting
a striped band.
Worn correctly with
either suit or sport jacket,
its jaunty good looks
are flattering
to almost every type of face
A truly classic style,
its popularity has resurged
in recent years
with the advent of natural shoulder
clothing whose youthful
enthusiasts have championed it,
but many older executives
have also welcomed
its return
Adorned with a black band
it may be worn
with a dinner jacket
The one shown has
a crown of moderate height (3⅞")
and a narrow brim (1⅞")
The 2" black band
is striped in grey and yellow
By Dobbs.

SPORT HATS

A summer weekend
and vacation wardrobe is
likely to include at least one
slightly wild
sport hat
Perfect for golf, driving,
relaxing—everywhere
from the mountains to the beach—
it is probably the only hat
which seems right with walk shorts.
In textured open weaves
most are telescope and
Tyrolean types and anything
goes on the bands and decoration.
Biggest boosters of bizarre hats
have been younger men,
but there is really no age limit
for these lighthearted straws
Above, a pedalloo
banded with blue-and-grey-striped
plastic and bright felt cutouts.
By Dobbs
Below, Jamaican-type hat
of planter derivation
in coarse-woven raffia has
a broad (4") brim,
a native-print tied puggree
By Knox

NEW YORK IN THE SUMMER

An easygoing stroll through the streets of the largest (and emptiest) city in the world

by M. J. ARLEN

I grew up in New York, no doubt excessively aware of its hopeless size, its imperviousness to pomp and event, its ability to remain undented by the arrival of the Great King of Persia himself, and so it has always seemed extraordinary to me that even so many people, by doing the same thing each year by merely going away for the summer, could have the city somehow notice it. But everyone is away?" sighs the lady, returned from Europe in mid-August, plane awry, to attend a stepson's wedding. "Everyone is away!" sighs the headwaiter, granting a Denver lumber tycoon the table usually reserved for Cole Porter or the Duke of Bourbon-Parma. Clearly, everyone is not away. The lady is there; so is the Denver tycoon and the headwaiter and one other; enough for a hand of whist. But indeed so many people are away. At Fire Island, Martha's Vineyard, St. Tropez, Rocky Mountain National Park, Grossinger's, across the country and along the Hudson and out to Long Island and around the world, they have left the city and the city shows it.

"I'm telling you," says the cabbie, tossing cliches, like cherry pits, over his shoulder, "summer is the best time of year for the city." It is five-thirty in the evening. The sky is still blue, a calm blue, no longer bright or searing, the white already drained from it at the edges, a decorator's sky, bearable. Shadows from great buildings fall across the street and wash with shade whole sections of great buildings on the other side. We are on Park Avenue, a smooth, wide strip of black macadam. Green islands grace the center aisle. Six lanes, a city planner's dream. We share the roadway with a companionable number of cars and sail down it. Eight blocks in one light. We pause at Sixty-sixth Street, admire the Armory. We charge forward. Ten blocks. Ten blocks in one light! A half mile. O, happy event!

Beneath the surface of the pavement, trains, pushing the hot air ahead of them, carry men and women to the outposts of the city, to streets, now cooling, lined with scrawny elms, an ice-cream wagon stopped against the curb, a rubber baseball rolling out between the cars; or, further on, to suburbs, one dozen, two dozen, five dozen railroad stations. The train sways back and forth across the rails. Mt. Vernon. New Rochelle. Larchmont. A light, sooty breeze enters through the open windows. An afternoon of sweat begins to dry on foreheads, backs and collars. What bliss, what joys await! Nine holes of coronary golf before the sun sets. A drink, two drinks on the back porch. Those precious minutes every man must have for contemplation and philosophy. By George, this summer *I'll* fix that walk. *I'll* hang that swing.

On West Fiftieth Street, a bartender, old and Swedish, inspects the clientele (two natty men, one tart), and switches to The Early Show. In the cocktail lounge of the St. Regis, a young girl who lives on Seventy-second Street and is spending her first summer in New York sits having a drink with a young man who lives on Tenth Street and is spending his eighth summer in New York. "You won't believe me," she says, "but honestly I just love New York in summer." The young man, a Phi Beta Kappa from Cornell, admires her dress, bought by Mummy only last spring in Paris, and wonders if ten dollars will see them through another drink and the fish course at the Veau D'Or. "Oh, I believe you, all right," he says.

East Side, West Side... the East Side stretches from here to there, but in summer the Upper East Side rests, the great white-brick cooperatives manned by only a token force of tenants and doormen, the big department stores on Fifth Avenue, inhaling customers into the liquid coolness of their interiors, exhaling them out again onto the hot sidewalks, their show windows, attuned to some private female chronology, already filled with tweed and worsted, thick suits in greens and browns, and in marigold, our new fall color. On Madison Avenue further up, the ten thousand tiny, inexplicable dress shops (Madeleine's... Mabel Mogador... Chez Irene) post hand-lettered placards announcing their "fermeture" in August (Août). My barber takes three weeks off and goes to Holland to see "the old folks," drops in at Rome, Cairo, Karachi on the way back. "I didn't care too much for Karachi," he reports.

The East Side sleeps, the West Side hums. Three busloads of morticians from Detroit de-bus in front of the Hotel Edison; a hundred twenty-seven suitcases (the bell captain has counted them) stand on the sidewalk. Along Broadway, Seventh Avenue, Sixth Avenue, Fifth Avenue, visitors stride and shuffle, stop, look, peer up, peer down, each family walks in lateral line, a tiny wave, the man, with glasses, round moon face, sport coat, brown slacks, his wife, behatted, in her navy-blue traveling suit, two daughters wriggling in their city dresses. Cameras flourish on all sides, hanging from the necks of husbands, fathers, sons, fiancés, tightly clutched, like (*Continued on page 148*)

"Here's a young man asking what America is thinking today. What the hell shall I tell him?"

HIGH FLYING BATHING SUITS

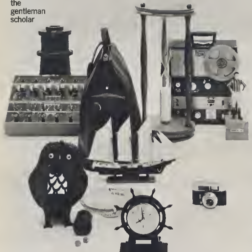
Good form here is demonstrated by Mr. Al Coffey, a citizen of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, whose championship diving is a local attraction on a national level. Imperturbably Mr. Coffey chooses an aerial background to set off the good features of three bathing suits of interest in the current season: at left, in the Americana tradition of fashion, a red, white and blue cotton knit "Spinnaker Stripe." The waistband is elasticized to permit give and take when it is needed. Catalina, $6.

Above, a bright Tiger suit with a black belt of cotton webbing. The fabric is a seersucker blend of Dacron and cotton. The shorts have a fly front, angled pockets, and in general reflect the present leaning toward longer suits. At De Pinna's, New York, by Heller, $15.

At right, a hand-woven madras stripe soars off the eighteen-foot board at Cypress Gardens, Florida. Madras is usually seen in plaids, but here it is in a bright stripe. The lines of the suit are traditional but with the longer leg, and the side tabs are adjustable. Pocket at waistband. By Corbin. About $12, at Paul Stuart, New York.

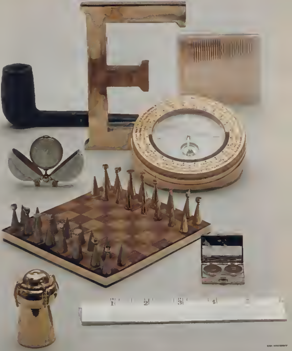
LOOT CUM LAUDE

Achievement awards for the gentleman scholar



Graduate, gentlemen, with the assurance that someone somewhere, waits to reward you Herewith, several hints to be circulated among your benefactors Left wrought iron owl $45 Lord & Taylor Coral dice with 18k gold dots, $325, Tiffany Mammoth ashtray, $3, Blenko Nautical clock, $24 95*, Sessions. Fully automatic 35mm sets own lens opening $74 95 Voigtlander 3 masted schooner, $18, Pial Craftsmen Desk size computer teaches executives what computers do, $95, Minivac 601 Duffel bag $180*, Seeger at Mark Cross Hourglass is 24 inches high, $90, Gunther Watson Stereo tape recorder has multiple adjustment head $399 50, Roberts Cast iron jockey, painted in any racing colors, $29 50, Miller's Ice bucket of wenge wood, $29 95, Dansk Right champagne-cork cigarette lighter, $5*, Arden for Men Sterling ruler, $12 50, Tiffany Solid gold chess inlaid marble board is 5"x5", $350 Mernn's Contact lens holder in 14k gold $130 around-the-world desk clock, $95 cigarette case in 14k gold $720, all Black Starr & Gorham Golf-ball watch, $32 50*, Arden for Men Sandblast pipe $15 Comoy's of London Brass "E" $7 50 Gunther Watson

*Indicates Federal tax extra



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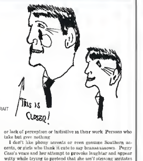
"Oh, don't be sickening, man!"

RUDY VALLEE

by RUDY VALLEE

Editor's Note: Since January last, Esquire has been running a series of Self Portraits, those illuminating little boxes of confession by a variety of luminaries. In the past, contributors have always favored the short form, but Mr. Rudy Vallee, currently Succeeding in Business Without Really Trying, felt the need to expand a bit. The results merit our expanding as well.


THIS IS CLOSER!

A SELF PORTRAIT

Line of work: Saxophonist-Band Leader-Singer-M.C. and performer in Radio, Theatres, Nightclubs, Supper Clubs, Hotels and TV. Song writer and publisher. In the last twelve years have developed much humor for night spots.

But what would you really rather do? Work in motion pictures as actor or producer . . . Would have liked to have been a judge on the bench.

Mainspring. The desire to entertain. Mostly in music but later as a performer or actor. In essence, I have always felt that someday I would be important in the world of entertainment. Actually I have been spurred on by the desire to bring to life good and inspired material for the *sheer joy and fun of doing it* . . . not because I have an *audience* or that there will be great remuneration but just the sheer delight in doing a good job with fine material. There is no ham in me. . . . I am *never aware of the audience or the spotlight* . . .

Most paradoxical quality: I am a nonconformist. I write left-handedly. Play the piano and drums left-handedly. Play tennis using the left hand for backhand and the right hand for forward strokes. I have always favored the afterbeat and find myself creating *countermelodies* against the *melody*, whereas the average person hums the melody, *always* the melody. I have always been a rebel.

Chinks in the armor. I have a vague contempt for the audience and do not want to mix with the audience or talk to it as some performers do. I do not particularly care whether the contestant (on a game show) is married or how many children she has. Unlike my father, I am not interested in persons . . . My Dad was always inquiring about their life, etc., but I am not interested in the other person to any degree. I am not calloused as to suffering but his personal life (kids, etc.) is of no interest to me at all. I am not deeply religious.

Boiling point: First of all, cruelty to animals and children, particularly animals like dogs and cats. I abhor *stupidity* in myself or *anyone else*. I don't care who it is, when he or she is careless or forgetful after repeated reminders and warnings I blow my top. I cannot tolerate inefficiency and lack of knowledge of the job. Elevator operators who, after twenty years in the same building, do not know how many floors are in that building infuriate me for their dumbness or lack of perception or initiative in their work. Persons who take but give nothing.

I don't like phony accents or even genuine Southern accents, or girls who think it cute to say braaaaaaaown. Peggy Cass's voice and her attempt to provoke laughter and appear witty while trying to pretend that she *isn't* striving irritates the hell out of me.

I would murder persons who continually use the expression "you know," as Alexander King uses it every tenth word and every TV announcer begins with "you know" . . . It is an apology and a way of saying "I am not going to talk down to you . . . or instruct you." The expression must be used several thousand times a day in commercial TV. I could kill those who use it. Actually, too, it is a form of laziness and when the person speaking cannot formulate his thoughts, he gives up and ducks out through the use of "you know." But God damn it! *If I did know, then why the necessity for those nitwit announcers trying to tell me in the first place* . . .

The average person cannot think or speak well and he resorts to omnibus words like funny, cute, crazy, hilarious, etc., rather than search the pigeonholes of his mind for the exact word . . . This is too fatiguing for these persons . . .

The average person retains nothing . . . has no memory whatsoever. He must jot down the phone number . . . couldn't remember it five minutes later . . . hears the announcer say Bwaynoes Eyerays and then a few minutes later says Bownoes Aires. The average jerk says Eyetalian.

Listen to the average person, young or old on TV, and suffer with me as he or she stumbles, stammers, hesitates and eventually gives up with "you know."

Other phobias of annoyance

Persons who walk four abreast and *slowly* on a narrow sidewalk and like persons who stand in doorways usually have no sense of *awareness* that someone is desirous of getting past. Persons who stand in doorways and narrow passages are particularly annoying.

Hotel operators who disappear after you give them the names of the person you wish to reach.

These energetic jingoists who lead the Kiwanis, Rotary and other noontime groups through (*Continued on page 147*)

CREW CASUALS

Modern yachtsmen, like the ones here, have displaced the old theory that all sailors have to look rigidly shipshape. The inclination now is toward the Casual Look, something less than dazzling elegance (which isn't casual) and a little more than just throwing on any old thing (which is going too far). A man at his leisure wants to be comfortable, and he wants to look the way he feels. "Style is the dress of thoughts," Lord Chesterfield has said, and it seems to us that a mind turned to sports and relaxation should be dressed in simple yet handsome clothes. They should allow freedom of movement; they should be made of a fabric strong enough to withstand arduous pulling and crampling, and, of course, they should not have to be cleaned and pressed with every wearing. In short, the casual gentleman should look right without really trying.

Lucien T. Brown (left) of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, is the picture of just this sort of effortless comfort. On land he is a yacht broker with the Virgin Islands Trading Company; afloat he is a crew member of the forty-six-foot yawl Cutty Sark owned by Bruce Pitcairn of Fort Lauderdale.

Mr. Brown's madras parka, water-repellent and with drawstrings at the neck, cuffs and waist, is an adequate protector from the wind and spray. The parka is designed to permit easy movements, whether it be weighing anchor or trimming sails, and there's a single pocket at the lower right for keeping wallets and cigarettes dry. It is sufficiently colorful to provide all the dash a yachtsman might like; thus plain sneakers and neutral bermudas are appropriate accessories. The parka is made by Holt, Knowles and is available at Arthur L. Johnson in Boston for $15.

At the wheel of his 270-horsepower speedboat is John Watson (below left), part owner of a ski school in Fort Lauderdale. Watson's mahogany-and-Fiberglas "Matador" hull has a Corvette motor and can go up to seventy miles an hour. At that speed, warm clothes like Mr. Watson's fully lined blue poplin sailing jacket (about $35 at Arrow Store, Philadelphia, by B. Teller) are advisable. The cloth is a waterproofed Austrian import, styled like an overcoat. It has slash pockets, white buttons with a gold anchor motif, bound buttonholes and side vents. Good looking and sensible: if Mr. Watson should ever find himself swept overboard, he can inflate the collar and have a built-in life preserver.

Richard Reilly (below right), a Fort Lauderdale architect and a member of the crew on the twenty-eight-foot Fiberglas Triton Adventure, wears a blue-and-white striped cruise shirt with side vents. The three-quarter sleeves look fine pushed up and the crew neck goes well buttoned or unbuttoned. McGregor makes it and Strawbridge & Clothier sells it in Philadelphia and all of its branches for $5.95.

JOHN LEWIS STAGE

Look to the gentleman sailor for an idea of what's to come later in fall and winter sportswear, because boating fashions usually set the pattern. Cut of jackets, colors and designs are introduced with spring sailing clothes and often last the year.

A new type of jacket, worn by Richard Templin, a Fort Lauderdale insurance man on the Cutty Sark (opposite), is derived from the slicker. It is a signal yellow Neoprene-coated nylon-tricot sailing parka with soft terry-cloth lining and mesh insets under the arms that provide added comforts the old slicker didn't have. The waist is fitted with a drawstring, and a concealed hood can be zipped into the collar. One of the diagonal slash pockets zips too. It's a handsome outfit and sells for $17 at Broadstreet's in New York and Chicago. By Golden Fleece. (The foul weather hat, cost 69 cents, is uniform requirement for crew members of the Cutty Sark.)

Two members of the twenty-eight foot Fiberglas sloop Adventure favor sweat shirts: John Patton (right), the owner and an insurance broker, and Dr. John Filer (below), a Fort Lauderdale pediatrician.

Mr. Patton has been through enough races to know what clothing suits him best. He is a past Commodore of the Gulf Stream Sailing Club. His blue sweat shirt is 100 percent cotton with a finely ribbed crew neck which forms a V at the bottom of the neckline. What makes this different from other sweat shirts is the cut of the waist. It is shorter than usual and straight hanging rather than with rib-knit bottom. At Triplar's, New York, by Izod Ltd., $8.50.

Dr. Filer holds to the guy wires during the race. His fire-engine red sweat shirt is styled along the lines of a parka, and it is an all cotton knit with a bold zipper closure, drawstring hood, two front pockets. There is something different about this one too. It's waterproof. By Healthknit. $5.

THE FATHER *(Continued from page 83)*

remembered the good winters when he and Gordon were teaching Bobbie to hunt with them. They would load the dogs in the back seat of the car and drive over to the creek bottom to look for rabbits, quail, or pheasants. Cory had his pump gun, Gordon and Bobbie "shared" the single-shot .410 that had been bought for Joe when he turned twelve. Off they'd mush through the snow and broken cornstalks, trying to keep up with the badly trained dogs, joking and trading insults like three men—or three boys, it didn't matter which. Once, Cory'd knocked down three cock pheasants from a rising covey. Bobbie clapped his mitten to the side of his head and howled in admiration and disbelief. "Purty good, for an old man," he yelled over the snow. "Purty good."

"Even if you did get more than the limit," Gordon put in. "You going to tell the game warden I shot one of them?"

What he'd seen in the boys' eyes that afternoon was unmistakable and worth treasuring—just standing there in the snow with the dead birds around them, the boys being proud of their old man. It was like the male satisfaction he'd felt the day he took Bobbie in through the mud to the doctor's. In time. Only now the boys were here to share and mirror back the lonely pride of his manhood.

There had also been the good times—not to mention *all* the blessings of the years—when Joe came home on boot leave; when prices picked up in Thirty-nine and the same year Belle had another boy, Cory, Jr., and when they got the first letter from Joe after Pearl Harbor saying he was all right.

The good things and the bad things of an ordinary farmer's life had happened to him. He had responded to them like an ordinary man, with satisfaction or depression.

But the guilt he endured was something else. It seemed to have a life of its own, to be almost a distinct life he lived when his ordinary life gave him the opportunity.

Weeks, months, years went by in which he forgot that he was guilty. During those periods he got quite used to Bobbie's disfigurement, as if it were a condition that had always existed, one intended by nature.

Fortunately, Bobbie wasn't the boy to feed on sympathy. He managed. As far as his parents could tell, he was a happier boy than Joe had been.

Cory watched without sentimentality as his maimed son grew up. But when the awareness of his guilt came back in one of its cyclic manifestations, he found that it had not diminished with time. After ten years it was as keen and lively as it had been that morning in Doctor Grent's office when Belle had unintentionally announced it to him.

An assortment of events served, through the years, to recall his guilt, the way symptoms in the throat announce the approach of a general systemic infection.

For example, there was Bobbie's fight in the school yard when he was in the second grade.

Cory saw most of the mix-up. Driving homeward from an errand in Boda, he and Gordon stopped to pick up Bobbie from his play after school. From where the car was parked, they could see some boys darting back and forth beyond the schoolhouse, dodging, turning, skidding in the grass, swinging at each other in what seemed to be a game of tag. Then Glen Horstman chased Bobbie down into the corner by the wall. Bobbie backed into the hedge separating the school yard from a cornfield. He sparred away the jabs and pokes the bigger boy aimed at him. It looked as if both boys were laughing breathlessly, having a lot of fun.

They saw Glen Horstman feint a kick and follow the feint with a blow of his fist that started Bobbie's nose bleeding. Bobbie signaled that he'd had enough. *Lay off. I surrender.*

Glen kept punching. He had knocked Bobbie to the ground and was sitting on him when Gordon leaped the ditch and went running to the rescue.

Laggardly, Cory followed. He was only a few steps from the car when he saw Gordon chase Glen into the schoolhouse.

"Gordon!" he commanded.

Gordon stopped on the wooden stairs by the door and turned. His face was quizzical and angry. "Why, I'll just knock *him* around a little bit," he said.

"No you won't," Cory told him. "You and Bobbie come on and get in the car now. Bobbie'd better wash his face at the pump."

"But he's bigger than Bobbie," Gordon said. He blushed because he did not want to mention that Bobbie lacked one hand to use in self-defense.

"Get in the car!" Cory shouted.

All the way home from the schoolhouse, Gordon sat in incredulous, wounded silence. Bobbie, though, was talkative enough. He wasn't in any pain from his beating. He wasn't really mad at Glen Horstman. Now that it was over, the fight seemed to him a pure entertainment.

But that, as Gordon's silence implied, was not all that must be taken into account. On almost any other day he would have been there at school to protect his brother. At least, without his father's inexplicable attitude to reckon with, he would have known what he ought to do tomorrow.

After supper, Gordon went to his mother about what had happened. She, in turn, spoke furiously to Cory as soon as the boys were in bed.

"I think I'd just better get on the telephone and find out from his teacher if this has ever happened before—the kids picking on Bobbie. I won't have it. Just because he's crippled . . ."

"Aw, Belle, that wasn't why Glen done it. They was playing and he got carried away."

"Playing? Gordon said he hit Bobbie with his fist. He was sitting on him, pounding his head, and you didn't. . . ." She didn't say what Cory should have done that he had omitted, but she shook her head bitterly. The more she thought, the more worked up she got.

"Well, you go ahead and call the teacher if you want to put your nose in it," Cory growled.

"I *will* put my nose in it," she said, "and you'd better go over to the Horstmans' place and have a little talk with Glen's dad, because I don't intend to have this kind of thing going on, whatever you intend."

"But Bobbie wouldn't want. . . ."

"You can drive me over and sit in the car while I go in and have it out with them," she raged. "You can sit in the car if you're scared to tell Ralph Horstman we want this stopped."

The Horstman farm was less than a two-mile drive. Through the spring night and the murmur of a rainy wind, Cory drove slowly, telling himself that of course Belle was right. He sighed heavily and thought he'd want his friends who lived around him to come and tell him about it if one of his boys had done a wrong. But he seldom felt so uneasy about anything as he did walking in under the elms of the Horstman yard and knocking at the screen door of the back porch.

"He what? Glen done *what?*" Ralph Horstman bellowed. He grabbed Cory's shoulder and dragged him in from the back porch to the kitchen. "When'd he do that? This afternoon?" Horstman's throat began to swell rhythmically. He seemed to be growing taller and broader. "Mama, give Cory a cup of coffee or . . . or some *beer?*" he shouted to his wife. Then he fled the kitchen, pounding up the stairway from the living room like a plow horse frenzied in a burning building.

Cory and Mrs. Horstman heard the thump of a body dumped from its bed onto the floor and then a long, sleepy, uninterrupted wail, accompanied irregularly by the sound of slaps. In a minute Mrs. Horstman ran upstairs, too.

More slaps then. A more complicated sound of struggle began as the woman tried to mediate. Again and again, like

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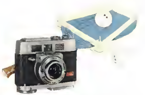

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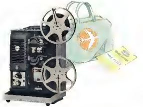

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the boom of outraged justice itself, Ralph Horstman's voice shouted, "He hit li'l Bobbie!'"

After the condemnation, the smack of a hand on a rump, and then the woman's plea, seeming only to convince her husband that she had not understood the enormity of the offense "But he hit li'l Bobbie!'

Downstairs Cory listened in what he could no longer doubt was envy He knew well enough what he had no wish and no way of explaining to Gordon or Belle—that when he had seen Glen Horstman's fist bring blood from Bobbie's nose, he had felt a merciless identification with the aggressor He had been unmanned by the recognition.

He had not wanted Bobbie hurt. No! He had never wanted Bobbie hurt, but he had seen his own act re-enacted and known himself as powerless to prevent the pain as before.

But Glen Horstman, because he was a little boy, could be punished for what was after all, a small offense. Cory, for his immeasurably greater offense could expect no such squaring of accounts

Afterward, each time his guilt flared in his face he had to endure it in the same way until, mysteriously it faded in his mind again—not dead, not even eroded by the remorse he had paid for it merely waiting to be wakened again and endured again like an operation submitted to without anesthetic because though he was guilty, no one owed him punishment.

HE was punished. In the last year of the war Gordon had just been drafted and sent to Fort Bragg when Joe was killed near Okinawa. By that time Joe was a Seaman First Class serving on a destroyer escort. The DE was on picket duty about seventy miles east of Buckner Bay when it was attacked by a George fighter The attack occurred near sundown A broad highway of gold and choppy crimson opened away from the little ship toward the West. The fighter came down this road like an erratic spark of gallantry and panic, hurled without conscious aim The big ring sights on Joe's 20mm cannon must have circumscribed the sun itself as he swung it over to defend the ship The fighter struck just abaft and below the bridge. The ship lived for several hours more, time enough for the survivors to be transferred to a destroyer None of Joe's shipmates saw him or his body after the attack.

When the news came to the Johnson farm Cory wept like any father bereft. And his tears were partly tears of relief for it seemed to him in the first debility of sorrow that this extravagant punishment might, at last pay off his guilt. It was not even in his heart to protest that the payment was too great, though he saw no equivalence between the hand he had taken from one child and the life he must now yield helplessly back to darkness If he was quits, he must be satisfied

But when his grief diminished and his strength returned Cory saw that whatever had happened to Joe had nothing to do with his old guilt which was neither increased nor minimized by Joe's death What little religion Cory had kept through the years melted with this discovery Religion seemed foolish to him now, a windy pretense at linking things that had no real connection The issue was between himself and a chaos to which only a fool would pray

He had nothing with which to replace religion. His irregular and shallow enthusiasm for science had long since vanished of its own inanity Besides though science had once seemed to him "the coming thing," he had never been notified that science might pretend to explain what he thirsted terribly to know It had been fun to read about the novelties science discovered He had got bored That was all

In his whole life as he could look back at it now, only one condition had given meaning to his work and the depressions or satisfactions that went with it That condition was his fatherhood Even if he had fathered his boys more or less accidentally in lust in lukewarm fondness for his wife, his fatherhood had come to be more than the sum of days and of forgotten wishes Before anything else he was a father—and it was against this definition of himself that he had been forced to strike that day in the corncrib

Belle died in 1950 Cory wept for her too envied her too for he suspected she must have carried through life some secret like his of undiminishable guilt for rebellion against the self that time and accident had given her But now she was free of it

THEY said Cory's mind began to fail him after Belle's death.

His mind was working better than ever—and he understood that was what his family and Doctor Grant meant though they had to express themselves by an exact inversion of the truth.

If they had said he was troublesome and a bit frightening to live with he could have agreed straightforwardly But they needed more than that. Like most people they needed a shallow burrow of 'reasons' and explanations because they dared not deal with a sheer objective fact He could no longer live on their sort of explanations but he sympathized with them So he said Yes he reckoned his mind was going back on him He didn't want to be a trouble to them, and if he couldn't straighten up by himself he would certainly do what Doctor Grant recommended He would go to the asylum "for a while" In the meantime while they gave him a chance he wanted to carry on his share of the work on the farm

In this period there were five of the family living together there. Cory Bobbie and his wife Lucy, and their little boy Ed (after Lucy's father) and Cory, Jr Between them Bobbie and Cory Jr could just about take care of the farm work Bobbie had been to Ag school at the State University and he was a fine manager very good with bookwork and planning ahead about the crops and machinery and soil, and figuring how they could afford the new things they needed Farm work was more and more a matter of business brains these days and he was sure that Bobbie was all right in that department.

Bobbie had got himself a new device to use for a right hand, too now that they could afford it. There had been so much more money coming in during and after the war! Now you take Joe, Cory would tell himself we just couldn't have afforded to send him to the university mother and I, back when he might have wanted to go. Then, quicker than anyone else could have reminded him that Joe was not a great one for study or using his brain Cory would throw in that very qualification and go on Yes but things are getting so well-organized that they can take a boy who's not so bright to begin with and kind of guide him over the hurdles and give him remedial work and guide him into the right niche and he does all right! This was the way Cory's mind went on and on in an endless series of examinations and connections His mind was far from failing It dealt with more all the time, and in so far as the mind alone was concerned, it was dealing more effectively The sickness was elsewhere

What Bobbie had was too grand and clever to be called a hook though he good-humoredly called it that on weekdays. On Sunday, for fun he called it a prosthesis. It was really three hooks and a bar, all with a bright chromium finish that twinkled wonderfully in the May morning sun when the young man swung himself up onto the tractor seat and headed out to the fields, while Lucy held little Ed and waved to him from the back door

It was so strange sometimes to Cory to see that shiny batch of levered claws on the baby's back when Bobbie was holding him—as at the homecoming picnic in Boda when there was a crowd and the Johnsons drove in to see all their old friends come back to this hick town Gordon was with them, too on that occasion visiting a week from his job in Seattle where he'd remained with an opportunity after the Service

That *thing* on the baby's back would look just as firm and tender as a human hand Odd how Bobbie could use it to caress with sometimes as if it were alive, though of course it had no sense of touch. It could express feeling though it had none The only time the baby minded being touched with it was in cold weather But Cory's thoughts were often busy on conjectures as to whether the baby *ought* to mind being touched by the lifeless thing No end to considerations involved there

With his prosthesis Bobbie could manage nearly any chore on the farm No doubt if worst came to worst everything could be handled without hired help if Cory went away But Cory had made his place, now that the

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boys were taking over so much by doing the dirty and menial jobs that their machinery still left undone. True, they had a milker and even Cory Jr. could handle the milking of their twelve cows without complaining he had been put upon. Someone still had to shovel up after the stock. The boys rented a corn picker from the elevator in Boda for the corn shucking. Someone had to drive the tractor into town through a November rain to get the picker and see that it got back on schedule. Cory always did jobs like that.

Doctor Grant didn't like it much that Cory should make himself into a nigger—that was his word—for the boys. As he saw it this was another symptom of Cory's mental deterioration. But the doctor's opinion on this account was only one way of looking at it, and Cory was very well aware of this.

But he realized that quite aside from any help he gave with the work or any hardship he imposed on Lucy by giving her another mouth to cook for, he *worried* his family.

He was sorry for this, but deliberately he went ahead with his alarming and aberrant courses. In the winter of 1953 he spent part of every day in the corncrib where he was reconstructing the corn sheller that used to stand in the corner room. He scoured the neighborhood and the junk piles around Boda for old parts. He rebuilt the wooden frame where the electric motor had sat. He drilled bolt holes in the concrete floor he and Gordon had poured back in wartime when they junked the old sheller. He begged some secondhand lumber from the people who had moved onto the Horstman farm, not wanting to spend any more good money than he had to on his "foolishness."

It took Bobbie less than a week to figure out what his father was doing—a little longer to decide to intervene. Then one morning he made a point of sauntering down to the crib and entering the room where his father was hammering and swearing.

At first Bobbie was falsely bright and curious. "Whatcha building, Dad? Lucy said to leave you alone because you were probably making something for the kid for Christmas, but I thought since I didn't have much to do this morning, maybe I could . . ."

The brightness and pretense—from both sides—faded quickly enough. A reckless pity shone from Bobbie's face. He wet his lips.

"Dad, you're making that sheller again, isn't that it?"

"Well, Bobbie, yeah. I thought I'd run her up again and see if maybe I could improve the design. Like you say, there's not too awful much work to be done these days, though maybe I ought to be down at the barn having a look at that loader Cory broke last summer." He started to leave the room.

Bobbie stopped him. "I didn't mean that, Dad. You don't have to work every minute. But . . . but it seems kind of useless for you to be making a sheller."

"Yeah. It does."

"Then . . ."

"It kind of . . ."

"Dad, Lucy and I've been talking and we want you to, well, go out to Seattle and see Gordon a while. You keep saying it would cost too much and Seattle's a big place if you don't want to stay with Gordon. Look, I'm going to come right out with it. Lucy and I don't feel right for having called Doctor Grant in on you. Doctors don't know everything. But a family is different, and I know that Gordon would want you to come."

" . . . kind of helps me think things out," Cory said mildly, touching the homely machine he was building. "I'm not a hand like

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you are to put things down on paper or in words either and if I can build something to see, that helps with my brain work."

Bobbie gritted his teeth. "But you're thinking about things you ought to leave alone," he said. He held up his claw, glittering and lightly sweating in the cold room. "You ce brooding about this again. For my sake, leave it alone. You think all my life I've blamed you somehow and I haven't. Can't you believe me when I say it? You saved my life and everyone knows that.'

"I don't know," Cory said. "Maybe there was some other way to do it."

Was! The horror of that exploded syllable stood with them like the angel of death. What had been in time was not, any longer in time. The past was unalterable and yet they could not shake from their minds the illusion of free choice.

"I've had a good life," Bobbie said—as if that bore on the enigma that Cory wrestled. He might have had *another* life if his father had been the man to find another means of saving him. "What more could I want? I've been happy," Bobbie said.

"I know, son," Cory answered. "What I'll do, I'll get the pickup this afternoon and carry this junk down in the east forty and dump it. Guess I'd better save the lumber and use it for kindling."

Bobbie snarled in his frustration. "You don't have to do *that,* Dad. You don't have to do anything I tell you or anything for my sake. That's the point. Don't you get it?"

"Sure I see what you mean," Cory said. "I wasn't thinking about how you—and Lucy I suppose—would feel about this contraption. Now let's just walk up to the house for some coffee and I'll tell Lucy I'm sorry I started it."

Bobbie said, "Maybe you'd better not mention it to her."

"All right," Cory said. "Whatever you think is best."

The next morning he was working on the sheller again. He had got to the point of installing the gears and covering them with a steel safety box.

Probably his queer behavior and his family's concern with it had been going on longer than he realized. Because they cared for him they would have taken what pains they could not to let him notice their precautions. Noting their few failures to be discreet was like seeing an advance guard of rats begin to invade the farm. Experience had convinced him that if you saw only the signs of depredation, that meant there were ten rats around your buildings. If you saw one rat, that meant a hundred. If you saw two together . . . a thousand, probably.

Now, to all his other considerations, he added the task of measuring the impressions he made each day on Lucy, Bobbie, and Cory Jr. Like a stock market gambler he read the daily quotations of his stock with them. Better this afternoon. Low and worried this week. Cautious. Desperate. Better. Better. The same.

They could not bring themselves to wound him by flat and final decisions in his behalf. If Bobbie had really insisted, Cory would have packed and gone to Seattle. Probably he would never have come back from that city.

At the same time, he realized that he confused their impressions by the very act of measuring them. And if their sanity wavered to the magnetism of his craziness—as he saw it did—then how could he trust them for reliable guidance, even in what he ought to do?

He understood, sometime during 1963 that they had been cautioned by Doctor Grant—or another authority they might have consulted at Grant's recommendation—to be on the lookout for a suicide attempt. He knew this first by subtle signs as he would have known about a family of rats in the corncrib before he saw the first darting black shape and prepared for a campaign of poison and traps. The subtle signs were followed by a blunder so loving and crude it made him weep.

One morning he found that his straight razor had disappeared from the cabinet in the bathroom and had been replaced with an electric shaver. The exchange had been made just one week before Christmas and he knew the electric gadget had been bought as a present for him. In their anxiety they had been unable to wait.

He picked up the shaver without hesitation. He accepted whatever Lucy and Bobbie (or was it Lucy alone, weaker in her fear, who had made the switch?) thought had to be done. He put the plug into an outlet and set the humming head to his cheek. He saw his cowed eyes under the windburnt sag of lids. It seemed to him his courage was not adequate to his pity.

"Father, father," he said as he used to pray in the time he had not taken religion seriously enough to reject it. He heard no distinct syllables, but a shapeless groan.

The futility of their gesture seemed unendurable. They had taken his razor—didn't these children know that on a farm, as Belle's Dad had put it, the means to harm were never lacking? He supposed they had hidden away the shells for his pump gun too, though he had not bothered to check for some time. Odds and ends of rope had probably been gathered from the barn and outbuildings (by Bobbie, careful not to let on to Cory Jr. why he was being so neat these days). They probably timed his coming and going, not to permit him to be too long alone. And what good would all that do if he really were able to kill himself?

To put their minds at ease he wanted to go to them now and tell them how he had once determined to do away with himself and why that was all past. The occasion had come soon after Joe's death. The absence of the coffin from the funeral services had served as a reminder of the absence of justice due from the empty heavens. That had been more than eight years ago. No one had worried then about gathering up ropes from the sheds, garage, or barn.

He had put a rope around his neck one morning before anyone else was out of bed, standing by the square opening in the floor of the haymow. There was enough light at that hour to show the church-like vaulting of rafters in the empty mow. Nothing had ever tempted him more seductively than the black square in front of his toes.

But he had taken the rope off with the slow deliberation of a judge—not for a moment assuming that he was granting himself reprieve, but that in all solemnity he was refusing it. Self-execution was inappropriate to his guilt.

Well—of course he must not go to the children and tell them what he remembered of that morning. He was poor with words; he was more likely to scare them than to appease them. They weren't prepared to understand that what he had sentenced himself to that morning in the barn was *to think.* Under that sentence he was obliged to respect all the problems caused whenever he was rash enough to solve one.

He had to think, though it was not easy for him. It was not easy to rid the farm of a pestilence of rats either, but again and again through his years on this place, he had set himself the task of poisoning and trapping creatures who had over him the advantages of number, secrecy and natures that recognized no obligation except to exist. He supposed there had never been a day when the farm was free of rats. Yet by unwavering persistence he had thinned the rat population again and again to the point at which it was tolerable.

It wasn't easy for him to get ahead of the problem he now presented to his anxious children, but he set himself to find how to make it easier for them.

Through that spring and much of the following summer he appeared to be succeeding. The ideas of compulsive thought that had made him careless of his behavior since Belle's death sped faster—of necessity—as they seemed to settle down into the tranquillity of age. Once upon a time he would have refused to believe himself capable of the nimble calculations that now became a commonplace.

He gave up working on the sheller in the corncrib—because he had now got the whole material apparatus in his mind, from the grain of old wood to the bolts that fastened the electric motor to its bench, the pulleys and flywheel and their weight, strength, appearance, sound, and speed—all of this so completely transposed into an image that he could set the machine going in his imagination whenever he wanted. While he helped his youngest son with homework, or went over the accounts with Bobbie or listened attentively to Lucy's frets about her new pregnancy, another part of his mind could repeat the crucial morning of his life.

So his family thought him better. They said he was "more himself" than he had been for years. They noticed how he gave up a share of the meanest work to each of his boys. Sometimes now he talked voluntarily of going to visit Gordon.

They were glad again to invert the truth. He saw that this second inversion did not cancel out the first—when they had believed him mad—but only made it incalculably more difficult to encompass, as if an already insoluble labyrinth should suddenly open out into its duplicate.

World without end, the world of thought that seemed bent on returning to some safe lost starting point, but the prospect of its difficulty neither cheered nor daunted him. While he had strength of mind he would go on as best he could, pretending that he was a juggler, an explorer, an acrobat, though he was only a big-footed farmer. At least he had learned to pace himself in his pursuit of multiplying complications.

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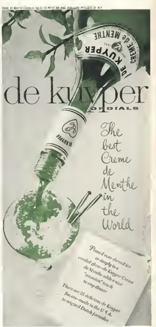

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Cazenovia	F. M. McLaughlin Inc.
Delhi	Chauncey Stewart
Dunkirk	Wall's Toggery
Elmira	R. Strauss Inc.
Fulton	Shepro's
Geneva	Casey & Son
Gowanda	Neglia's
Huntington	Fregerman & Wiener
Johnson City	George's Mens Shop
Houghton	Kaye Sportwear
N. Hartford	Fisher Dept. Store
Newburgh	I. W. Schoonmaker
New York City	Wallachs
Palmyra	Collins's Mens Shop
Port Jervis	Boland & Co.
Schenectady	H. S. Barney
Utica	Wicks & Greenman Inc.
Walton	Webbs Clothing
NORTH CAROLINA	
Ahoskie	The Men's Shop
Charlotte	J. O. Jones Inc.
Fayetteville	The Capitol of Fayetteville
Fayetteville	Ed Fleishman
Gastonia	Cooney Clothing
Gastonia	Leon Schneider
Goldsboro	Hot Via Mens Wear
Henderson	Grady's Mens & Boys
Jacksonville	Margolis Dept. Store
Kingston	Dave The Clothier
Raleigh	Boylan-Pearce Inc.
Raleigh	Arnold Jacobs Vogue
Roxboro	Howard & Long
Roxboro	Long Haberdashery
Sanford	Kanner Inc.
Wallace	Kramer's
Williamston	Margolis Bros.
Wilmington	Foy Roe Co.
Windsor	Squire Shop
Winston-Salem	Sam's Co.
Winston-Salem	Town & Campus Shop
OHIO	
Akron	Abbey's Mens Wear
Akron	Kammers Tailoring
Akron	The Lucky Store
Akron	Nelson's
Akron	Petsky's
Alliance	John Cheek Mens Wear
Archbold	Imber's Clothing
Ashland	Gaspard's Toggery
Ashtabula	Rogner's
Barnesville	Fosters Mens Wear
Barberton	Tom's Toggery
Bellaire	Hakay's
Bellefontaine	Corwin's Mens Wear
Bucyrus	Joy's Toggery
Chagrin Falls	Paul Mens & Boys Wear
Chardon	Soelwacke
Cincinnati	Burkhardt's Bros.
Cleveland	Belmont Dept. Store
Cleveland	F & F Style Shop
Cleveland	Bold's Mens & Boys Wear
Cleveland	Martin's Mens Wear
Cleveland	Nifty Clothes
Cleveland	Norwood Mens Shop
Cleveland	Slates Mens & Boys Wear
Cleveland	University Shop
Cleveland	Zehring's Mens Wear
Columbus	Wilson Mens Wear
Columbus Grove	White's
Conneaut	The Toggery
Cuyahoga Falls	Mauro's Mens Wear
Dayton	Mayors Lad-N-Dad
Defiance	Shumans Mens
Dennison	Barrie Bower
Eaton	Moysey Bros.
E. Cleveland	Bob Kennedy
E. Palestine	Atkinsons
Findlay	Kaples Mens Shop
Franklin	Reinders
Galion	Scheflaur & Myers Co.
Gallipolis	Haskin Turner
Garrettsville	Waters & Mamaugh
Girard	Charles Shop
Greenville	Palace Dept. Store
Ironton	Monroe's
Kent	Rogers Mens Wear
Kenton	Colonial Fil's Clothing
Lakewood	Charley Colger's
Lancaster	L. E. Boughman's
Lebanon	Heavens Men
Lima	Squire Shop
Lorain	The Bell Co.
Lorain	Harry's Mens & Boys
Louisville	Hansel Bros.
Massillon	Tom Slaughter
Mansfield	Matthe's Clothing
Mayfield Heights	Diamond Bros.
Medina	Merton & Lutz
Millersburg	Maxwell Bros.
Minerva	Claue Bros.
Newark	John J. Carroll
Newark	George Bleffer
Niles	Gatto's Mens Wear
Niles	Men's Shop
North Canton	Karl's Mens Shop
N. Philadelphia	Ed Sonhauser's
Painesville	Bedford Mens Shop
Parkersburg	J. B. Smith
Parma	Jerry Schwarz Inc.
Piqua	Jelleff's
Port Clinton	Clinton Mens Wear
Ravenna	Harper's
Salem	W. L. Strain Co.
Sandusky	Belhke's
Sebring	Bud Vogel Clothing
Shelby	Oscar's Store for Men
Sidney	Harry Stiller's Mens Store
Springfield	Jack Vanraton
Springfield	Vogue Shop
Steubenville	Myer & Stone
Struthers	Pane Mens Shop
Tallmadge	Michaels
Toledo	Larson Bros.
Toledo	Neil's Mens Shop
Van Wert	Belyeat Clothing Co.
Warren	Grenwald
Youngstown	Bill's Quality
Youngstown	Ross & Sons
Youngstown	Rosenbaum & Son
Youngstown	Strouss-Hirshberg
Youngstown	John Ward
PENNSYLVANIA	
Ambridge	Davidson's
Beaver	Bissell's Mens Wear
Beaver Falls	Olen & Donnelly's
Berwick	Vincent's
Canonsburg	Cushner's
Carbondale	Roemelmeyers
Chester	Shepps
Clairton	Jaskol's Mens
E. Stroudsburg	Zenker's
Ellwood	Lew Beatrice Man's Wear
Fredericktown	Lazadi's
Glassport	The Haden Co.
Grove City	Sullivan's
Hollidaysburg	Jon Kings Toggery
Homestead	Harvey's Mens Wear
Honesdale	Art's Apparel
Irwin	Green Co.
Johnstown	Hatch Young Mens
Leechburg	Bennett's
Lewisburg	Pruwant's
Lewistown	Ruhl's
Meadville	The Crawford Store
Mercer	Willis Mens Wear
McKees Rocks	Goldblatt's
Midland	Martell's Mens
Monaca	Monaca Mens
Olyphant	Nudelman's
Phillipsburg	Sam Freiberg
Reading	Calderone Sport
Ridgeway	Toggery Shop
Sayre	Jim Palazzi Toggery
Shamokin	Chodos Boston
Sharon	Sam Lerro & Son
Sharon	Sharon State
Sharon	Shultz & Myers
Sharpsville	Block Bros.
Sunbury	Kaufman's
Tunkhannock	Bartron's Toggery
Uniontown	Cohen's Furnishings
Vandergrift	Cressen's Mens
Warren	Style Shop
Washington	The Rob
Waynesboro	S. Greyfass
Weirton	Rodek's Mens Wear
W. Chester	John's Mens Shop
Williamsburg	Beaux Mens Shop
RHODE ISLAND	
Pawtucket	Mathewson's Men
Providence	Charles McCabe
Woonsocket	Lanoie's Men Shop
SOUTH CAROLINA	
Bennettsville	Brown's Sport Shop
Bishopville	Sibeler's
Dillon	Saleeby's Mens
TENNESSEE	
Cookeville	Ideal Mens Shop
Lebanon	Modern Mens Shop
TEXAS	
Corpus Christi	Adrian's
El Paso	Blumenthal's
VERMONT	
Newport	Frederick's Inc.
Rutland	Wilson Clothing Co.
VIRGINIA	
Alexandria	Rogers Mens Wear
Front Royal	Hall Clothing Store
Harrisonburg	Dorrer & Mathias
Martinsville	Atkins Inc.
Portsmouth	Rogers Clothes
Spartanburg	August W. Smith
WEST VIRGINIA	
Elkins	Coffbergs-Elkins
Logan	Logan Merchantile
Moundsville	Stewells Mens Shop
N. Martinsville	Temple Mens Wear
Shinnston	J. N. Crimm & Son
WISCONSIN	
Madison	Spoo & Son
BAHAMAS	
Nassau	Nassau Shops
CANADA	
Toronto	Cameron Jeffries

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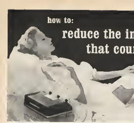

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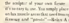

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He had learned not to try too much at once. He was glad to think this adjusted pace—whether it meant success or failure to him—comforted his family.

One night in late summer he reached the end of thought. He had not foreseen (as a man with greater original gifts might have) that there could be an end of it. But there it was, confronting him. What had been a constantly accelerating series of wheels within wheels, wheels begetting wheels, a spinning and a spiraling that multiplied and exploded toward the ultimate horizons . . . all that was frozen in an instant into what seemed to him an immense sphere of light, motionless, achieved.

On the night it happened he was alone on the farm except for his grandson who was sleeping upstairs. At suppertime Lucy had said with unusual petulance that she probably wouldn't get to go anywhere again for months or see any of their friends. The new baby was due soon. She would be tied down permanently after its arrival so why didn't Bobbie take her any place anymore?

Since he had been working hard in the hayfield all day, Bobbie might have snapped back at her. But Cory smoothed things over. He suggested that they drive through Boda to the county seat and find a place to dance or a movie. He was kind of tired himself, but would be glad to bathe Ed and read him a story and let him watch TV a while before he went to bed.

Then Cory Jr. had popped up and said he wanted to go along too, and again there had been the threat of friction that Cory had to deflate judiciously. Why didn't young Cory ride just as far as Boda, he suggested, and drop off there to see some of his buddies? He could stay all night with Mickey Carnahan if he wanted, as a reward for working so well all day.

Cory had eased them away smoothly. The three young people left the farm after supper in a jolly mood. Young Ed had turned out to be no trouble at all. He nodded in front of the TV and went to bed early.

It was still not altogether dark when Cory took his cigar onto the screen porch to sit on the glider and do some thinking. On quiet evenings left alone, he felt able to catch up on the arrears in his thought.

The night was faintly oppressive, though mild. He could hear the tree frogs dinning in the yard and the chug of the pump down by the barn. He heard the intermittent traffic of his neighbors going in late to Boda or the county seat, most of them traveling the new blacktop.

He thought about the highway and his neighbors and the way things had changed and the way things had been before. He thought, without emotion, of the difference between the blacktop and the muddy gravel he had charged through the day he cut off Bobbie's hand. Then he thought of the real sheller that had caused the accident and of the imaginary sheller that had duplicated it in his mind. And presently he was sure as could be that the sheller he imagined was run by the same principles that had run the sheller made of wood and steel. His creation and he were indistinguishable.

With that realization he reached the end of thought, knowing neither good nor evil but only guilt. The tree frogs perhaps continued their monotonous, hysterical song in the dark leaves around him. There may have been a continuing traffic on the roads and the sound of the pump's piston beating back and forth in its imprisoning cylinder. He did not hear them. Whatever existed was silent and motionless. Eternal. As it had been and as it would be when time ended.

In that silence he rose from the soft glider and let himself out the screen door onto the grass of the yard. He walked, without needing a light, to the shed by the back gate. The motion of his body was fluent and easy but he felt nothing. It seemed to him that he was constituted of the same material as Bobbie's well wrought back and had been able like it to express love without the ability of knowing it. (The proposition was the same if exactly reversed: to know love without the ability to express it.) The only passion remaining was for a justice that would bring him in phase with the total equilibrium of the night.

From the shed he took a sharp ax and went upstairs to his grandson's bedroom. He came down a little later without it.

He sat in the glider and relit his cigar. After a while he found himself straining to hear the tree frogs. To hear anything. Because he was not dead he had to break the motionless soundless sphere of the thoughtless universe. He needed a noise to start him thinking again.

It was peaceful enough not to think—just to suck on the sweet cigar and let it all go up in a gentle exhalation. But he had to resume, if he could, the pain of thought so he could review what he had done in that silence when the sound of machinery stopped.

He had to plan the right way to present his act to all those folks who relied on explanations, would refuse to believe him sane. If they did not believe him sane they would not punish him for this repetition of his guilt, and if he could not trick those who ought to love him into responsibility for a just punishment, then there was no hope for him in all this vast gleam of silence. ###

RUDY VALLEE: A SELF PORTRAIT (Continued from page 137)

the usual crappy sentimental junk like *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* and *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* and the yokels that join in are just as guilty as the guy who is leading them!

Persons who drive badly and all those who fail to realize what the wearing of seat belts would do for us on the holiday weekends in reducing the mortality rate.

I cannot abide arrogance in authority or insolence from a clerk who becomes callous due to the repetitiousness of his work.

Above all, I become furious when I see that a person is not *thinking* . . . If human beings would only rouse themselves from their lethargy and *think things through to the finish* and thus see what would be the result of this act, it would save so much grief.

As a result of the last twelve years of night work I've come to hate the person who comes into a night spot and then proceeds to talk all through your routine. . . . Why did he come in in the first place?

Personal panacea: (And where do you turn?) I don't. By this I do not mean that I am satisfied with myself but I believe in the Golden Rule and am guided by this in everything I do, and I believe that anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing *well*. I have tried to do a good and honest job of life and have little cause for self-censorship except perhaps in my early stupidity in *not* learning the piano. I have missed out on many things due to my impulsiveness and hotheadedness. Due to bad management or lack of it (management that is) I have missed out on the capital-gains money. Practically every dollar I own was earned the hard way by sheer guts and hard, long hours of work.

Persisting superstitions: Not very many if any. . . . I am a realist and find it hard to believe in the dogma of the church and have more faith in evolution than in the world being created in five days. My superstition is merely the faith in the Golden Rule and *hard work* and common decency and honesty. I abhor racketeers and extortion.

The terrible temptation: Fortunately I cannot think of any. I have a strong will and after ten years of sixty cigars a week I gave up and stopped dead and have not had one in two and one-half years. I enjoy good liquor drinks that taste well and if I had to give it up I'd shift to soft drinks with no effort at all. I have great energy and do not put off that which must be done, much as I would like to read and relax sometimes. I type and put in many hours in things that *must be done*. In other words I'm a *paragon*. (That's a joke son!)

Unfounded fears: I don't have any but deep down is the fear that one day I might develop some form of cancer. I frankly don't know just how I'd take the pronunciamento from the medico. I've enjoyed life and have had much pleasure from it and will depart reluctantly but I'd like to go to sleep as Coolidge did and not wake up. But not a long agonizing cancer-suffering illness.

Secret satisfaction: I know that I'm not tall, dark and handsome and it has been my great satisfaction to know that I was the star of the evening and that the tall handsome fellow was taking tickets at my show or ushering the audience to its seats. Hitler in his simple uniform must have enjoyed having the big, handsome military generals with all their ribbons and medals bowing to him who had been only a corporal. I have mingled with the crowd going in to see me and no one has noticed me, but it was my satisfaction that they were *coming in to see me perform*.

With the added inner glow of knowing that over the twenty-odd years of radio broadcasting I gave much pleasure to millions of listeners and discovered songs and persons who were unknown. When I hear the *Whiffenpoof Song* I get great satisfaction as I brought it out of campus obscurity, and after being rejected by all the agencies and networks in Hollywood. It was I who put Victor Borge on the air and guided him to fame and fortune.

Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Dot Lamour, Rubinoff, Himber, Larry Adler all can thank me for recognizing their gifts and presenting them to the world. I saw great things in Ginger Rogers, Helen Kane, Lyda Roberti and Yvonne De Carlo long before their emergence and public acceptance. ###

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Rare?—there was no such thing 1769 was the year Gordon s Gin first took its place in English life, but not in bottles It was served from wooden casks in public houses Bottles came along later, in the nineteenth century But in all these 193 years no matter how it was purveyed, Gordon's has always harked back to Alexander Gordon s original 1769 formula Why tamper with such distinctive dryness and flavour? It has made Gordon's the best-selling gin in England, America, the world

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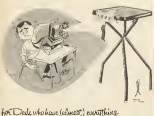

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NEW YORK IN THE SUMMER

(Continued from page 120)

footballs by the women A thin man steps out from the Nedick s stand walks backward raises elbows snaps a picture. A card is in your hand a notebook ready Your hotel? Six prints or twelve? They'll take the shirt off your back if you stand still' says the husband, wise to the antics of the big city His wife says nothing thinks *I bet they waste an awful lot of film that way*

Broadway is awake by ten in summer Rockefeller Center by eleven Flowers, trucked in from Babylon Roslyn Bethpage fill the concrete flower beds with reds blues whites yellows send their mild scent into the warm air impress their pigment on twelve hundred rolls of Kodacolor Outside an airline office its posters offering adventures which would have driven Marco Polo mad stands the hawker for the sight seeing bus, dark-suited white-capped brochures in hand and busless

At lunch hour the office workers push out into the white sunlight the men to the new Shor s and 21' The Absinthe House, Cherios the Harvard Club the boys and girls to Vesuvio s The Blue Lamp Capucina's, Le Steak de Paris Wall papers of a red brick motif disguise the walls Travel posters of Bordeaux and Andalusia disguise the wallpaper Girls voices clatter up against the ceiling In the back of the room a big fan its airplane propeller revolving languidly takes the hot garlic air from the kitchen and stirs it gently past the tables Outside the piazzas of the more advanced and highly mortgaged office buildings have been transformed into beaches of stone and potted plant and modern statuary Girls chat there over paper bags of chicken salad An older man, his tie loosened collar opened reads Winchell on his lap On the wide rim of stone flower bed a woman head thrown back eyes closed arms rigid receives the sun as if it might not rise again

At night the city cools but not completely Like a dish just taken from the oven you feel the heat still baked into it. Put it back in the oven for three seconds and it will be instantly so hot you cannot touch it High above New York the windows closed, the air conditioner humming just this side of silence we drink the cold beer which the ads advise us to and watch the baseball game Ten summers back we lived off Lexington Avenue (it was nearer Third) in a small apartment with a bright-blue living room and no air conditioning Ten summers back Irving Berlin had air conditioning and so did the Oak Room Bar, but we did not We kept the windows open and in the evening the curtains barely moving, not moving at all, the windowsills each covered with a film of soot we listened to the rumble of the El train and the voices of the neighborhood We listened whether we liked to or not to argument, invective narrative, exposition Across the street one floor below us a gentleman nameless, who could not sleep sat shirtless at his piano and played whole scores of operettas through his open window Tonight the air conditioner hums, the refrigerator whirs the freezer makes small indefinable protests from the back hall With windows tightly shut, we enjoy all electric living Closed windows face us across the side street. Our windows, in fact, need not be opened again our apartment retains only its own sounds

Eight miles to the north in Yankee Stadium Minoso hits for two bases into center field steals third Our television sets crackle with approval Below us on the street three empty cabs stand waiting at the light Twelve miles to the south off Staten Island passengers on the ferry crowd the rail and stick their faces into the breeze which brushes them at fourteen knots Minoso has been thrown out at home. You think it's hot " says the cabbie to the lady climbing in at Seventy-third You ain t seen nothing yet. ###

In July Esquire Considers Women

- What Is Wrong with Them?
- How to Lie to Them
- What Are They Doing to Us?

Malcolm Muggeridge, Britain's [illegible] of all of American femininity. Brock Brower [illegible] Mary McCarthy, Robert Alan Aurthur imagines a strange future, Dan Wakefield praises the lady in politics Martin Mayer looks hard at a hairdresser, and Norman Mailer looks through a proper First Lady

More
Considerably More
of the
Aspects of the Ladies
in Esquire for July
on sale June 19

Whatever they're doing to us let's not let them corner all the copies. Get there early—get there on June 19.

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HAPPY CHANDLER RIDES AGAIN

(Continued from page 113)

speaker's platform and examine it with mock gravity while the crowd yelled "Careful It might be poisoned!" It never was, and Barkley won by more than 50,000 votes.

But Chandler recovered from the beating as well as from the glass of poisoned water. He had himself appointed to fill the seat left vacant by the death of Senator Marvel M Logan in 1939 and won his way back to the Senate with ease (despite the swimming pool controversy) when the term expired.

Chandler now feels that the highlight of his senatorial career was a speech he gave expressing the views of the "Beat Japan First" bloc which was so effective that Churchill himself went before the U S Senate to refute it. "Look it up, boy," Happy told me. "*Time* Magazine said I had earned a footnote in the pages of history." (I looked it up but *Time* was not quite so generous. It was only a footnotelet.) On this and other issues foreign and domestic, Chandler drew farther away from the F D R Administration and when he quit the Senate in 1945 to take the $50,000-a-year job of Baseball Commissioner many politicians were relieved, and most agreed that Happy's political career was over.

It seemed that more than politics was over when in 1951 the baseball-club owners voted Chandler out of his job 9-7, and the occasion was described as "Happy's Last Stand." Reflecting on those dark days recently Happy recalled that "if the baseball fellas had renewed my contract I'd have stayed on, but they didn't so I came home. I'm like Paul, you understand. No matter what the circumstance, I'll be content. Triumph and tragedy are but for a season."

Happy began his new season by announcing he would run for Governor again in 1955 and they said it couldn't be done. His list of political sins was long and included backing Republican John Sherman Cooper for the Senate in '46 refusing to support Truman in '48 and Stevenson in '52 and entertaining Dixiecrat leader Strom Thurmond which earned him the title of "spiritual leader of the Dixiecrats in Kentucky" (he denied it). As if all this weren't enough he hadn't held office for ten years and since the balmy days of his first term as Governor a whole new generation of voters had grown up. With this latter fact in mind he adopted his campaign slogan "Be like your Pappy vote for Happy."

Chandler hit the campaign trail with a sound truck leading the way playing *Happy Days Are Here Again* and brazenly charged into the primary against the opposition of Kentucky's Democratic Governor and both Senators. He accused Governor Lawrence Wetherby of having bought a $20,000 rug for the Governor's mansion and was undismayed when Wetherby produced a receipt showing that the rug cost only $2,720. "Have you ever seen a $20,000 rug?" Happy asked the crowds. "When I get elected you all come down to Frankfort and we'll take off our shoes and walk on it."

Happy walked away with an 18,000-vote victory in the primary, and went on to win in the fall with the biggest victory margin in history. There was an even bigger inaugural parade than in '35 with seventy-one bands (God alone knows how many trombones) and seventy floats including one that said "Happy for President in '56 if Mama says Yes." Mama said yes but the Democratic Convention said no and when Happy came home in defeat his ancient and distinguished enemy the *Courier-Journal* (it pursues him with the unflagging devotion of the inspector after Jean Valjean) took advantage of the opportunity to kick him while he was down with an editorial entitled "Quit Laughing Boys. Our Hero's Fallen." It said, in part

"He tried—oh, how mightily he tried! It is doubtful that in all Chicago there is a shoulder that was not shrugged at him, a sleeve from which his hand was not brushed, an ear that was not turned away from him. Ridicule did not deter him from his appointed rounds. Come on back home, Happy. It's all over."

John Ed Pearce, who wrote the editorial, recently recalled "Happy heard that I wrote it, and when I met him for the first time he drew me aside and asked if he'd ever done anything to hurt me or damage me or anyone close to me. I said no, my differences with him were purely political. He said 'Well, no one ever hit me that hard but I admire you. I admire a man who'll fight me. I like to be up against good men.'"

"You can't help but like him," Pearce said and added emphatically "personally I mean. That's his political appeal too—it's a personal, purely emotional following. He has no organization and he's never attempted to build one. He just rides into town and says 'Okay boys let's get goin' again.' And they go. Of course they have fun campaigning with Happy. But it really seems impossible doesn't it, that in this day and time a man will sing, cry and pray in a political campaign?"

The hostility that exists between Kentucky's *Courier* Democrats and Chandler *Democrats* seems to derive its special passion from a difference in style rather than substance (though both sides would deny it). The "Couriers" are modern urban liberal type voters to whom politics is a serious business, to be conducted without tears and prayers, while the "Chandlers" are scornful of people like *Courier*-favorite Wilson Wyatt a former Stevenson aide whom Happy accuses of wearing spats and thus refers to as "Ankle-Blankets."

Though the *Courier-Journal* most likely will oppose Chandler's bid in '63 with the fervor of good citizens defending their homes against the return of Attila the Hun, Happy's two administrations were hardly the work of a political Visigoth. James Martin, a University of Kentucky economist who has served in either an advisory or administrative capacity for every Kentucky Governor since 1935, said recently that the first Chandler administration "brought the state from a medieval to a modern status." It is often remembered that Happy sang *Sonny Boy* in the halls of the capitol but seldom recalled that in his first term as Governor he called a special session of the legislature to ratify a child-labor amendment, put a free-schoolbook law through the legislature, tore down outmoded state prisons and transferred convicts to a modern prison farm, destroyed the old "snake pits" and built modern mental hospitals, overhauled the state government in a famous "reorganization act" that later served as a model for other states and with the aid of Federal funds reduced the state debt from $25,000,000 to $6,000,000.

"The first two years of Chandler's first administration were especially brilliant," recalled Charles Farnsley, a former Mayor of Louisville and respected veteran of Kentucky politics. "He had the ability to attract good men on the highest levels, and he used more academic men than Governors had used here before—it was a kind of 'brain trust' and especially unusual for that era."

Mr Farnsley is allied with the anti-Chandler wing of the Kentucky Democrats, but is one of the few who is willing to concede what he feels is the rightful due of the enemy—a rare form of political frankness which has earned Farnsley the reputation among his colleagues of being "soft on Happy."

"I don't mean to make Happy out as a knight on a white horse," Farnsley said "because he certainly isn't. But he's been a good Governor both times in office."

Unlike most of his Southern gubernatorial colleagues, Chandler in his second term spoke out forthrightly against segregation when the state's first schools, including all in Louisville, were desegregated with few unpleasant incidents. He told a national television audience in '56 "I think every American must come to the realization that we must try to bring about an end to segregation." More importantly, he carried the same message back home, as for instance when in 1957 he told the Kentucky Motor Transport Association "If we want to make an issue of the color of a man's skin, we had better realize that we're outnumbered in this world 7-1."

If his enemies see Happy Chandler as a crude and hypocritical country cousin, to his friends he is a wise and benevolent uncle who can be called upon for help, advice, or solace. He does not have a secretary, an unlisted phone or any of the shields that most modern public men use to protect themselves from the public. The morning I had breakfast with him the phone rang often and though I could hear his end of the conversation (the telephone was nearby in the kitchen) he would add a few words of explanation afterward

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Our conversation was about a young man Happy was trying to help get a job 'Some people can do all right, you understand but they need a little help," he explained when he hung up Another call concerned a death in the family of a political ally "Lord, I'm so sorry, Jimmy," he had said on the phone "God love ya pardner" When he sat down he said, 'That was Jimmy Z Terrible thing a sudden death in the family He just wants me to hug him and stand by him, and acourse I will.'

That evening after dinner a tall man with a ruddy face came in to drive Happy to Frankfort and Lexington to pay his respects at two funeral homes. Happy introduced us, and said, "This fella came to me in 1936 and he said he had a problem—said he had a wife and a child and no job I said 'Is that all your problem? Come on let's talk about something else He's been walkin with me ever since."

Happy asked me to ride along with them ' This fella drove me all through the last campaign—must have been more than nine hundred speakin's he drove me to and knowing he was driving I could sleep like a baby '

As we drove to Lexington, Happy explained that the man who had died there used to be a commissioner in his administration "A fine fella too He had a hard job but I never heard from him no troubles or complaints When you give a fella a job and you don't hear from him you know he's doin' all right Like the poet says 'Happy is the man whose annals are few' "

The man had also been a faithful friend, Happy said ' You're lucky to have that kind of friend and I've been lucky I've had a lot of em Oh, yes, I've had some desert me, too, but I guess you've got to lose some along the way After all, Jesus only had twelve disciples and he lost two of em "

As we entered the city limits of Lexington Happy said, 'Pardner I came here forty years ago to work my way through Transylvania College and all I had was a smile a red sweater and a five-dollar bill "

I had read that Happy had repeated that statement to the voters of Kentucky eight hundred and sixteen times between May and November of 1935 when he first ran for Governor. No one has been able to keep count after that but he said it with feeling, grinning widely and it sounded as if the phrase had just popped into his head

After Happy had paid his respects to the family in Lexington we drove on to Frankfort, and at first were unable to find the funeral home It was a little after ten o'clock and most of the stores were closed and the streets almost deserted We spotted a woman walking along with a child, and drove up beside her Happy rolled down the window, removed his white felt hat with a courtly gesture and, smiling said to the woman

Honey, can you tell us how to get to the Sullivan Funeral Home?'

The lady stared, then said 'Why, you're Mr Chandler, aren't you?'

'Yes ma'am " said Happy and waved at the child ' Hello there, sonny boy

'Why we were just talkin' about you today'" the lady said "Cecil Powell over at the restaurant, was saying did we think Mr Chandler will win next time, and I said I sure do I'm sure going to work for you '

Why thank you honey'' Then ' How are ya sonny?'

The woman explained how to get to the funeral home and Happy thanked her again, and made one last wave at the woman and then the child

Bye honey—bye there, sonny boy so long son"

The boy could not have been more than six years old and I wondered why Chandler had seemed so anxious to court his favor Then I remembered what Happy had answered when asked why he had begun his '63 campaign for the governorship a full two years ahead of time 'Pardner" he said "you can start too late but you can never start too early' ##

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HOW TO BET ON BASEBALL (Revised)

(Continued from page 116)

1 Ability to make the double play

2. At least one reliable relief pitcher

3 A team batting average of .260 or better

4 A bench that includes one good right-handed and one good left-handed hitter

Let's discuss the importance of these four qualifications to the spot bettor

Peculiarly last year, the St. Louis Cardinals had all four of these virtues and were not even in the pennant race while Cincinnati lacking ability to make the double play won the championship. Nevertheless when one bets on the outcome of an isolated game his chances are better if his team has all these assets.

Ability to make the double play is a vital characteristic of the teams you plan to sponsor (Cincinnati is one of the few consistent winners without it) It is the backbone of the entire defense structure The cornerstone of the successful double-play combination is the second baseman His is the more difficult role and his ability to pivot usually spells success or failure. The Reds bought Blasingame a .210 hitter from the Giants for a terrific price in an unsuccessful effort to correct their double-play deficiency Winning ball clubs usually average better than one double play per game Check this carefully when selecting the teams you plan to back.

The value of a good relief pitcher, a good "short man" is obvious Even as good a team as the Yankees with Whitey Ford on the mound, needed ace reliever Arroyo's help to win a great many games last season.

A team batting average of .260 implies a little better than average offensive strength. With the lively ball and the short fences that obtain in many parks most games require the winning team to score four or five runs This means six of the nine men in the lineup are pretty good hitters which usually indicates a team batting average of about .260 Hitting ability alone will not win a pennant, but it is extremely important to the spot bettor

Most first-division teams seek both strength and depth on their benches Injuries to frontline players at some time during the season are inevitable My basic rule is make sure your team's first-string lineup is intact Thus only the strength of a team's bench, not its depth is important to the spot bettor The caliber of the men on the bench when the team on the field is at full strength is your determining factor. Specifically It is best to sponsor teams that have a good right-handed and a good left-handed hitter not in the regular starting lineup

In evaluating which team will win a specific major-league ball game the manager is not a determining factor He unquestionably plays a part in the result of an entire season's play and he contributes in some degree to the result of a series of games, but his effect on the outcome of an isolated game during the season's play is negligible

Not too long ago the only way one could ascertain the odds on a major-league ball game was to contact a bookie Today the odds on ball games are published in many newspapers. They also publish the past performances of the day's pitchers and name the team which in their opinion, is the best bet This is a relatively recent addition to the wide coverage given baseball over the years and stems from a reluctant desire to be of service to the many fans who bet on ball games Nevertheless betting on baseball is still a subject the average sports editor feels must be handled with kid gloves

The old gambling axiom, 'Odds were made for suckers.' really means that the average person wants to win more than he bets Earlier I mentioned the advisability of playing with official gambling odds, but if the team you want to bet on qualifies under my rules, don't let unfavorable odds dissuade you

There are occasions, however when the odds indicate that it may be profitable for you to back both your teams to win in a parlay A parlay is when one bets his original stake, plus its winnings, on a second event You will find that there are times when both your teams are playing exceptionally good ball This usually happens in July, August or September During this period it is often profitable to back both your teams to win on the same day and there are occasions when a parlay is preferable to making two individual bets

As teams round into form toward midseason the odds on the better teams lengthen A game between the Yanks and Boston that was 9-to-5 in June may be 13-to-5 in August when the professional researchers have more actual performance data available.

Last year during August, when Detroit and the Yankees were running neck and neck both teams won their games on the same day twenty-one times, and the odds on many days were less than 12-to-5 on one or both of them Obviously to anyone sponsoring these two clubs, parlays would have been extremely profitable

Even if you haven't been a staunch rooter up until now, you'll find that putting your money on the national pastime will provide some great moments in sport But let me sound a warning—the above only applies to the major leagues Betting on Little League games is a lot more risky ##

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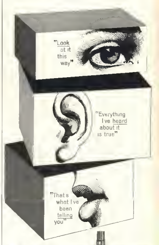
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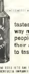

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THE ULTIMATE GRADUATION

(Continued from page 72)

freedom it bespoke. The immense liberality of the whole experience—something that had escaped me until then, perhaps because I, like so many Americans, had chafed against the ancient form Oxford itself in which it was couched—struck home. I suddenly realized how my tutor might have been a little dubious. I'd read *Beowulf* but not at Oxford. In Torremolinos, Spain, stopping every so often to watch a late winter school of porpoises that had come in near the shore in their Mediterranean play. I'd gone through every last one of the *Canterbury Tales* twice, along with the Scotch Chaucerians, but not in my digs. On an island in the Aegean during my own "long vac," and when I got back to Oxford there was still some sand in the well of the binding at the high point of the Miller's Tale. Shakespeare? A Paris hotel on the Rue de Seine. The Romantic Poets? La plage du Midi at Cannes. Blake? Düsseldorf. T. S. Eliot's criticism? Amsterdam, in a freezing attic the climb to which seemed almost hand-over-hand up a stilt. I began to wonder why Oxford was obliged in any way to grant me a degree at all (why not, just as well, the European Defense Community?), and then with a much deeper chagrin I wondered if the country *I* had "driven right straight through" wasn't England itself.

From then on, aroused at last to some panicked sense of the occasion, I tried very hard to treat the rest of that Degree Day as if it were truly a last. I tasted the nut-gold sherry in the Queen's Chamber as if I were tasting it for the Queen. At High Table I tried to develop all at once and out of nowhere, a high chamberlain's sensibility to ancient oak, ancient plate, heavy portraiture (Walter de Merton, Charles I), casement, mullioning, whispers, old fowl, and mates couchant in a field of almost heraldic sunlight. I courted every first, prolonged every last, yet all I seemed to rouse was a puckish delight among the Fellows at how well I'd managed the Public Examiners. As if, like Disraeli had done the Whigs, I'd dished them. I looked around and realized that no matter what I would remain an anomaly. Oxford had grown *used* to Americans, *used* to their "driving right straight through."

Even now it strikes me as most remarkable the manner in which Oxford has made room for Americans. Every year there are more of them—upward of a hundred may be in residence at any time—and yet no stone moves. But back then, on the verge of the Degree Ceremony itself, I felt Oxford could actually make them vanish. I thought of the moldering grace with which I'd seen Oxford confer an honorary degree upon Harry Truman and, in the very act of honoring him, subsumed his whole Missouri individuality under her classical forms. At the Encaenia, delivering a brief oration on the *honoris causa*, the Vice Chancellor had taken each phase of the Truman Administration and deftly rounded it off into a mellifluous Latinism—the Berlin airlift (*aëriis viis Berolinum*), South Korea (*Koream inferiorem*), even NATO (*Euros marque Atlantico pactionem*)—and then, when he'd come to the 1948 election, by now quoting Virgil on the ignorance of prophets, he'd mercifully allowed one slight but all-enlightening emendation to profane his ancient text:

heu vatum ignarae mentes!
quid vota repulsum,
quid promissa iuvant?
tua quid praesagia, Gallup?

I remember Mr. Truman's single hearty, comprehending laugh. It was the heel Mother Oxford held him by as she dipped him, and I felt, looking around at the dons during that moment, that the same thing was about to happen to me.

It almost did. The Degree Ceremony is truly engulfing. Its pageantry is at once both rich and austere, and perhaps because it represents more than seven centuries of institutional wisdom, the finery of the academical dress seems almost to be the tailoring of the mind. But underneath its medieval ritual, its practiced Latinity, the ceremony itself somehow falters. At least I survived it. Standing there in subfusc far forward in the press of those supplicating for their degrees, awaiting the arranged outcome of the famous Proctors' Walk, I suddenly recognized its mutability. It wasn't all there. The older crotchets, such as the Proctors *really* walking to a purpose, slowly circling the Ancient House of the Congregation so that any master (or creditor tradesman, legend has it) could "pluck" the Proctor's gown and vote *Non placet* on any supplicant, have long since disappeared. The ceremony had now become after all only one of those institutional disguises, a masque of perpetuity, and I placed it with a sigh of relief beside my most familiar landmark among Oxford's antiquarian fancies, the Merton College Library.

How can I explain this? So much is made clear if that library in all its deliberate fumbling eld can be properly evoked, but what is it but the dilapidated (yet restored) upstairs corner of Mob Quad, and, in all senses, the most ancient library in Great Britain? It has changed, yet it hasn't. Everything from the college kitchens to Sir Max Beerbohm's bedroom has been moved in and out below stairs of that library, but it

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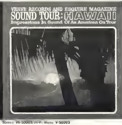
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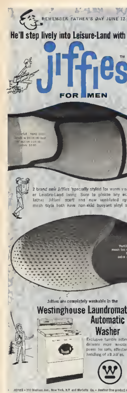
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remains as if, *circa* 1300, anyone using it is intruding on the better study habits of Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, and William of Ockham.

It is one of Oxford's stopped clocks—from an hour before there really *were* any clocks—and it is cherished in precisely that way. I remember reading, for instance, a cautionary edict posted by the librarian asking that no book published before 1600 be taken out of the library without special permission. This was tantamount to saying that it would be perfectly all right to sign out a *First Folio of Shakespeare's Plays* but that the librarian would *prefer* it if the Gutenberg Bible were read in the stacks. Neither volume is listed in the library catalogue (though that doesn't mean they aren't *there*, broken-backed in some coign or cleft, being emulated by silverfish—or perhaps in order) but that was exactly the sentiment.

Then there is the library dictionary, which happens to be the one compiled by Dr. Samuel Johnson in 1755. (At least it is the *best* dictionary the library has.) It was issued in two volumes, and for sport, it's always fun to look up words for the crossword puzzle in it, but for the life of me I was never able to get my hands on both of them at once. If A through K was at hand, L through Z was somewhere around, but where? And who had it? Poking around for it in that dusty loft I would bump into all the ancient theories man had once propounded and shortly forgotten: *Liber Medicus Libri Artium*. An old yellowed globe, listing Japan uncertainly in the Oceanus Magnus. Astrolabes. Sir Thomas Bodley's helmet, "which formerly hung over his tomb." An old chest with a locking system like a maze of iron lily pads and stems, out of which three masters each with a key once made loans to impoverished students on the security of their books deposited in the chest. Now empty—no money, no books. And even a pavement slab from the Temple of Nabu, Nineveh. Lovely lines of cuneiform. By this time, of course, what use was Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*, either volume, when one needed rather a Rosetta stone to help translate a tough gobbet of Babylonian cuneiform?

But the point to me about all the intellectual memorabilia in that incredible attic is that it is really only an outward extension of a more wonderful *inward* clutter. The mind of Oxford—ah, here is swift work for the trained archaeologist or a good charwoman. What odd thoughts lie there interred by the sands of time blown hither by the winds of doctrine. What philosophical astrolabes, what wedge-like mental cuneiform. There is a don for instance who is today a convinced Gladstonian Liberal and he is very much to the left of another don, a Queen Anne Tory whose political ambition is to revive the ale-drinking October Club of Dean Swift and Alexander Pope. There is a don who, by use of the dialectic, is wont to prove conclusively that the Queen is wrong in owning a racehorse. There is a don who is deep in philological research into the hidden meaning of the vowel shift in such words as twiddle-twaddle and fiddle-faddle. There is a don who is best known for having written half a book—not a whole book—on Hegel. There is a Junior Fellow who worked himself philosophically into the position of a reverse solipsist. ("I'm convinced that everybody in the world exists *except* me. And it's a bloody bore.") And there are innumerable dons who collect—snuffboxes, rubbings of medieval "brasses," coats of arms, crested falcons and, of course, books. Not Great Books or "interesting" books, or beautiful books, but *tiny* books. ("This one's fascinating," I remember hearing one bibliophile say, thumbing a Latin volume the exact size of his thumb. "It's the one Milton *replied to*.") Occasionally this fantastic trivia is swept together in some singular mind and rounded off into a splendid Oxonian period. To wit, the late H. W. Garrod, C.B.E., M.A., Hon. D. Litt., F.B.A., discussing the fate of English poetry:

"I venture to suggest . . . that the history of English poetry might be conceived . . . as beginning with a Merton man and ending with one. It begins with Nicholas Grimald. He edited *Tottel's Miscellany*. He wrote *The Garden*. He was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. It ends . . . with Mr. T. S. Eliot. Mr. Eliot edited *The Criterion*. He wrote *The Waste Land*. He has recently been decorated with the Order of Merit."

The secret behind all this delightful brummagem is that Professor Garrod was once Mr. Eliot's tutor and they just never did see quite eye to eye on the Greats.

Mr. Eliot, in fact, is exactly the kind of mistake that Oxford is famous for—one that having been once made, must *pro forma* be made over and over again, for the sake of consistency. He was up at Merton in 1914, and undoubtedly there were others there too but nobody seems to recollect him very clearly, or be able to find much record of him, or break a bemused silence concerning him. "Very cynical young man." In all my putterings among the artifacts of Oxford the only official trace of his Merton residence I ever found turned up much later in Ohio. An elderly Rhodes scholar showed me a rowing trophy of all things—a pewter pint, awarded for the junior "fours" in 1914. On it was engraved: "T. S. Eliot Stroke."

Recognizing its past delinquencies forty years later, however, Merton, being a strong rowing college, did attempt some amends for its neglect of Mr. Eliot in 1953 by making him an Honorary Fellow. They had him up to High Table. The Warden had a nice chat with him. He told Mr. Eliot how much he liked Christopher Fry. Mr. Eliot, after relieving himself of a few burdensome remarks on Mr. Fry, countered, still game, with a gift copy of *The Cocktail Party*. The Warden read it, and returned Mr. Eliot a polite note. He said he didn't think it was a play. One book I was never able to find in the Merton College Library was *The Cocktail Party*. Nor anything else of Mr. Eliot's poetry for that matter, though I was allowed to write an examination paper on it. Professor Garrod used to watch the disbursement of library funds like a hawk.

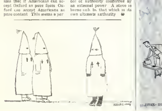
Now all this taken together—the trinkets in the library, the eccentricities of the donnish mind, and the lapse concerning Mr. Eliot—does not add up to much, but writ large it is Oxford itself. Or at least the content of Oxford. To an American this seems at first mystifying, then irritating, and finally utterly absurd, and he can go right through the whole experience, even the Degree Ceremony, as I almost did, without realizing that he has missed the point entirely.

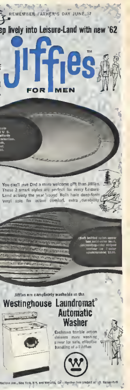
That is, that the charm of Oxford lies in the fact that its content really makes not a whit of difference to her scholars. Oxford is pure form. It is her great liberality and one that an American—coming from a culture of temporal immediacies, where a hair-trigger sensitivity to changes in substance is the clue to survival—can enjoy to the hilt. It goes with him wherever he happens to wander over the face of Europe.

In fact, the growing entente between Oxford and America seems based on the fascinating idea that if Americans can accept Oxford as pure form, Oxford can accept Americans as pure content. This seems a perfect working arrangement for tradition and modernity to strike with each other. It reminds me of the courtly grace with which the Warden of Merton, in an accommodation of one of his oldest buildings to a new use, announced recently—probably looking up at the Brize Norton jet trails that neatly bisect the sky above those pensive towers—that in case of emergency the Merton wine cellars will be used as bomb shelters (the library, I understand, being far too old to change).

And it is for its formal beauty that the Degree Ceremony must be admired. It is the best of good form. It is the ultimate graduation. Certainly at least a third of the academic work undertaken for the degree has the taste of dust in it, and the work often stops a full century short of its logically greater import. But the system under which the work is pursued—the classic relationship of scholar and tutor, a harmony when it works, a bane when it doesn't—is in form the most liberal pedagogy ever conceived, and in the Degree Ceremony it receives its most gracious final expression. The whole import of the ceremony, barely surviving in the present ritual, is not that the tutor is dismissing his scholar as a turned-out product into the world at large, though in reality that's where he usually heads. Formally, at least, the masters are inviting the undergraduate to join them with all rights and privileges as their respected fellow scholar in the university.

It is a splendid ceremonial *gratias*—one that I almost missed—and it rests on a conception of scholarly authority that is also justly symbolized in the Degree Ceremony. As Oxford winds up the High in colorful procession and enters through the Great Gate of the Divinity School swung open only on these ceremonial occasions, it marches behind three silver, three gold staves. Staves, not maces. A mace is the symbol of authority conferred by an external power. A stave is borne only by that which is its own ultimate authority. ##

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SON OF OLD MAID (Continued from page 77)

nally read the Sunday Times because it's in and never was out (For a while about a year ago the Sunday Tribune had a peculiar notoriety but only because of the weekly TV program booklet)

As for the charades part of this extraordinary game the less said the better Charades by itself is currently out and for this unhappy situation we can blame that deflowerer of great games television However when it is wedded à la Kingsley it is an entirely different kettle of fish to borrow a phrase

As in the above I'll attempt to describe this game with an example—one slipped from the secret files of the redoubtable Mr Sondheim. As a preliminary step two good-size charades teams (a minimum of five persons on a side) are selected and [illegible] separate rooms where they choose their captains Sondheim—or somebody else with enough free time intelligence and patience to make up a Double-Crostic Charades game—is the moderator He calls the captains together on neutral ground (usually a darkened hallway between the two rooms) and gives them each a sheet of paper with a Double Crostic diagram [illegible] it One column is marked Definitions the other Answers It is not at all unlike Mrs Kingsley's puzzle setup The big difference however is that the Definitions column is blank, except for lettering in alphabetical order denoting the number and position of the definitions to be given. The Answers column has lines denoting how many letters should be written in on the diagram (e g ___ ___ ___)

The rest of the game is divided into three rough stages all of which tend to overlap just to make things a hair more complicated The first stage is the charades stage A definition is whispered to the two captains by the moderator Like all the other definitions in this example it is the title of a play, the answers are various forms of the names of the plays authors. Let's say the first definition given is *Beau Brummell* The captains must now dash back to their respective teams and act out *Beau Brummell* using the standard team charades rules which I won't go into here The team members know only that all the definitions are play titles and that the answers are the plays authors The player who guesses *Beau Brummell* from his captain's expert charading then rushes to the moderator and announces his discovery Whereupon the moderator whispers back to him—and naturally his counterpart on the other team—the next definition which we'll say is *Old Limerick Town* This frenetic competition continues until the moderator's entire list of definitions is completed by legal charading While this is going on some player on each team is acting as an amanuensis (another one of those famous words I was promising you) The amanuensis is writing down the definitions as they are solved by the team When all the definitions are solved (disregarding any "The's") the initial letters of each definition are written on yet another piece of paper This begins the second or anagramming, stage of the game

In this particular example the initial letters would come out like this BOGERBGRERNASHWDA Each team must put its collective wits together to anagram this farrago The answer to this anagram is the author of the quotation ultimately to be written in on the Double-Crostic diagram it is as you've probably figured out GEORGE BERNARD SHAW Thus ends the second stage

The third stage—if you're still with me—is the filling in part The amanuensis must fill in with everyone's help the definitions in the proper order so that the initial letters will spell out GEORGE BERNARD SHAW Then everyone must concentrate on the answers to the definitions helping the amanuensis to fill in the correct letters in the Answers column and the Double-Crostic diagram As in all crostic puzzles, the Answers column and the quotation in the diagram reciprocally aid each other

When this harrowing task is over the columns should look like the box at bottom of page

When the quotation in the Double-Crostic diagram by the accurate transposition of letters from the Answers column is completed it should read like this "You will understand sir I hope . . . that if we should have the misfortune to hang you we shall do so as a mere matter of political necessity and military duty, without any personal ill-feeling" It is as the Shavians among you will readily see from *The Devil's Disciple* The three dots above, signifying an omission and the liberties taken with the definitions and answers are Sondheim's small concessions to perfection (Similar concessions may be found in *Gypsy*) Such peccadillos are allowable in this most difficult of games the main thing is to make the puzzle come out right which this example does, amazingly enough

However back to the game The team that has most rapidly filled in the correct definitions the correct answers, the correct quotation solved the anagram of the author's name, and has guessed the title of the play from which the quotation was taken then scampers *en masse* to the moderator and presents him with the proof of this superior travail That group is proclaimed the winner As for the other team it may finish its list while the winners look on patronizingly Playing time varies with inness for a good in theatrically oriented phony group it shouldn't take longer than an hour

Sondheim reports, however, that the creation of the puzzle takes him about two days of hard work, including the inking in of the two puzzle diagrams He's done five so far three, including the example contained herein are concerned with plays, one with movies and another with songs His only guides are the Burns Mantle *Index to the Best Plays Series* (a listing of most plays produced on Broadway up to 1950), his disarmingly fertile mind and his periodic disinclination to get down to more serious work —the last two being admirable aspects of the inpersonality

Well there you have it, people. File out in order please—one from Column A and two from Column B then two from Column A and one from Column B That's the way—one two, one two Scurry back to your teaky ang lohomas and be sure to try out what you learned here today But whatever you do don't tell the outpeople. They ruin everything Ta-ta. ##

	Definitions	Answers
A	Good Hunting	NATHANAEL WEST (co-author)
B	(The) End of the Beginning	O'CASEY
C	Old Limerick Town	PITOU
D	(The) Rogers Brothers in Panama	HOFFMAN (co-author)
E	Get Away, Old Man	WILLIAM SAROYAN
F	(The) Elder Statesman	ELIOT
G	Beau Brummell	CLYDE FITCH
H	Eden End	PRIESTLEY
I	Redhead	DOROTHY FIELDS (co-author)
J	Night Must Fall	WILLIAMS
K	Affairs of State	LOUIS VERNEUIL
L	Rocket to the Moon	ODETS
M	(The) Dog Beneath the Skin	WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN (co-author)
N	(The) System of Dr Tarr	POE (original author)
O	(The) Happiest Days of Your Life	DIGHTON
P	Amahl and the Night Visitors	MENOTTI
Q	West Side Story	ARTHUR LAURENTS*

*Injoke BASED ON AN IDEA BY JEROME ROBBINS

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STEREO FOR LATECOMERS

(Continued from page 105)

mum excursion—drumbeats, for example. Even then, many speakers (*all* console speakers) do not need, and indeed cannot take without damage the forty or fifty or even a hundred watts put out by some amplifiers. The high-powered amplifier guarantees to you that all the parts are being used well below their actual capacity even at the moments of greatest strain, but the only time you really need more than 15 or 20 watts is when you buy a "low efficiency" speaker.

Large speakers housed in small, sealed boxes tend to be fairly inefficient, because every time the cone pushes backward into the box it encounters considerable resistance from air that does not feel like being compressed. Usually then, the makers of high-quality small-box systems plan their speakers to be inefficient throughout the range. Exact measures of speaker efficiency—sound output for power input—are virtually impossible to obtain, because so much depends on the program material, the placement of the box in the room, the location of the recording microphone, etc. But the words "high-efficiency" or "low efficiency" are part of the formal description of every speaker system. If you buy a "high-efficiency" speaker, there is just no point in an amplifier rated at more than 20 watts. If you buy a "low-efficiency" speaker, you probably need 25 watts at least to get maximum performance from it.

THE signal to be amplified arrives from one of three "sound sources"—the record player, the broadcast tuner (radio or TV; TV sound is simply FM radio), or the tape recorder.

Record players are also tripartite, and can be bought as a unit or in pieces. The essential elements are the turntable on which the record spins, the pickup which holds the stylus that rides in the record groove, and the arm that holds the pickup over the record. A changer mechanism may be incorporated with the turntable.

What you pay for here is precision and delicacy. It is easy enough to get a turntable spinning at approximately 33½ revolutions per minute, but to keep it perfectly stable at that speed requires a fairly expensive motor and a heavy turntable weighted at the edges to take advantage of the stabilizing properties of centrifugal force. (The stabilizers that keep a ship from pitching and rolling are built on the same principle.) With the advent of stereo disc, which gets sound out of vertical as well as horizontal motions of the stylus in the pickup, it became equally important for a turntable to be vertically stable, running round and round in precisely the same plane; otherwise, the speaker rumbles.

Pickups, like speakers, are transducers, but they must do their work of converting physical motion to electrical energy in a space somewhat smaller than the manicured part of a lady's fingernail. Thanks to the chemical properties of certain crystals and ceramics, which give off an electric current when bent, stereo pickups can be made quite cheaply, and sold for as little as $2.50. If a cheap changer is being used, there is something to be said for such pickups: they are not sensitive enough to detect the slight vertical motions which would appear as rumble if a good pickup were used. Otherwise, the inexpensive pickups *prevent* high fidelity. There are some high-quality ceramics, and most consoles use ceramics, gaining again the price advantage of planning a complete system. The output from a ceramic pickup is higher than that from a magnetic pickup, which is customarily used in component rigs (and in the very best consoles). By planning pickup, amplifier and speaker all at the same time, the console-maker can eliminate one of the more expensive circuits of the amplifier and still get enough power to run his machine. Component amplifiers must be able to take the output from either magnetic or ceramic pickups.

Every part of today's sound system, except perhaps the speaker, represents the triumph of miniaturization in the electronics industry, but nowhere is this accomplishment more remarkable than in the magnetic pickup. The stereo pickup is a pair of electric generators in a single tiny housing. The generators draw their energy from the invisible wiggles of a stylus jiggling in two planes opposed to each other at ninety degrees. The pickup must cope with all the usual transducer problems of friction and inertia, plus the very special electrical problems of the proximity of two independent magnetic fields. That such devices can be made to sell for as little as $20, complete with diamond stylus, is one of the miracles of modern production. Unless you have spectacularly good associated equipment, there is probably no point in spending more than $30 for a pickup. The stylus, by the way, is almost always part of the electrical assembly, and it can be dangerous to use replacement styli other than those made by the manufacturer of the pickup.

Even the pickup arm is trickier than you might think. It must, obviously, move absolutely freely across the disc, and it must also move very freely up and down, or warped records will be unplayable. And it must be designed and mounted so that the pickup will be kept facing down the groove as the arm makes its arc—a task that cannot be accomplished perfectly, though a well designed long arm comes remarkably close. Among the improvements in record changers in recent years has been the development of more carefully designed and produced arms which can keep pickups moving along the record with less "tracking error" and with remarkably little effective weight at the point of the stylus.

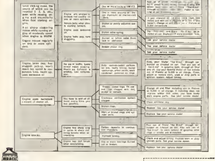
The radio tuner, now including FM Multiplex for stereo, works by detecting the modulations of a very high frequency broadcast signal—millions of cycles per second in the case of FM. AM radios can be made very cheaply, as anybody knows who has been in a drugstore, but AM at its best can give only moderate fidelity, because broadcast frequency range must be restricted in order to keep stations from interfering with each other. In theory, of course, FM can be perfect, and sometimes it damned near is.

What costs the money in an FM tuner is sensitivity—the weaker the signal the tuner can detect and use, the more expensive the design—and freedom from distortion in the "side bands" caused by heavy modulation of the signal. Multiplex FM stereo, which went on the air only last June in a system developed by Zenith and General Electric, works by modulating the main broadcast signal with a "subcarrier" and *its* modulations as well as with the main message. The procedure employed allows the owner of a monophonic FM tuner to receive pretty much a regular monophonic broadcast, while the owner of a tuner with a Multiplex adaptor gets stereo.

The first months of Multiplex stereo broadcasting were full of disasters at both the transmitting and the receiving end, but the broadcast engineers now know how to handle (and improve) the new equipment, and the receivers—particularly those with wide band circuits which detect the subcarrier by "switching" rather than by conventional condenser methods—are coming along fine. Multiplex adaptors are complicated but not very expensive to make; they should add less than $50, perhaps considerably less, to the cost of the tuner.

Tape recorders work by replacing the little dynamo of the phonograph pickup with a little coil of wire completely insulated except at an infinitesimal "gap," past which move patterns of magnetic fields caught in the iron oxide coating of a plastic tape. The electrical signal is induced without physical motion, eliminating one of the inevitable imperfections of the phonograph. The tape playback unit requires only the "heads" and an electric motor to turn the spool which keeps the tape moving past them. Such units can be made for a few dollars, and even the cheap ones work a little. But a good tape recorder is expensive to build because heads must be machined to incredibly close tolerances, and because pulling tape past a head at exactly the right speed is much trickier than spinning a platter at exactly the right speed.

It is important to distinguish the "tape deck," which involves merely the heads and the motor, from the "tape playback," which includes preamplifiers designed for the characteristics of the heads and the tape. Most modern component amplifiers have provision for preamplification of tapes, and a deck can be plugged in directly, though the results are not always as good. The "tape recorder," which makes recordings as well as playing them back, requires for full quality four preamplifiers (two each for record and play back), elaborate motors and



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weighted drive wheels and associated equipment such as "VU-meters" to guide the recordist at his work. It's folly to expect real good ones for much less than $400 and the best may cost half again as much as that, even for amateur use.

As the hi fi business has developed in recent years the console-makers have taken over (or rather taken *back*) the great bulk of the lower priced market—from $300 down, say, where the economies already mentioned can be put to good use. Components makers who put out the most expensive equipment have continued to profit from perfections they offer that the consoles do not really try to match. From $300 to $1,000, the two types of equipment makers are in a dogfight, which this correspondent prefers not to comment on, but simply to observe.

People who want to save money and still get fine sound have created a third sort of market—the kit. Even when a number of printed circuits are used the manufacture of audio parts requires a good deal of labor. The man who is willing to put things together himself, thus saving a manufacturer the labor costs, which in these days can be considerable, is able to buy bargains.

Speaker kits are no problem to assemble for anyone who is not all thumbs. No electronic finagling need be done except in one or two cases, and the job is just simple assembly of woodwork much easier than putting together a child's bicycle, to say nothing of some of the knockdown toys that require an expert to put them together again. Basic amplifiers demand little more than a knowledge of which end of the soldering iron gets hot and which direction you turn a screw to tighten it—provided you have the temperament that can follow fanatically detailed manufacturer's instructions whether you understand what you are doing or not. You also need, for a first time around, at *least* eight hours of free time and don't let anybody kid you about it. The price-saving on amplifiers runs about a third to two-fifths of assembled cost. It goes without saying that this price saving is considerable.

Anybody who has successfully built an amplifier kit can tackle a preamplifier kit, though everything is a little trickier. Tuner kits are for experts, even if the factory has already "aligned" them, and Multiplex kits are to be avoided by anyone of less than professional abilities—which probably disqualifies everybody who has read to the end of this primer. I wouldn't dream of trying it myself. #

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MEXICO: A RIDE ON THE WILD SIDE

(Continued from page 109)

inn at Mitla. It's La Sorpresa, another seventeenth-century hacienda which houses anthropology students working at the Zapotec Museum. When it isn't full of students you can rent a large and airy room with meals for about $4.80 a day. And finally you've got the second hardest drive of the trip scheduled for the morrow.

This is the section down to Tehuantepec and across the Isthmus and it's a good 310 miles as your car goes from Mitla to your next night's stopover to Coatzacoalcos—which we never did learn to pronounce. If it's too much for you you could refer to it by its old name—Puerto Mexico—and people will know what you're talking about. Before you leave Mitla, though you'll want to try a local drink specialty called Mezcal. It's not a reducing drink, as the name might lead you to believe, but it's concocted from a variety of cactus and it tastes sort of like a tequila liqueur, if you can imagine such a thing.

The first hundred miles of your drive are through the same sort of breathless mountain country you enjoyed on your way into Oaxaca. Things level off as you approach the isthmus and the town of Tehuantepec, which is the center of a culture unique to the region. Here you'll notice some aspects of a matriarchal society. If the women don't exactly run the show they certainly accept none of the male-supremacy routine from their men. Although they're not really bigger than the men they seem to be so because they carry themselves proudly erect, they're built well sort of *zaftig*, and they wear handsome costumes especially at fiesta times. The men, meanwhile, sort of *schlump* around and their plumage is on the drab side.

Here men generally don't get fresh with the girls in the marketplace; more usually it's the other way around, and the sharp tongues of the women give a rough verbal time to any timid man who happens to strike their sense of humor. The Tehuano people are for the most part Zapotec Indians with a rich admixture of blood from practically every race in the world. Tehuanos have a reputation for always having taken easily to foreigners, and passing Spanish conquerors, Frenchmen, Americans, Irishmen, Middle Easterners, Chinese and Negroes all have left unmistakable traces of their presence.

Tehuantepec would make an interesting stopover, but the hotel situation is not exactly great. There's a fairly promising looking place just off the road on the way out of town, but people who have stayed there unrecommend it enthusiastically.

If you want to be able to say you've driven coast to coast from the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico in about four hours you could take a fourteen-mile side trip from Tehuantepec down to the Pacific port of Salina Cruz, but there's not very much there to interest visitors.

You reach your first section of brand new road as you swing north into the transisthmian highway at La Ventosa twenty-five miles out of Tehuantepec, and from now on you ought to take it a bit easy because folks hereabouts aren't too accustomed to having a road run through their land. So they use its hot surface to spread out their chiles to dry in the sun and on winter evenings people and livestock sit or lie down on its edge to soak up the last bit of its warmth. If you stop the car you might have a bit of trouble starting on your way again, because the pavement

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sitters will turn into car leaners—admiring of course.

You'll enjoy your night's stopover at Coatzacoalcos, a pleasant Gulf port with broad avenues and several good hotels and restaurants. We stayed at the Lemarroy last fall while they were renovating it, and it should be a really modern hotel—something very rare for this part of the country—by the time you read this.

Unfortunately, though, you'll have to get up ungodly early to catch the first ferry which leaves at 4:45 a.m. The early start is because trucks from nearby oil camps have priority over all vehicles, and if you wait for the later ferries you could very easily spend a couple of hours in the nonpriority line.

You should be in Villahermosa about 107 miles away, around 7:30 just about the right time to enjoy a good breakfast in one of the restaurants fronting the plaza. You'll want to browse around the lovely little town a bit and be ready to hit the road again about ten o'clock.

You'll have three more ferries today, the last one the big boat that carries your car out to the island of Carman. This would be a good spot to spend a few days, if time is no factor and you want to rest up a bit. The island has several fine beaches, it's a big sports-fishing and skin-diving center, and there are quite decent hotels and at least one outstanding restaurant—the Caramelo facing the Compañía Mexicana de Aviación ticket office—in Ciudad del Carmen.

Final stretch of the new road lies between Carman and the city of Campeche up the coast just south of Yucatán. It's a run of about 130 miles, no great problem unless you happen to hit things wrong at the Isla Aguade ferry (a raft pulled by a tug) which shuts down about six in the evening. Then you might have to sleep in the lighthouse. Cost fifty pesos.

Campeche, a walled city more than four hundred years old, is a state capital and a good place for an overnight stop. And if you're primarily interested in the offbeat part of the trip you might turn back here, as the road between Campeche and Mérida has been in business for many years. This is a good place too for us to stop, leaving information on what to take along on the trip, how to pack and details of your return routing for Richard Joseph's Travel Notes which you'll find elsewhere in this issue. ##

JEAN MONNET: HE CHANGED THE ECONOMIC STRUCTURE OF THE WESTERN WORLD *(Continued from page 103)*

where he was staying. "I've been coming here for fifty years," he said, "and there have been many changes in that period but none like the change today." Monnet was in high good humor, looking fit and spry, carrying his seven decades of life and work lightly. Prime Minister Macmillan had just told the Commonwealth Association that Britain had no choice but to join the Common Market. It was probably the greatest victory, the crowning victory of Jean Monnet's life.

"Victory? Nonsense! You must not say such things. Victory means not only that someone has won but that someone has lost. And when somebody loses everyone loses a little, even the victor. Besides, who has lost anything in this British decision? The Six of the Continent have gained a very great partner, the British people. Britain has gained six partners in France, West Germany, Italy and the Beneluxes. This is a triumph for everyone, there are no losers."

"Have you found out yet what you are, Jean?" I asked him.

He laughed again more heartily than ever, and said:

"Yes, I am a man with a job to be done. This is only the beginning of it. With Britain in the Common Market Europe is one of the strongest, most resourceful societies in the world, roughly the equal in skills and resources of the United States. Now that we are equal we can think of an association of the same kind with you. Europe and America together. What a grand society that will be, strongest in the world, not against anyone, but just for itself. And no one will dare attack it. It will be an example for all other peoples. What an idea, eh? The United States of America and Europe! Now that's a job to be done, so let's get on with it and not waste so much time at lunch."

I arose with him, startled, excited, not sure whether he was completely serious or half joking. He put his arm on mine and, as we walked out together, he said: "It will be done, it is being done. It's the same old idea of fifty years ago, but now we are more than halfway there."

I walked out into the busy traffic of Kensington, waved good-by to the great young-old man of Europe, Jean Monnet, the man who does not know what he is but knows what he has to do. ##

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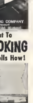

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A SHORT INTERLUDE WITH SONNY LISTON

A good boxer is a hard loser even when it comes to television

by GAY TALESE

Sonny Liston had knocked his opponent through the ropes within three rounds and two hours later was holding court in a hotel coffee shop, banging a spoon against his cup trying to get the waiter's attention.

"Hey, Sonny," the reporters around the table asked, "how much can you make out of a Patterson fight?"

"Ah donno," he said, shrugging, still looking for the waiter. "Ah makes a lot a money, pays a lot a taxes." He banged the spoon again.

"You got tax troubles, like Johansson?"

"Ah pays my taxes with a smile," Liston said. Then grinning, he punched his cut man, Joe Polino, on the shoulder and said:

"Hey, Joe, ya know what the tax man say when you pay yo taxes with a smile?"

Polino, who had been slurping his coffee, raised his unshaven face and said: "No, Sonny, what the tax man say when you pay taxes with a smile?"

"He say, 'Man, you can't pay it wit' a smile, man, we wanta cash!'"

Polino broke up laughing, slapping his thighs, and some silverware skipped off the table and clattered to the floor.

"Drop yo watch?" asked Liston, the humorist.

Polino doubled up in convulsive laughter again, and Liston banged him on the back of the neck.

"Sonny. SONey, you hush!" It was the voice of Mrs. Liston, a small woman in a bright silk dress, who had just arrived.

Liston remained quiet for a few moments while Polino regained control, then, bending his spoon and staring into space, Liston said:

"Man, tomorrow ah gonna buy me that portable TV for ma car. Can't get that kind nowhere else."

"Can so!" said his wife, now seated.

"Can not!"

"Can so!" she said. "In Philly. Get it at Sears."

"Ah don't want no Sears!" Liston shouted.

"Well, you gonna have to pay freight," she said, filing her nails.

"I carry it," he said. "Gotta handle, little handle, and a little leather case."

"Sears guarantees," she went on. "Who gonna fix it if that one breaks?"

"Gotta friend," Liston said.

"How much this set cost?" she asked.

"$185," Polino answered.

"$175!" Liston snapped, swinging around at Polino, who looked startled. "Ah get it down. Ah get it down ten—twenty—at least ten dollars."

"SONey," his wife said, almost pleading, "you might see something better at Sears. And the freight'll make it more."

Liston suddenly rose, his face showing anger.

"I carry it!" he said. "It gotta case, gotta strap!"

Liston then looked down at Polino, slurping coffee again.

"Joe," Liston said, "take care of the check."

Then Liston turned and left the coffee shop and stomped down to the corner newsstand to see if the evening papers were in so he could read about his three-round knockout. ##

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GASTRONOMY

JOSEPH WECHSBERG

The art of living: the making of a Parisienne

YOUNG LADIES from America with suitably well-heeled daddies may now study in Paris the very French art of *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre* which includes among other things the appreciation of all that's beautiful on earth, the art of living gracefully, a knowledge of cuisine, the ability to choose the right wines, and the Sorbonne's famous Cours de Civilisation Française.

This unique experiment in international education was created and is conducted by Mme. Maggie Vaudable, a past University of Lyon graduate, in private life the wife of M. Louis Vaudable, proprietor of Maxim's. Mme. Vaudable calls her school quite simply and somewhat arrogantly L'Académie, unconcerned about another older Académie in Paris which was founded in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu and whose forty members bask in the bright sunshine of premature immortality. Mme. Vaudable's hauteur is perhaps calculated: after all, the forty Immortals merely edit a dictionary while her school tries to shape the minds of young people.

The idea of the Académie first occurred to Mme. Vaudable one day four years ago in New York, the idea city, when a friend asked her half jokingly, "Why don't you open a high-class cooking school at Maxim's?" Mme. Vaudable immediately rejected the suggestion of a lowly cooking school ("Maxim's is not a restaurant," she says, "but an institution, seventy years of *la vie Parisienne*") but kept thinking about higher ideals. Suppose she would organize a five-week course to teach a group of selected young ladies the art of dining ("initiation to the fascinating secrets of French cuisine and French wines"), the art of entertaining ("refinements of elegant hospitality") and some art appreciation ("the key to the treasures of Paris")? There might be cookery classes in the morning, but the afternoons would be devoted to the appreciation of the various arts, and there would be visits to the great collections and beautiful private homes in Paris under erudite guidance. The first five-week course started on June 23, 1959 and was later three times repeated.

By the Fall of 1960 the five-week sessions were discontinued, the idea having grown into something much more ambitious: a complete school year centering on the Sorbonne's Cours de Civilisation Française (French literature and art of the Middle Ages and the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) with a practical course in French language as part of the country's civilization. There would be lectures every weekday morning from nine to twelve at the Sorbonne and diplomas for students passing the written and oral exams.

Arrangements with the Sorbonne were made with the help of the Foreign Ministry's Directeur Général des Affaires Culturelles et Techniques. The Académie girls would enjoy special privileges; they would hear the lectures in a private room, La Salle des Archives, which would save them the inconvenience of having to queue up early in the morning for a seat in the usually overcrowded lecture halls. And they would have their tutors with them for help in translating and taking notes.

After the morning classes at the Sorbonne, devoted to the classical French traditions, there would be afternoon lectures at the Académie, dealing with a study of French modernism. And so the girls now meet in the afternoon in the Académie's "classroom," a small hall with a picture window overlooking the trees of the Parc Monceau, to listen to lectures by prominent French experts and famous art critics on contemporary art, music, painting and sculpture. The afternoon courses begin where the Sorbonne course ends and bring the students to art galleries, private collections and beautiful homes. Thus all of Paris has become the Académie's real classroom and the past and present civilization of France are its curriculum.

The Académie girls live in Paris exactly like well-to-do Parisiennes. They stay in the homes of carefully selected Parisian families with whom they share their meals and social life. After a while they find out how the French—or at least some French upper-class people—live. They speak French all the time; they have to. Even girls who knew little French when they came to Paris have made astonishing progress after a few weeks in their new homes and at the Sorbonne, where they bone up on irregular verbs, recite vowels, listen to phonograph records of their own voices and hear their mistakes. After the efficient French-language courses during the first semester, most students are able to follow the course of French civilization during the second semester. And that's not all. "The Académie's real aim," says Mme. Vaudable, "is to make the girls want to learn, to help them learn, to arouse their intellectual curiosity. In Paris something new is created every day. Here one must be alert and receptive to new ideas all the time."

The weekly afternoon program includes lectures by the French music critic Claude Rostand on European music, from Bach and Mozart to Bartok and Schonberg; occasional talks by conductor Igor Markevitch and composer Olivier Messiaen; excursions to the recently restored Louis XIV Theatre at the Château de Versailles under the guidance of Madame Solange Doumic, formerly attached to the Louvre, to the Château de Vincennes, La Malmaison, the Abbaye de Port Royal, the Cabinet du Roi Louis XV at the Bibliothèque Nationale, or the Musée Nissim de Camondo, a showcase of French period furniture. On Tuesdays, when the museums of Paris are closed to the public, the privileged students of the Académie can go to the Musée d'Art Moderne to study the Fauves, the Expressionists, the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists and the abstract canvases which are explained to them by M. Bernard Dorival, one of the curators. Or they look at the wonderful Manets, Monets and Renoirs at the Jeu de Paume or at the Van Goghs in the Dr. Gachet Collection. They've heard the art critic J. L. Ferrier lecture upon Cubisme Synthétique and Picasso, visited the painter Mario Prassinos in his studio.

The Académie's illustrious social standing and the name of Maxim's open for the students quite a few doors that remain closed to most foreign residents and nearly all tourists in France. The Académie girls have been received by the Baron de Redé at his Hôtel Lambert on the Ile St. Louis, said to be the oldest privately occupied mansion in Paris, where they enjoyed an unforgettable evening under ceilings painted by Lebrun, with footmen, champagne and a wonderful view of the Seine. Later the Princesse de Polignac asked them to come down to her apartment in the same building. They went to see Maître Rheims, the celebrated French art expert and auctioneer (who last winter sold the Biddle Collection at the Charpentier Gallery) and saw the beautiful period furnishings at his home. They have visited the art collection of the Baronne Edouard de Rothschild and were invited to the château of the Duc de Luynes. They made weekend visits to the châteaux de la Loire and Dijonnais, to Chartres and Bordeaux; in Rheims they spent a weekend as guests of the Taittinger champagne dynasty. Probably the most exciting visit and enjoyable history lesson was their trip to the House of Dior where they saw M. Bohan's collection of 1920 period clothes.

The art-of-living program includes occasional visits to Porthault (linen), Marin (the art of setting the table), Puiforcat (antique silver collections), Baccarat (crystal), Cartier (antique collections), Jean Schlumberger (modern art in jewels), the Flower Market and Flea Market, the Manufacture de Sèvres and the Manufacture des Gobelins.

Three times a month the girls are taken in small, well-chaperoned groups to the Opéra, the Comédie Française, the ballet and concerts. There is a specially selected "welcome committee" of seventy-some young Parisians (married couples, French girls and Frenchmen "with impeccable credentials") whose members act as escorts for dances and cocktail parties. Once every three weeks Mme. Vaudable invites two of the girls to dine formally at Maxim's with her and a couple of young Frenchmen. This, says Mme. Vaudable, is Académie's only connection with Maxim's except for its postal address, which says "L'Académie, c/o Maxim's." The girls have their own free time, but their hostesses have orders to inform Mme. Vaudable immediately "of any deviation from the correct."

IN JULY
ESQUIRE CONSIDERS WOMEN

with particular reference to what they are doing to us. Malcolm Muggeridge, Britain's gadfly, has at all of American femininity, while Brock Brower examines Mary McCarthy, Robert Alan Aurthur imagines a strange future, and Norman Mailer views the very model of an eighteenth-century wife.

More, considerably more, of the Aspects of the Ladies in Esquire for July, on sale June 19

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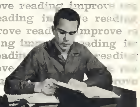

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If any of the Académie's students came to Paris with hopes to live the life of what once was The Lady from Maxim's and nowadays is the heroine in a Sagan novel, she soon will be disappointed. Official visits to Les Deux Magots are not part of the school's curriculum. And Mme. Vandable leaves no doubt that work comes first at the school and that the girls have to expect *une vie de travail et de rigueur.*'

Every Saturday morning there is a cooking lesson with the Comtesse Mapie de Toulouse-Lautrec who usually wears a *belle époque* hat for the sake of authentic atmosphere. The girls prepare, cook and eat their own lunch, and afterward they wash their own dishes. They work in a bright, big, model kitchen (by courtesy of a French utility company), located near the Bois de Boulogne, not at Maxim's. The comtesse insists on first rate ingredients, and all recipes are mimeographed in French and English. One of the first things she teaches her students is how to poach eggs, which is not easy. Mapie's method is to fill a deep frying pan with lightly boiling water, add a spoonful of white vinegar, break the eggs (extra fresh, extra large) one by one into a saucer and let them slip into the simmering water. She lets them cook for three minutes, takes them out with a skimmer and drains on a clean tea towel. She serves hollandaise with the eggs, made of egg yolks blended with soft but not melted butter, salt and lemon juice. It's made in a small copper saucepan that fits tightly over the water bath but never touches it. The water must never boil. If the sauce starts to curdle—as it will with most beginners—Mapie advises them to snatch it from the fire and to pour in a spoonful of ice water, beat briskly with the whisk and all will be well. And if it isn't, girls, remember that the preparation of a perfect hollandaise has been the downfall of some ambitious *saucière.*

Many students mail the recipes home. One of them, Charlotte Ford, the older daughter of Henry Ford II, sent them to her mother in Grosse Pointe, who handed them to the Fords' cook for a tryout. The wines at the Saturday lunch are chosen by M. Vandable, whose viticultural lectures are part of the Académie's curriculum. During the Christmas vacation the girls may make an optional trip to a Swiss or Austrian winter-sports resort, and at Easter they may go on a cruise to Greece, Egypt and Israel. These trips, incidentally, are the only extras. Everything else, including weekend visits, theatre and concert tickets, hotels, transportation and room and board is covered in the package deal. The yearly course costs $4,000. It begins on October 10 and ends on June 15.

Students eighteen to twenty-five years of age are eligible but Mme. Vandable limits attendance to twenty foreign and five French girls. Candidates and their parents are expressly warned that this is no easy way of 'doing Paris' or having fun at Maxim's. Despite their privileges the girls have to work just as hard as every other Sorbonne student to pass the exams which, by American standards, are very difficult. Sample questions from last year's exams: 'What is the philosophical content of *Candide*?' 'Give a summary description of the main façade of the Amiens Cathedral.' 'What were Montaigne's ideas on education?' One girl was so exhausted after the first weeks that she cried for hours, but after a while she began to enjoy an entirely new sensation—the stimulation that comes from studying hard.

Of the twenty students of nine different nationalities that enrolled at the Académie during the school year of 1960/61, twelve sat for the Sorbonne examination. Of the remaining eight, four were French and thus not authorized to sit for an exam reserved for foreign students, two were sick and two had discontinued their studies, having become engaged (a professional hazard that doesn't surprise but worries Mme. Vandable). Of the twelve, four American students obtained the Certificat de Langue Française, though they knew only a little French at the start of the school year. Five girls, two of them Americans, received the coveted Sorbonne Diplôme de Civilisation Française.

"Best of all," says Mme. Vandable, "the girls leave Paris completely changed. There is that intangible glow about them that we here in Paris call *l'ambiance.* To acquire it you can't come as a tourist, you have to live among Parisians in the Paris of the Parisians. The Académie turns the girls into *vraies Parisiennes.*" #

If you want a new perspective on women
—American women—
read the July issue of Esquire
on the newsstands June 19th—the day
Esquire's offices will be closed

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

(Continued from page 12)

Incarceration à la carte

I attempt to incarcerate souls, not bodies! This is a photograph of the real McConnell's

restaurant; the one you used to illustrate Mr. Joseph's April article is of the town jail.

We enjoyed the article and had a good laugh too.

BARB McCONNELL
Frederiksted, St. Croix
U.S. Virgin Islands

Own up or shut up

Who was the self-styled "expert" who deemed it necessary to hack away at the way Truman, Curtis or Presley dressed—and yet was too ashamed to put his name on the article?

Granted, Elvis' musical talents are subject to controversy, as are the clothes he is wearing in the portraits of *7 Deadly Dressers* in your April issue, but what nasty nice verbiage is used in describing Harry Truman's and the others' way of dressing. Whoever wrote it seemed to be trying to show off a difficultly acquired vocabulary. It sounds catty, picayunish and uncalled for. It is apparent also—from many other "portraits" of the majority of those featured (excepting Mr. Jones), that these pictures are the exception, rather than the rule, for their modes of dress.

Lastly, it is my opinion (shared, I trust, by many), that you dress first for comfort, and secondly for "fashion." If I showed up at a board meeting wearing blue jeans and a tux jacket, I would expect that the boys from the ding-a-ling ward would be close at hand—but, by the same token, I feel perfectly at ease on weekends in blue jeans and sweater.

A better choice of words, accompanied by a byline and both sides of the pictured gentleman's dressing habits, would have made an altogether better article than the mess presented in a hitherto top-notch magazine.

ROBERT L. SCRIBNER
Nashville, Tenn.

A change for the better

I haven't seen your magazine for years; the last time I saw it, it was trite, snobbish and meaningless.

However, I happened to read your February issue on a plane and now have bought March. I am amazed and delighted with the change in format and the type of articles. *A Way of Life* by Dan Jacobson and *The Abraham Lincoln Brigade Revisited* by Brock Brower are stimulating thoughts and a show of courage in these conformist times.

I'm delighted to find an old friend rejuvenated.

ERNEST K. LOEB
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear parking lot:

Writing a letter to a magazine, like writing a letter to a parking lot, is something I never expected to do. I always thought that these types of magazine letters were dreamed up by the staff during moments when their minds were very dull or, if authentic, then by people who didn't have much to do at the time. Usually such letters praise the magazines endlessly or bring up some almost pointless point such as—"It wasn't 35' long, it was 34', 11½" long. I know because my grandmother was a neighbor of the man whose son did it."

Esquire either has very intelligent correspondents or else you must throw away a terribly large amount of mail because The Sound And The Fury is always very superior to similar sections in other publications. I can't understand why Esquire is not the widest circulated magazine in the world; it is definitely the best.

FORREST WALLACE CATO
New York, N.Y.

The Gospel according to Angst

Dwight Macdonald's article in the April Esquire inadvertently spotlights the ugly truth about our "God-fearing" Western World. Plato rightly stated that corruption began on the philosophical plane and gradually sifted down through the arts to the masses.

Macdonald wisely sees through to the core of Western Man's dilemma which is angst.

Sören Kierkegaard expounded the theory that if psychology ever probed deep enough and found the basic reason for Man's angst it would dogmatize its findings and, of course, thereby render it impotent. Let us face it, psychology is barely born or it would long ago have discovered that angst is the very foundation upon which organized religion is established. When and if psychology discovers this truth I feel sure it will remain powerless by angst and the lack of courage to tell the truth about its discoveries. Today psychology acts as a handmaiden to organized religion—can Satan cast out Satan?

Only true freedom of mind and spirit negate angst (Satan?), but it can only be attained by the individual's own efforts sans religious and/or scientific interference.

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Men's Sizes ......6-13 $8.50 ppd
Women's Version...3-11 $7.50 ppd
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Bloom's
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New York 14, N.Y.
[illegible] over 60 years

DANIELS AGAIN BRINGS YOU
The maximum of Smoking Pleasure
AT A MINIMUM OF COST
Daniels
VEGUEROS
Hand Made of Havana Tobaccos distinctive Curly Top Shape

Daniels is known throughout the world by connoisseurs of fine cigars for unequalled smoking quality. Now! Daniels brings you the new VEGUEROS ... truly the maximum of smoking pleasure at the minimum of cost.

The old fashioned and distinctive VEGUEROS Curly Top shape has been a personal favorite of Cuban cigar rollers for their own smoking pleasure for over 100 years. By eliminating costly finishing touches the savings are passed on to you ... here is all of the flavor and smoking quality of a big cigar at less cost.

Daniels VEGUEROS are hand made of choice Havana Tobaccos by skilled ex Cuban cigar makers ... in the new Daniels factories in Tampa, Florida ... under the personal supervision of one of the world's foremost cigar makers.

A full 6¾" of Cigar Smoking Pleasure in the distinctive Vegueros Curly Tops

50 — $ 7.50
100 — $14.50

Available in Natural Sun-grown Wrappers or Double (Green) Claro Wrappers.

Ask for information on other Daniels specials. Charge accounts invited. Mail orders filled at once.

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Save ⅓ To ½!
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Over 5000 styles $50 to $100,000
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NEW GIFT ITEM & BAR ACCESSORY

cocktail lovers, attention!

Twistolemon

[illegible]

Just a whisk of Twist-O-Lemon across the top of your cocktail glass. [illegible] gourmet touch. It's so easy — just a squeeze of the atomizer! Each bottle gets perfection to approximately 2000 cocktails. [illegible] Always on hand. [illegible] you know how to make a perfect cocktail. Twist-O-Lemon [illegible] gift packaged. [illegible] Send Check or M.O. for $4.95 ppd. or charge to Diners Club No. [illegible] Ill. residents add 4% sales tax.

[illegible] JAMES & CO. [illegible] — Dept. 10

FATHER'S DAY GIFT SUGGESTION

Bean's Chamois Cloth Shirt

Looks and feels like high grade chamois leather. Machine washable and is more durable than wool. Mr Bean personally uses this shirt on his fishing and hunting trips. Colors Tan and Bright Red. Sizes 14½ to 19. Price $5.85 Postpaid. Send for free sample and Free Catalog

L. L. Bean, Inc., 311 Main St., Freeport, Maine

Mfrs. Fishing and Camping Specialties

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Dept F-7, Box 65, Needham Hts 94 Mass

Carbide Cannon

Tremendous Boom ! !

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Johnson Smith Co. Dept 48 Detroit 7, Mich.

New Catalog of 2950 Novelties

Jokes, tricks, fun makers, [illegible] Send 10¢

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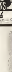

Direct to you from West Germany Manufacturers are famous name in cutlery for over 500 years. $2.00 value for only $1.25 postage paid. Money back guaranteed. The stainless steel serrated blade measures 7", polished wooden handle, 4", will not chip, crack, rust or warp. Use for frozen foods, cheese, lunch meats, breads, etc

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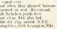
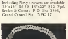
IT'S TRUE they're fake, but although these pearls weren't nurtured in an oyster many expert eyes widened when they glanced because they seemed so real. Two-strand, 22 inch Richelieu pearls have sterling clasp. $16 plus fed tax, 50¢ del chg. outside N.Y.C. Bloomingdale's, 59th Lexington, NYC



LOUNGE SUIT It's a one piece job for daddy-o to slip into after a hard day at office. Great for beach too. Has no buttons, loose tie belt, ¾ sleeves and legs. Of imported cotton in gold, blue, white, olive, turquoise, green or red. Small, medium or large. $16.95 plus 50¢ postg. The Village Square, 59 W 8th St, NYC 11

SCUTTLE, BUT for sugar. Reproduction of Sheffield piece doubles for candies, cigarettes, etc. Miniature of silver makes an excellent gift for mother, hostess or bride. Hand-chased with small scoop which rests in loop behind scuttle. $12.50 ppd. Virdon Sales, 945 Yonkers Ave., Yonkers, NY

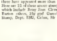
EX-NAVY MEN and Coast Guard Vets can have oil-colored framed photographs of aircraft carrier, battleship, destroyer escort or submarine they served on. Photos from World War I up to and including Navy's newest are available 13"x16" $6.50, 18"x22" $12 Ppd. Scalzo & Cooney, P.O. Box 2396, Grand Central Sta., NYC 17



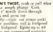
GOLF RUBBERS with built in rubber spikes are ideal for use over regular shoes on course, after spring showers. Can be worn over golf shoes too. Lightweight galoshe style in carrying case that fits into pocket or golf bag. S M L Ex L. Black $5.95 plus 20¢ postg. Caprice International, 76 Madison, NYC 16

ADD CONTINENTAL TOUCH to sports cars with auto club badges used by members of famed European clubs. Choice of British Racing Club, ADAC (Germany), Monte Carlo Rally, Club of Toledo Spain, or Club of France. Of metal, 3½" in diameter. $3.95 each, 2 for $7.50 ppd. Executive, Box 217 E, Oceanside, NY

HISTORICAL FACT. In 114 years of U.S. postal history women have appeared on only 50 of the more than 1,200 different stamps and three have appeared more than once. Here are 22 of these scarce stamps which include Betsy Ross, Clara Barton, others. 25¢ ppd. Garcelon Stamp, Dept. ESU, Calais, Me.



DON'T TWIST, yank or pull wine corks: simply plunge "Cork Pop'r" needle down through cork and press top gently—voila, out comes cork! New precision tool is foolproof and leakproof. Ejects up to 40 corks per compressed cartridge. $5.95 ppd. Berkshire Farms, 945 Yonkers Ave., Yonkers, New York



TIME WAS when a wristwatch looked like a wristwatch, but times have changed. Shown is a charming watch-bracelet decorated with spring flowers, the louvered face of which is of textured gold. Great valedictory gift. Black, blue, white or all gilt without flowers. $22.45 ppd. Doon, 11 E 57th, NYC

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Yes, now you too can swim like a fish the easy, safe way — FAST — and join the water fun. New unique 4 oz. device, 1/25" thin, worn INVISIBLE under bathing suit or swim trunks, floats you at ease, without effort, is comfortable all day. No more fear of deep water. It makes anyone unsinkable. Poor swimmers look like champions; good swimmers use less strain. Order your "SWIM-EZY" ® today for a new kind of water pleasure, lasts for years. Made in U.S. Patent pending. Only $7.95 ppd. plus 32¢ tax in California. Money back guarantee. Please print your name address STATE WAIST SIZE. Airmailed add 42¢.

UNIVERSE COMPANY DEPARTMENT E-122 959 NORTH LAKE AVENUE PASADENA CALIFORNIA

This Lure Catches Bass So Big They Make Headlines!

Yes! This is Johnny O'Neil's amazing Bass catching wonder worker, the propeller driven lure that goes out and hauls in eye-popping LUNKER-SIZE BASS — 4 pounds, 5 pounds, 6 pounds in northern waters — 8 pounds, 10 pounds, even 12 pounds in southern waters — TIME AND TIME AGAIN!

Here is how you can put this amazing lure to work for you the very next week — to stop wasting your time on nothing but small fish . . . to go out and pin-point one after another of the largest bass in the lake . . . and then — simply by turning the handle of your reel — to drive those prize-winning lunkers raving mad with desire — so desperate to get your lure in their mouth that they EXPLODE THE WATER INTO A FOUNTAIN for yards around them as they rise to take your hook!

Sound too good to be true? Here's how easy it really is — once you learn three simple facts!

By Paul Stag
The Week-end Fisherman

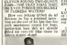
If you've ever fished for bass around Akron, Ohio, then the chances are that you've heard the incredible story of Johnny O'Neil and the ordinary fishermen that he's turned into trophy-sized fish catchers!

Johnny O'Neil is the man who released 22 DIFFERENT BASS IN ONE DAY last year — up to 4 lbs. each — because they just weren't big enough to keep.

Johnny O'Neil is the man who with a single fishing partner in one of Akron's hard fished bass lakes last season Caught Three King-Size Bass Weighing Six Pounds Even, Six Pounds One Ounce And Six Pounds Seven Ounces — All In A Single Afternoon!

Johnny O'Neil is the man who broke into the headlines in Florida newspapers when he caught an ELEVEN POUND TWO-OUNCE BASS—THE VERY FIRST TIME HE EVER FISHED HIS SECRET IN FLORIDA WATERS!

How can Johnny O'Neil do it? Because he has a patented invention on the end of his line that has such murderous appeal for huge, lunker-size bass that it's already piled up records like these in Akron waters alone!



Meet Johnny O'Neil, the man who catches bass so big they make headlines!

Using this device, local fishermen walked away with the General Tire Fishing Derby at Aurora Lake, Ohio . . . piled up a record of THREE STRAIGHT FIRST-PLACE WINS FOR THREE STRAIGHT YEARS IN A ROW in Lake Magadore's annual Fish-Taking Competition — competing against champion test fishermen for several of the world's finest tackle manufacturers!

Using this device, dozens of ordinary fishermen like yourself have reeled in such breath-taking bass catches so often that the Akron Beacon Journal wrote up their record catches plus the device that made these catches possible — A TOTAL OF 36 DIFFERENT TIMES IN 18 SHORT MONTHS!

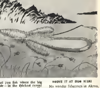
At Last! A Lure That Drives The Big Ones Mad With Desire—Even When They Can't See It!

And now this exact same lure—developed by Johnny O'Neil after 20 years of expert fishing—is yours to try for one full month without risking a penny!

A single glance shows you the vital difference between this revolutionary new patented invention and any other fishing lure you have ever seen! For the very first thing you notice — even in this picture — is the WEED-WASH SPINNER — THAT NOT ONLY CLEARS A PATH IN FRONT OF THIS LURE THROUGH THE THICKEST WEEDS WITH A TORRENT OF WATER — BUT SPUTTERS AND STUTTERS SO LOUDLY THROUGH THAT WATER THAT THE BIG BASS COME TEARING FROM YARDS AROUND TO GET THEIR MOUTHS AROUND IT! YES, WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE THAT THIS AMAZING WEED WING BASS LURE WILL GIVE YOU THESE FOUR BREATH TAKING ADVANTAGES OVER ANY OTHER FISH CATCHER YOU HAVE EVER USED OR SEEN!

(1) SPECIALLY ATTRACT LUNKER-SIZED BASS! Because of the speed of its action and its size, big bass strike by instinct without caution!

(2) LET YOU COVER SUCH HUGE AMOUNTS OF WATER SO QUICKLY THAT IT LOCATES AND PULLS IN LUNKER-SIZED BASS TRIP AFTER TRIP, EVEN IN COMPLETELY STRANGE WATERS! Slow moving lures cover too little water—are exposed to too few bass! But Johnny O'Neil's lure is specially designed to move FAST — to cover up to THREE TIMES MORE WATER . . . giving up to THREE TIMES MORE CHANCE TO pull in the big ones!



(3) Let you fish where the big ones hide — in the thickest reeds! No more moss, weeds or even lily pads prevent you from hooking the big ones out of your favorite spot! The Weed Wing Spinner slashes right through them — and

(4) DRIVE THOSE GIANT BASS MAD WITH DESIRE BECAUSE OF ITS SHAPE AND ITS SOUND AND THE SPEED OF ITS ACTION! Three different ways to tempt a bass into striking your hook! Even under the thickest weed bed, the noise alone can drive them insane with anger — cause them to blast up out of the water "like a rocket" in one of the most thrilling fish-taking spectacles you have ever witnessed in your entire life!

PROVE IT AT OUR RISK!

No wonder fishermen in Akron, Ohio alone—using this lure in some of the hardest fished waters in America — pulled in such eye-popping catches that 36 of them were written up in the Akron Beacon Journal IN JUST EIGHTEEN SHORT MONTHS ALONE!

This lure comes to you in the three sizes listed below for only $1.35 $1.50 $1.65. And each lure is guaranteed against the toughest bass-catching test you can give it for a full thirty days!

Act today and get FREE with your order JOHNNY O'NEIL'S OWN BASS CATCHING SECRETS. You have absolutely nothing to lose! Send for this amazing bass-killer TODAY!

MAIL AMAZING TRIAL COUPON TODAY

HARRISON INDUSTRIES, INC., Dept. 6-E
250 Passaic Street, Newark, New Jersey

Please send the Johnny O'Neil WEED WING Lures checked below on AMAZING 30 DAY TRIAL OFFER plus FREE copy of Johnny O'Neil's OWN BASS CATCHING SECRETS. If WEED WING does not catch bigger bass for me . . . make bass fishing more fun . . . if WEED WING is not the greatest bass lure I've ever used, I can return it within 30 days for full purchase price refund.

Quantity	Weight	Color Combination	Price
______	⅜ oz.	Nickel	$1.35
______	⅜ oz.	Black	$1.35
______	½ oz.	Nickel	$1.50
______	½ oz.	Black	$1.50
______	½ oz.	Nickel	$1.65
______	½ oz.	Black	$1.65

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED. Send WEED WINGS Postpaid. I save all C.O.D. charges. (Money Back Guarantee.)

☐ SEND C.O.D. I will pay postman price of WEED WINGS plus C.O.D. postage (Money Back Guarantee.)

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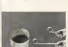
PERUVIAN RUG adds character to room whether used on floor, as wall hanging or spread for bed. Hand woven and spun by Indians of hardy textured natural (no dye) wool in shades from white to dark brown. 5 x 6. In striking Inca patterns dating back to 50 AD. No two alike. $39.95 ppd. Hubs, Flushing 52, New York



BUY THE YARDSTICK that's pocket-size and rolls up. Unroll it by giving it a quick snap. Stays erect when you hold it with one hand. Measure around curves, inside dimensions or straight up. Also serves as straightedge. Has 100 uses. 59¢ ppd. Sunset House, 76 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Musical Lighters For Rebels and Texans

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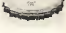
ROUND TABLE COVER, custom made in decorator's gold, orange, hot pink, turquoise, red felt with black fringe and 3 letter monogram is 36" round $11.95, 45" round $13.95, 36" x 36" square $9.95. Other sizes upon request. Allow 2-3 weeks delivery. Ppd. Table Talk, Bt. 3, 17 Thompson Dr., East Rockaway, NY



INDIAN BARREL from "India" has endless possibilities. Some use it for wastepaper, wood or as a giant ashtray or plant holder as shown. Whichever, it's terrific. Metal has dull bronze finish with engraved design. 17" x 12" or 15" x 9¾". $35 and $21.50 exp. chgs. coll. Carole Stupell, 54 E. 57th, NYC 22

CANDLE-FLOWER HOLDER is versatile table decoration. Arrange flowers in openings around candle cup, use just for flowers, by itself as a candlestick or for cigarettes. Heavy silverplate. 2¾" high. By Wallace, $15 a pair. Ppd. Come gift-boxed. Lititz Hope Chest, 31 N. Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

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